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THE MIRROR.

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEARS

1779 AND 1780.

VELUTI IN SPECULO.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE MIRROR.

No. 1. SATURDAY, *January* 23, 1779.

Quis novus hic hoſpes? VIRG.

WHEN a ſtranger is introduced into a numerous company, he is ſcarcely ſeated before every body preſent begins to form ſome notion of his character. The gay, the ſprightly, and the inconſiderate, judge of him by the cut of his coat, the faſhion of his periwig, and the eaſe or awkwardneſs of his bow. The cautious citizen, and the proud country-gentleman, value him according to the opinion they chance to adopt, the one, of the extent of his rent-roll, the other, of the length of his pedigree; and all eſtimate his merit, in proportion as he ſeems to poſſeſs, or to want, thoſe qualities for which themſelves wiſh to be admired. If, in the courſe of converſation, they chance to diſcover that he is in uſe to make one in the polite circles of the metropolis; that he is familiar with the great, and ſometimes cloſeted with the miniſter; whatever contempt or indifference they may at firſt have ſhewn, or felt themſelves diſpoſed to ſhew, they at once give up their own judgment; every one pays a compliment to his own ſagacity, by aſſuming the merit of having diſcovered that this ſtranger had the air of a man of faſhion; and all vie

in

in their attention and civility, in hopes of eſtabliſhing a more intimate acquaintance.

An anonymous periodical writer, when he firſt gives his works to the public, is pretty much in the ſituation of the ſtranger. If he endeavour to amuſe the young and the lively, by the ſprightlineſs of his wit, or the ſallies of his imagination, the grave and the ſerious throw aſide his works as trifling and contemptible. The reader of romance and ſentiment finds no pleaſure but in ſome eventful ſtory, ſuited to his taſte and diſpoſition; while, with him who aims at inſtruction in politics, religion or morality, nothing is reliſhed that has not a relation to the object he purſues. But no ſooner is the public informed that this unknown author has already figured in the world as a poet, hiſtorian, or eſſayiſt; that his writings are ready and admired by the Shafteſburies, the Addiſons, and the Cheſterfields of the age, than beauties are diſcovered in every line; he is extolled as a man of univerſal talents, who can laugh with the merry, and be ſerious with the grave; who, at one time, can animate his reader with the glowing ſentiments of virtue and compaſſion, and at another, carry him through the calm diſquiſitions of ſcience and philoſophy.

Nor is the world to be blamed for this general mode of judging. Before an individual can form an opinion for himſelf, he is under a neceſſity of reading with attention, of examining whether the ſtyle and manner of the author be ſuited to his ſubject, if his thoughts and images be natural, his obſervations juſt, his arguments concluſive; and though all this may be done with moderate talents, and without any extraordinary ſhare of what is commonly called learning; yet it is a much more compendious method, and ſaves much time and labour, and reflection, to follow the crowd, and to re-echo the opinions of the critics.

There

There is, however, one subject, on which every man thinks himself qualified to decide, namely, the representation of his own character, of the characters of those around him, and of the age in which he lives; and as I propose, in the following papers, "to hold, as it were, the MIRROR up to Nature, to shew Virtue her own features, Vice her own image, and the very age and body of the Time his form and pressure," my readers will judge for themselves, independent of names and authority, whether the picture be a just one. This is a field, which, however extensively and judiciously cultivated by my predecessors, may still produce something new. The follies, the fashions, and the vices of mankind, are in constant fluctuation; and these, in their turn, bring to light new virtues, or modifications of virtues, which formerly lay hid in the human soul, for want of opportunities to exert them. Time alone can shew whether I be qualified for the task I have undertaken. No man, without a trial, can judge of his ability to please the Public; and prudence forbids him to trust the applauses of partial friendship.

It may be proper, however, without meaning to anticipate the opinion of the reader, to give him some of the outlines of my past life and education.

I am the only son of a gentleman of moderate fortune. My parents died when I was an infant, leaving me under the guardianship of an eminent counsellor who came annually to visit an estate he had in the neighbourhood of my father's, and of the clergyman of the parish, both of them men of distinguished probity and honour. They took particular care of my education, intending me for one of the learned professions. At the age of twenty I had completed my studies, and was preparing to enter upon the theatre of the world, when the death of a distant relation in the metropolis left me possessed of a handsome fortune. I soon after set out

on the tour of Europe; and, having paſſed five years in viſiting the different courts on the continent, and examining the manners, with, at leaſt, as much attention as the pictures and buildings of the kingdoms through which I paſſed, I returned to my native country; where a misfortune of the tendereſt kind, threw me, for ſome time, into retirement.

By the aſſiduities of ſome friends, who have promiſed to aſſiſt me in the preſent publication, I was prevented from falling a ſacrifice to that languid inactivity which a depreſſion of ſpirits never fails to produce. Without ſeeming to do ſo, they engaged me by degrees to divide my time between ſtudy and ſociety; reſtoring, by that means, a reliſh for both. I once more took a ſhare in the buſy, and ſometimes, in the idle ſcenes of life. But a mind habituated to reflection, though it may ſeem occupied with the occurrences of the day (a tax which politeneſs exacts, which every benevolent heart cheerfully pays) will often, at the ſame time, be employed in endeavouring to diſcover the ſprings and motives of action, which are ſometimes hid from the actors themſelves; to trace the progreſs of character through the mazes in which it is involved by education or habit; to mark thoſe approaches to error into which unſuſpecting innocence and integrity are too apt to be led; and, in general, to inveſtigate thoſe paſſions and affections of the mind which have the chief influence on the happineſs of individuals, or of ſociety.

If the ſentiments and obſervations to which this train of thinking will naturally give riſe, can be exhibited in this paper, in ſuch a dreſs and manner as to afford *amuſement*, it will, at leaſt, be an innocent one; and, though *inſtruction* is, perhaps, hardly to be expected from ſuch deſultory ſketches, yet their general tendency ſhall be, to cultivate taſte, and improve the heart.

No.

No. 2. SATURDAY, *January* 30, 1779.

NO child ever heard from its nurſe the ſtory of *Jack the Giant Killer's cap of darkneſs*, without envying the pleaſures of inviſibility; and the idea of *Gyges's Ring* has made, I believe, many a grave mouth water.

This power is, in ſome degree, poſſeſſed by the writer of an anonymous paper. He can at leaſt exerciſe it for a purpoſe for which people would be moſt apt to uſe the privilege of being inviſible, to wit, that of hearing what is ſaid of himſelf.

A few hours after the publication of my firſt number, I ſallied forth, with all the advantages of inviſibility, to hear an account of myſelf and my paper. I muſt confeſs, however, that, for ſome time, I was mortified by hearing no ſuch account at all; the firſt company I viſited being dull enough to talk of laſt night's *Advertiſer*, inſtead of the *Mirror*; and the ſecond, which conſiſted of ladies, to whom I ventured to mention the appearance of my firſt number, making a ſudden digreſſion to the price of a new-faſhioned luſtring, and the colour of the trimming with which it would be proper to make it up into a gown. Nor was I more fortunate in the third place, where I contrived to introduce the ſubject of my publication, though it was a coffee-houſe, where it is actually taken in for the uſe of the cuſtomers; a ſet of old gentlemen at one table, throwing it aſide to talk over a bargain; and a company of young ones, at another, breaking off in the middle to decide a match at billiards.

It was not till I arrived at the place of its birth that I met with any traces of its fame. In the well-known ſhop of my Editor I found it the ſubject of

converſation; though I muſt own that, even here, ſome little quackery was uſed for the purpoſe, as he had taken care to have ſeveral copies lying open on the table, beſides the conſpicuous appearance of the ſubſcription-paper hung up fronting the door with, the word MIRROR a-top, printed in large capitals.

The firſt queſtion I found agitated was concerning the author, that being a point within the reach of every capacity. Mr. Creech, though much importuned on this head, knew his buſineſs better than to ſatisfy their curioſity: So the hounds were caſt off to find him, and many a different ſcent they hit on. Firſt he was a *Clergyman*, then a *Profeſſor*, then a *Player*, then a Gentleman of the Exchequer who writes *plays*, then a *Lawyer*, a *Doctor of Laws*, a *Commiſſioner of the Cuſtoms*, a *Baron of the Exchequer*, a *Lord of Seſſion*, a *Peer of the Realm*. A critic, who talked much about *ſtyle*, was poſitive as to the *ſex* of the writer, and declared it to be *female*, ſtrengthening his conjecture by the *name* of the paper, which, he ſaid, would not readily have occurred to a man. He added, that it was full of Scotticiſms, which ſufficiently marked it to be a *home-production*.

This led to animadverſions on the work itſelf, which were begun by an obſervation of my own, that it ſeemed, from the ſlight peruſal I had given it, to be tolerably well written. The critic above mentioned ſtrenuouſly ſupported the contrary opinion; and concluded his ſtrictures, on this particular publication, with a general remark on all modern ones, that there was no force of thought, nor beauty of compoſition, to be found in them.

An elderly gentlemen, who ſaid he had a gueſs at the author, prognoſticated, that the paper would be uſed as the vehicle of a ſyſtem of *Scepticiſm*, and that he had very little doubt of ſeeing Mr. Hume's poſthumous

humous works introduced in it. A short squat man with a carbuncled face maintained, that it was designed to propagate *Methodism*; and said, he believed it to be the production of a disciple of Mr. John Wesley. A gentleman in a gold chain differed from both; and told us he had been informed, from very good authority, that the paper was intended for political purposes.

A smart-looking young man, in green, said, he was sure it would be very satirical: His companion, in scarlet, was equally certain that it would be very stupid. But with this last prediction I was not much offended, when I discovered that its author had not read the first number, but only enquired of Mr. Creech where it was published.

A plump round figure, near the fire, who had just put on his spectacles to examine the paper, closed the debate, by observing, with a grave aspect, that as the author was anonymous, it was proper to be very cautious in talking of the performance. After glancing over the pages, he said, he could have wished they had set apart a corner for intelligence from America: but, having taken off his spectacles, wiped, and put them into their case, he said, with a tone of discovery, he had found out the reason why there was nothing of that sort in the MIRROR; it was in order to save the tax upon newspapers.

Upon getting home to my lodgings, and reflecting on what I had heard, I was for some time in doubt, whether I should not put an end to these questions at once by openly publishing my name and intentions to the world. But I am prevented from discovering the first by a certain bashfulness, of which even my travels have not been able to cure me; from declaring the last, by being really unable to declare them. The complexion of my paper will depend on a thousand circumstances which it is impossible

poſſible to foreſee. Beſides theſe little changes, to which every one is liable from external circumſtances, I muſt fairly acknowledge, that my mind is naturally much more various than my ſituation. The diſpoſition of the author will not always correſpond with the temper of the man: In the firſt character I may ſometimes indulge a ſportiveneſs to which I am a ſtranger in the latter, and eſcape from a train of very different thoughts, into the occaſional gaiety of the MIRROR.

The general tendency of my lucubrations, however, I have ſignified in my firſt number, in alluſion to my title: I mean to ſhew the world what it is, and will ſometimes endeavour to point out what it ſhould be.

Somebody has compared the publiſher of a periodical paper of this kind, to the owner of a ſtage-coach, who is obliged to run his vehicle with or without paſſengers. One might carry on the alluſion through various points of ſimilarity. I muſt confeſs to my cuſtomers, that the road we are to paſs together is not a new one; that it has been travelled again and again, and that too in much better carriages than mine. I would only inſinuate, that, though the great objects are ſtill the ſame, there are certain little edifices, ſome beautiful, ſome groteſque, and ſome ridiculous, which people, on every ſide of the road, are daily building, in the proſpect of which we may find ſome amuſement. Their fellow-paſſengers will ſometimes be perſons of high and ſometimes of low rank, as in other ſtage-coaches; like them too, ſometimes grave, ſometimes facetious; but that ladies, and men of delicacy, may not be afraid to take places, they may be aſſured, that no ſcurrilous or indecent company will ever be admitted.

No. 3. TUESDAY, *February* 2, 1779.

Formam quidem ipsam et faciem honesti vides, quæ, si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores excitaret sapientiæ.

CIC. DE OFFIC.

THE philosopher, and the mere man of taste, differ from each other chiefly in this, that the latter is satisfied with the pleasure he receives from objects without inquiring into the principles or causes from which that pleasure proceeds; but the philosophical inquirer, not satisfied with the effect which objects viewed by him produce, endeavours to discover the reasons why some of those objects give pleasure, and others disgust; why one composition is agreeable, and another the reverse. Hence have arisen the various systems, with regard to the principles of beauty; and hence the rules, which deduced from those principles, have been established by the critic.

In the course of these investigations, various theories have been invented to explain the different qualities, which, when assembled together, constitute *beauty*, and produce that feeling which arises in the mind from the sight of a beautiful object. Some philosophers have said, that this feeling arises from the sight or examination of an object in which there is a proper mixture of *uniformity* and *variety*; others have thought, that, besides uniformity and variety, a number of other qualities enter into the composition of an object that is termed *beautiful*.

To engage in an examination of those different systems, or to give any opinion of my own with regard to them, would involve me in a discussion too abstruse for a paper of this kind. I shall, however,

beg leave to present my readers with a quotation from a treatise, intitled, *An Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue.** Speaking of the effect which the beauty of the human figure has upon our minds, the author expresses himself in the following words:

"There is a further consideration, which must not be passed over, concerning the external beauty of persons, which all allow to have great power over human minds. Now, it is some apprehended *morality*, some natural or imagined indication of *concomitant virtue*, which gives it this powerful charm above all other kinds of beauty. Let us consider the characters of beauty which are commonly admired in countenances, and we shall find them to be *sweetness*, *mildness*, *majesty*, *dignity*, *vivacity*, *humility*, *tenderness*, *good-nature*; that is, certain *airs*, *proportions*, *je ne sçai quoi's*, are natural *indications* of such virtues, or of abilities or dispositions towards them. As we observed above, of misery or distress appearing in countenances; so it is certain, almost all habitual dispositions of mind form the countenance, in such a manner as to give some *indications* to the spectator. Our violent passions are obvious, at first view, in the countenance, so that sometimes no art can conceal them: and smaller degrees of them give some less obvious turns to the face, which an accurate eye will observe."

What an important lesson may be drawn by my fair countrywomen from the observations contained in this passage! Nature has given to their sex beauty of external form greatly superior to that of the other: The power which this gives them over our hearts they well know, and they need no instructor how to exercise it; but whoever can give any *prescription* by which that beauty may be increased, or its

* *By Dr. Hutcheson.*

its decay retarded, is a useful monitor, and a benevolent friend.

Now I am inclined to think, that a *prescription* may be extracted from the unfashionable philosopher above quoted, which will be more effectual in heightening and preserving the beauty of the ladies, than all the pearl powder, or other cosmetics of the perfumer's shop. I hope I shall not be misunderstood, and I beg my fair readers may not think me so ill-bred, or so ignorant of the world, as to recommend the qualities mentioned in the above passage, on account of their having any intrinsic value. To recommend to the world to embrace *virtue for its own sake*, should be left to such antiquated fellows as the Heathen philosopher from whom I have taken them otto of this number, or the modern philosopher who has borrowed much from his writings; but I would not wish to sully my paper, or to prevent its currency in the fashionable circle, by such obsolete doctrines.

Far be it from me, therefore, so much as to hint to a fine lady, that she should sometimes stay at home, or retire to the country with that dullest of all dull companions, a husband, because it is the duty of a wife to pay attention to her spouse; that she should speak civilly to her servants, because it is agreeable to the *fitness of things*, that people under us should be well treated; that she should give up play, or late hours upon Sunday, because the parson says Sunday should be devoted to *religion*. I know well, that nothing is so unfashionable as for a husband and wife to be often together; that it is beneath a fine lady to give attention to domestic œconomy, or to demean herself so far as to consider servants to be of the same species with their mistresses; and that going to church is fit only for fools and old women. But though I do not recommend the above, or the like

practices

practices, on their own account, and in so far must differ from the philosophical gentleman I have referred to; yet, I think, what they recommend ought to be attended to, for the good effects it may have on female beauty. Though I am aware, that every fine lady is apt, like *Lady Townly*, to faint at the very description of the pleasures of the *country*; yet she ought to be induced to spend some of her time there, even though it should be her husband's principal place of residence; because the tranquility, and fresh air of the country, may repair some of the devastations which a winter campaign in town may have made upon her cheeks. Though I know also, that spending Sunday like a good Christian is the most tiresome and unfashionable of all things; yet, perhaps, some observance of the Sabbath, and a little regularity on that day, by going to church, and getting early to bed, may smooth those wrinkles which the late hours of the other six are apt to produce: And though œconomy, or attention to a husband's affairs, is, I allow, a mean and vulgar thing in itself; yet, possibly, it should be so far attended to as to prevent that husband's total ruin; because duns, and the other impertinent concomitants of bankruptcy, are apt, from the trouble they occasion, to spoil a fine face before its time. In like manner, though I grant it is below a fine lady to cultivate the qualities of *sweetness*, *mildness*, *humility*, *tenderness*, or *good-nature*, because she is taught that it is her duty to do so; I would, nevertheless, humbly propose to the ladies, to be good-humoured, to be mild to their domestics, nay, to be complaisant even to their husbands; because good-humour, mildness, and complaisance, are good for their faces. Attention to these qualities, I am inclined to believe, will do more for their beauty, than the finest paint the most skilfully laid on: The culture of them will give

a higher

a higher luſtre to their complexion, without any danger of this colouring being rubbed off, or the natural fineneſs of the ſkin being hurt by its uſe.

Let every lady, therefore, conſider, that whenever ſhe ſays or does a good-humoured thing, ſhe adds a new beauty to her countenance; that by giving ſome attention to the affairs of her family, and now and then living regularly, and abſtaining from the late hours of diſſipation, ſhe will keep off, ſomewhat longer than otherwiſe, the wrinkles of age; and I would hope the *preſcription* I have given, may, amidſt the more important cares of pleaſure, appear deſerving of her attention.

This preſcription muſt, from its nature, be confined to the ladies, beauty in perfection being their prerogative. To recommend *virtue* to our *fine* gentlemen, becauſe *vice* might hurt their ſhapes, or ſpoil their faces, may appear ſomewhat like irony, which, on ſo ſerious a ſubject, I would wiſh to avoid. Some conſiderations may, however, be ſuggeſted, why even a *fine gentleman* may find his account in an occaſional practice of virtue, without derogating from the dignity of that character which it coſts him ſo much labour to attain; and theſe may perhaps be the ſubject of a future paper.

No. 4. SATURDAY, *February* 6, 1779.

Meliora pii docuere parentes. HOR.

THE following letter I received from an unknown correſpondent. The ſubject of it is ſo important, that I ſhall probably take ſome future opportunity

opportunity of giving my ſentiments on it to the public: in the mean time I am perſuaded it will afford matter of much ſerious conſideration to many of my readers.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AT the age of twenty-five I ſucceeded to an eſtate of 1500 *l.* a year by the death of a father, by whom I was tenderly beloved, and for whoſe memory I ſtill retain the moſt ſincere regard. Not long after I married a lady, to whom I had for ſome time been warmly attached. As neither of us were fond of the buſtle of the world, and as we found it every day become more irkſome, we took the reſolution of quitting it altogether; and ſoon after retired to a family-ſeat, which has been the favourite reſidence of my anceſtors for many ſucceſſive generations.

There I paſſed my days in as perfect happineſs as any reaſonable man can expect to find in this world. My affection and eſteem for my wife increaſed daily; and as ſhe brought me three fine children, two boys and a girl, their prattle afforded a new fund of amuſement. There were, likewiſe, in our neighbourhood ſeveral families that might have adorned any ſociety, with whom we lived on an eaſy, friendly footing, free from the reſtraints of ceremony, which, in the great world, may, perhaps, be neceſſary, but, in private life, are the bane of all ſocial intercourſe.

There is no ſtate, however, entirely free from care and uneaſineſs. My ſolicitude about my children increaſed with their years. My boys, in particular, gave me a thouſand anxious thoughts. Many plans of education were propoſed for them, of which the advantages

advantages and disadvantages were so equally balanced, as to render the choice of any one a matter of no small perplexity.

Meantime the boys grew up; and the eldest, who was a year older than his brother, had entered his tenth year, when an uncle of my wife, who, by his services in parliament, and an assiduous attendance at court, had obtained a very considerable office under government, honoured us with a visit. He seemed much pleased with the looks, the spirit, and promising appearance of my sons; he paid me many compliments on the occasion, and I listened to him with all the pleasure a fond parent feels in hearing the praises of his children.

After he had been some days with us, he asked me in what manner I proposed to educate the boys, and what my views were as to their establishment in the world? I told him all my doubts and perplexities. He enlarged on the absurdity of the old-fashioned system of education, as he termed it, and talked much of the folly of sending a boy to Eton or Westminster, to waste the most precious years of his life in acquiring languages of little or no real use in the world; and begged leave to suggest a plan, which, he said, had been attended with the greatest success in a variety of instances that had fallen within his own particular knowledge.

His scheme was to send my sons for two or three years to a private school in the neighbourhood of London, where they might get rid of their provincial dialect, which, he observed, would be alone sufficient to disappoint all hopes of their future advancement. He proposed to send them afterwards to an academy at Paris, to acquire the French language, with every other accomplishment necessary to fit them for the world. "When your eldest son," added he, "is thus qualified, it will be

be eaſy for me to get him appointed ſecretary to an embaſſy; and if he ſhall then poſſeſs thoſe abilities of which he has now every appearance, I make no doubt I ſhall be able to procure him a ſeat in parliament; and there will be no office in the ſtate to which he may not aſpire. As to your ſecond ſon, give him the ſame education you give his brother; and, when he is of a proper age, get him a commiſſion in the army, and puſh him on in that line as faſt as poſſible."

Though I ſaw ſome objections to this ſcheme, yet, I muſt confeſs, the flattering proſpect of ambition it opened, had a conſiderable effect upon my mind; and, as my wife, who had been taught to receive the opinions of her kinſman with the utmoſt deference, warmly ſeconded his propoſal, I at length, though not without reluctance, gave my aſſent to it. When the day of departure came, I accompanied my boys part of the way; and, at taking leave of them, felt a pang I then endeavoured to conceal, and, which I need not now attempt to deſcribe.

I had the ſatisfaction to receive, from time to time, the moſt pleaſing accounts of their progreſs; and after they went to Paris, I was ſtill more and more flattered with what I heard of their improvement.

At length the wiſhed-for period of their return approached: I heard of their arrival in Britain, and that, by a certain day, we might expect to ſee them at home. We were all impatience: My daughter, in particular, did nothing but count the hours and minutes, and hardly ſhut her eyes the night preceding the day on which her brothers were expected: Her mother and I, though we ſhewed it leſs, felt, I believe, equal anxiety.

When the day came, my girl, who had been conſtantly on the look-out, ran to tell me ſhe ſaw a poſt-chaiſe

chaise driving to the gate. We hurried down to receive the boys. But, judge of my astonishment, when I saw two pale emaciated figures get out of the carriage, in their dress and looks resembling monkies rather than human creatures. What was still worse, their manners were more displeasing than their appearance. When my daughter, ran up, with tears of joy in her eyes, to embrace her brother, he held her from him, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter at something in her dress that appeared to him ridiculous. He was joined in the laugh by his younger brother, who was pleased, however, to say, that the girl was not ill-looking, and, when taught to put on her clothes, and to use a little *rouge*, would be tolerable.

Mortified as I was at this impertinence, the partiality of a parent led me to impute it, in a great measure, to the levity of youth; and I still flattered myself that matters were not so bad as they appeared to be. In these hopes I sat down to dinner. But there the behaviour of the young gentlemen did not, by any means, tend to lessen my chagrin: There was nothing at table they could eat; they ran out in praise of French cookery, and seemed even to be adepts in the science: They knew the component ingredients of the most fashionable *ragoos* and *fricandeaus*, and were acquainted with the names and characters of the most celebrated practitioners of the art in Paris.

To stop this inundation of absurdity, and, at the same time, to try the boys further, I introduced some topics of conversation, on which they ought to have been able to say something. But, on these subjects, they were perfectly mute; and I could plainly see their silence did not proceed from the modesty and diffidence natural to youth, but from the most perfect and profound ignorance. They soon,

however, took their revenge for the reſtraint thus impoſed on them. In their turn they began to talk of things, which, to the reſt of the company, were altogether unintelligible. After ſome converſation, the drift of which we could not diſcover, they got into a keen debate on the comparative merit of the *Dos de puce*, and the *Puce en Couches*; and, in the courſe of their argument, uſed words and phraſes which to us were equally incomprehenſible as the ſubject on which they were employed. Not long after my poor girl was covered with confuſion, on her brother's aſking her, If ſhe did not think the *Cuiſſe de la Reine* the prettieſt thing in the world?

But, Sir, I ſhould be happy, were I able to ſay, that ignorance and folly, bad as they are, were all I had to complain of. I am ſorry to add, that my young men ſeem to have made an equal progreſs in vice. It was but the other day I happened to obſerve to the eldeſt, that it made me uneaſy to ſee his brother look ſo very ill; to which he replied, with an air of the moſt eaſy indifference, that poor *Charles* had been a little unfortunate in an affair with an Opera-girl at Paris; but, for my part, added he, I never ran thoſe hazards, as I always confined my amours to women of faſhion.

In ſhort, Sir, theſe unfortunate youths have returned ignorant of every thing they ought to know; their minds corrupted, and their bodies debilitated, by a courſe of premature debauchery. I can eaſily ſee that I do not poſſeſs either their confidence or affection, and they even ſeem to deſpiſe me for the want of thoſe frivolous accompliſhments on which they value themſelves ſo highly. In this ſituation, what is to be done? Their vanity and conceit make them incapable of liſtening to reaſon or advice; and to uſe the authority of a parent, would probably be as ineffectual for their improvement, as to me it would be unpleaſant.

I have

I have thus, Sir, laid my case before you, in hopes of being favoured with your sentiments upon it. Possibly it may be of some benefit to the public, by serving as a beacon to others in similar circumstances. As to myself, I hardly expect you will be able to point out a remedy for that affliction which preys upon the mind, and, in all likelihood, will shorten the days, of

Your unfortunate humble servant,

L. G.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VITREUS's *favours have been received, and shall be duly attended to.*

A Letter signed A. Z. *and an Essay subscribed* D. *are under consideration.*

On Wednesday next (Tuesday being appointed for the day of the National Fast) will be published No. 5.

No. 5. WEDNESDAY, *February* 10, 1779.

PEDANTRY, in the common sense of the word, means an absurd ostentation of learning, and stiffness of phraseology, proceeding from a misguided knowledge of books, and a total ignorance of men.

But I have often thought, that we might extend its signification a good deal farther; and, in general, apply it to that failing, which disposes a person to obtrude upon others subjects of conversation relating to his own business, studies, or amusement.

In

In this ſenſe of the phraſe, we ſhould find *pedants* in every character and condition of life. Inſtead of a black coat and plain ſhirt, we ſhould often ſee pedantry appear in an embroidered ſuit and Bruſſels lace; inſtead of being bedaubed with ſnuff, we ſhould find it breathing perfumes; and, in place of a book-worm, crawling through the gloomy cloiſters of an univerſity, we ſhould mark it in the ſtate of a gilded butterfly, buzzing through the gay region of the drawing-room.

Robert Daiſey, Eſq. is a pedant of this laſt kind. When he tells you that his ruffles coſt twenty guineas a pair; that his buttons were the firſt of the kind, made by one of the moſt eminent artiſts in Birmingham; that his buckles were procured by means of a friend at Paris, and are the exact pattern of thoſe worn by the *Comte d'Artois*; that the loop of his hat was of his own contrivance, and has ſet the faſhion to half a dozen of the fineſt fellows in town: when he deſcants on all theſe particulars, with that ſmile of ſelf-complacency which ſits for ever on his cheek, he is as much a pedant as his quondam tutor, who recites verſes from Pindar, tells ſtories out of Herodotus, and talks for an hour on the energy of the Greek particles.

But Mr. Daiſey is ſtruck dumb by the approach of his brother Sir *Thomas*, whoſe pedantry goes a pitch higher, and pours out all the intelligence of France and Italy, whence the young Baronet is juſt returned, after a tour of fifteen months over all the kingdoms of the continent. Talk of muſic, he cuts you ſhort with the hiſtory of the firſt ſinger at *Naples*; of painting, he runs you down with a deſcription of the gallery at *Florence*; of architecture, he overwhelms you with the dimenſions of St. *Peter's* or the great church at *Antwerp*; or, if you leave the province of art altogether, and introduce the

the name of a river or hill, he instantly deluges you with the *Rhine*, or makes you dizzy with the height of *Etna* or *Mont Blanc*.

Miss will have no difficulty of owning her great aunt to be a pedant, when she talks all the time of dinner on the composition of the pudding, or the seasoning of the mince-pies; or enters into a disquisition on the figure of the damask table-cloth, with a word or two on the thrift of making one's own linen; but the young lady will be surprised when I inform her, that her own history of last Thursday's assembly, with the episode of Lady Di's feather, and the digression to the qualities of Mr. Frizzle the hair-dresser, was also a piece of downright pedantry.

Mrs. *Caudle* is guilty of the same weakness, when she recounts the numberless witticisms of her daughter *Emmy*, describes the droll figure her little *Bill* made yesterday at trying on his first pair of breeches, and informs us, that *Bobby* has got seven teeth, and is just cutting an eighth, though he will be but nine months old next Wednesday at six o'clock in the evening. Nor is her pedantry less disgusting, when she proceeds to enumerate the virtues and good qualities of her husband; though this last species is so uncommon, that it may, perhaps, be admitted into conversation for the sake of variety.

Muckworm is the meanest of pedants, when he tells you of the scarcity of money at present, and that he is amazed how people can afford to live as they do; that, for his part, though he has a tolerable fortune, he finds it exceedingly difficult to command cash for his occasions; that trade is so dead, and debts so ill paid at present, that he was obliged to sell some shares of bank stock to make up the price of his last purchase; and had actually countermanded a service of plate, else he should have been obliged to strike several

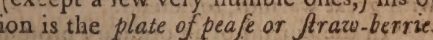
eral names out of the list of his weekly pensioners; and that this apology was sustained t'other day by the noble company (giving you a list of three or four peers, and their families) who did him the honour to eat a bit of mutton with him. All this, however, is true. As is also another anecdote, which *Muckworm* forgot to mention: His first cousin dined that day with the servants, who took compassion on the lad, after he had been turned down stairs, with a refusal of twenty pounds to set him up in the trade of a shoemaker.

There is pedantry in every disquisition, however masterly it may be, that stops the general conversation of the company. When *Silius* delivers that sort of lecture he is apt to get into, though it is supported by the most extensive information and the clearest discernment, it is still pedantry; and, while I admire the talents of *Silius*, I cannot help being uneasy at his exhibition of them. In the course of this dissertation, the farther a man proceeds, the more he seems to acquire strength and inclination for the progress. Last night, after supper, *Silius* began upon *Protestantism*, proceeded to the *Irish massacre*, went through the *Revolution*, drew the character of King *William*, repeated anecdotes of *Schomberg*, and ended at a quarter past twelve, by delineating the course of the *Boyne*, in half a bumper of port, upon my best table; which river, happening to overflow its banks, did infinite damage to my cousin Sophy's white satin petticoat.

In short, every thing, in this sense of the word, is *Pedantry*, which tends to destroy that equality of conversation which is necessary to the perfect ease and good humour of the company. Every one would be struck with the unpoliteness of that person's behaviour, who should help himself to a whole plate of pease or strawberries which some friend had sent

ſent him for a rarity in the beginning of the ſeaſon. Now, *Converſation* is one of thoſe good things of which our gueſts or companions are equally intitled to a ſhare, as of any other conſtituent part of the entertainment; and it is as eſſential a want of politeneſs to engroſs the one, as to monopolize the other.

Beſides, it unfortunately happens, that we are very inadequate judges of the value of our own diſcourſe, or the rate at which the diſpoſitions of our company will incline them to hold it. The reflections we make, and the ſtories we tell, are to be judged of by others, who may hold a very different opinion of their acuteneſs or their humour. It will be prudent, therefore, to conſider, that the diſh we bring to this entertainment, however pleaſing to our own taſte, may pove but moderately palatable to thoſe we mean to treat with it; and that, to every man, as well as ourſelves (except a few very humble ones,) his own converſation is the *plate of peaſe or ſtraw-berries*.



No. 6. SATURDAY, *February* 13, 1779.

Nec excitator claſſico miles truci
Nec horret iratum mare;
Forumque vitat, et ſuperba civium
Potentiorum limina. HOR.

GREAT talents are uſually attended with a proportional deſire of exerting them; and indeed, were it otherwiſe, they would be, in a great meaſure, uſeleſs to thoſe who poſſeſs them, as well as to ſociety.

But, while this diſpoſition generally leads men of high parts and high ſpirit to take a ſhare in active life,

life, by engaging in the purſuits of buſineſs or ambition, there are, amidſt the variety of human character, ſome inſtances, in which perſons eminently poſſeſſed of thoſe qualities, give way to a contrary diſpoſition.

A man of an aſpiring mind and nice ſenſibility may, from a wrong direction, or a romantic exceſs of ſpirit, find it difficult to ſubmit to the ordinary purſuits of life. Filled with enthuſiaſtic ideas of the glory of a general, a ſenator, or a ſtateſman, he may look with indifference, or even with diſguſt, on the leſs brilliant, though, perhaps, not leſs uſeful occupations of the phyſician, the lawyer, or the trader.

My friend Mr. *Umphraville* is a remarkable inſtance of great talents thus loſt to himſelf and to ſociety. The ſingular opinions which have influenced his conduct, I have often heard him attempt, with great warmth, to defend.

"In the purſuit of an ordinary profeſſion," would he ſay, "a man of ſpirit and ſenſibility, while he is ſubjected to diſguſting occupations, finds it neceſſary to ſubmit with patience, nay, often with the appearance of ſatisfaction, to what he will be apt to eſteem dulneſs, folly, or impertinence, in thoſe from whoſe countenance, or opinion, he hopes to derive ſucceſs: and, while he pines in ſecret at ſo irkſome a ſituation, perhaps, admidſt the crowds with whom he converſes, he may not find a friend to whom he can communicate his ſorrows.

"If, on the other hand," he would add, "he betakes himſelf to retirement, it is true, he cannot hope for an opportunity of performing ſplendid actions, or of gratifying a paſſion for glory; but if he attain not all that he wiſhes, he avoids much of what he hates. Within a certain range he will be maſter of his occupations and his company; his books will in part, ſupply the want of ſociety; and, in con-

templatio

temptation at leaſt, he may often enjoy thoſe pleaſures from which fortune has precluded him.

"If the country, as will generally happen, be the place of his retirement, it will afford a variety of objects agreeable to his temper. In the proſpect of a lofty mountain, an extenſive plain, or the unbounded ocean, he may gratify his taſte for the ſublime; while the lonely vale, the hollow bank, or the ſhady wood, will preſent him a retreat ſuited to the thoughtfulneſs of his diſpoſition."

Such are the ſentiments which have formed the character of Mr. *Umphraville*, which have regulated the choice and tenor of his life.

His father, a man of generoſity and expenſe beyond his fortune, though that had once been conſiderable, left him at the age of twenty-five, full of the high ſentiments, natural, at theſe years, to a young gentleman brought up as the heir of an ancient family, and a large eſtate, with a very inconſiderable income to ſupport them; for though the remaining part of the family-fortune ſtill afforded him a rent-roll of 1000*l.* a year, his clear revenue could ſcarcely be eſtimated at 300*l.*

Mr. *Umphraville*, though he wanted not a reliſh for polite company and elegant amuſements, was more diſtinguiſhed for an ardent deſire of knowledge; in conſequence of which he had made an uncommon progreſs in ſeveral branches of ſcience. The claſſical writers of ancient and modern times, but eſpecially the former, were thoſe from whoſe works he felt the higheſt pleaſure; yet he had, among other branches of learning, obtained a conſiderable knowledge of juriſprudence, and was a tolerable proficient in mathematics.

On theſe laſt circumſtances his friends founded their hopes of his riſing in the world. One part of them argued, from the progreſs he had made in juriſprudence

riſprudence, that he would prove an excellent lawyer the other, that his turn for mathematics would be an uſeful qualification in a military life; and all agreed in the neceſſity of his following ſome profeſſion in which he might have an opportunity of repairing his fortune.

Mr. *Umphraville*, however, had very different ſentiments. Though he had ſtudied the ſcience of juriſprudence with pleaſure, and would not have declined the application of its principles, as a member of the legiſlature, he felt no great inclination to load his memory with the rules of our municipal law, or to occupy himſelf in applying them to the unintereſting diſputes of individuals; and, though he neither wanted a taſte for the art, nor a paſſion for the glory of a ſoldier, he was full as little diſpoſed to carry a pair of colours at a review, or to line the ſtreets in a proceſſion. Nor were his objections to other plans of bettering his fortune, either at home or abroad, leſs unſurmountable.

In ſhort, after deliberating on the propoſitions of his friends, and comparing them with his own feelings, Mr. *Umphraville* concluded, that, as he could not enter into the world in a way ſuited to his inclination and temper, the quiet and retirement of a country-life, though with a narrow fortune, would be more conducive to his happineſs, than the purſuit of occupations to which he felt an averſion, even ſhould they be attended with a greater degree of ſucceſs than, from that circumſtance, he judged to be probable.

Agreeably to this opinion he took his reſolution; and, notwithſtanding the oppoſition of his friends, retired, a few months after his father's death, to his eſtate in the country, where he has lived upwards of forty years; his family, ſince the death of his mother, a lady of uncommon ſenſe and virtue, who ſur-

vived

vived her husband some time, having consisted only of himself, and an unmarried sister, of a disposition similar to his own.

Neither his circumstances nor inclination led Mr. *Umphraville* to partake much of the jollity of his neighbours. His farm has never exceeded what he found absolutely necessary for the convenience of his little family; and though he employed himself for a few years in extending his plantations over the neighbouring grounds, even that branch of industry he soon laid aside, from a habit of indolence, which has daily grown upon him; and since it has been dropped, his books, and sometimes his gun, with the conversation of his sister, and a few friends, who now and then visit him, entirely occupy his time.

In this situation, Mr. *Umphraville* has naturally contracted several peculiarities, both of manner and opinion. They are, however, of a kind which neither lessen the original politeness of the one, nor weaken the natural force and spirit of the other. In a word, though he has contracted rust, it is the rust of a great mind, which, while it throws a certain melancholy reverence around its possessor, rather enhances than detracts from the native beauty and dignity of his character.

These particulars will suffice for introducing this gentleman to my readers; and I may afterwards take occasion to gratify such of them as wish to know somewhat more of a life and opinions with which I have long been intimately acquainted.

No. 7. TUESDAY, *February* 16, 1779.

Indocilis privata loqui. LUC.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a sort of retainer to the muses; and though I cannot boast of much familiarity with themselves, hold a subordinate intimacy with several branches of their family. I never made verses, but I can repeat several thousands. Though I am not a writer, I am reckoned a very ready expounder of *enigmas*; and I have given many good hints towards the composition of some favourite *rebuses* and *charades*. I have also a very competent share of classical learning; I can construe Latin when there is an English version on the opposite column, and read the Greek character with tolerable facility; I speak a little French, and can make shift to understand the subject of an Italian opera.

With these qualifications, Sir, I am held in considerable estimation by the wits of both sexes. I am sometimes allowed to clap first at a play, and pronounce a firm *encore* after a fashionable song. I am consulted by several ladies before they stick their pin into the catalogue of the *circulating library*; and have translated to some polite companies all the mottos of your paper, except the last, which, being somewhat crabbed, I did not chuse to risk my credit by attempting. I have at last ventured to put myself into print in the MIRROR; and send you information of a scheme I have formed for making my talents serviceable to the republic of letters.

Every

Every one must have observed the utility of a proper selection of *names* to a play or a novel. The bare sounds of *Monimia* or *Imoinda* set a tender-hearted young lady a crying; and a letter from *Edward* to *Maria* contains a sentiment in the very title.

Were I to illustrate this by an opposite example, as schoolmasters give exercises of bad Latin, the truth of my assertion would appear in a still stronger light.

Suppose, Sir, one had a mind to write a very pathetic story of the disastrous loves of a young lady and a young gentleman, the first of whom was called *Gubbins*, and the latter *Gubblestones*, two very respectable names in some parts of our neighbour-country. The *Gubbinses*, from an ancient family-feud, had a moral antipathy at the *Gubblestones*; this, however, did not prevent the attachment of the heir of the last to the heiress of the former; an attachinent begun by accident, increased by acquaintance, and nourished by mutual excellence. But the hatred of the fathers was unconquerable; and old *Gubbins* having intercepted a letter from young *Gubblestones*, breathed the most horrid denunciations of vengeance against his daughter, if ever he should discover the smallest intercourse between her and the son of his enemy; and further, effectually to seclude any chance of an union with so hated a name, he instantly proposed a marriage between her and a young gentleman lately returned from his travels, a Mr. Clutterbuck, who had seen her at a ball, and was deeply smitten with her beauty. On being made acquainted with this intended match, *Gubblestones* grew almost frantic with grief and despair. Wandering round the house where his loved *Gubbins* was confined, he chanced to meet Mr. *Clutter-*

buck haſtening to an interview with his deſtined bride. Stung with jealouſy and rage, reckleſs of life, and regardleſs of the remonſtrances of his rival, he drew, and attacked him with deſperate fury. Both ſwords were ſheathed at once in the beraſts of the combatants. *Clutterbuck* died on the ſpot: His antagoniſt lived but to be carried to the houſe of his implacable enemy, and breathed his laſt at the feet of his miſtreſs. The dying words of *Gubbleſtones*, the ſucceeding phrenzy and death of *Gubbins*, the relenting ſorrow of their parents, with a deſcription of the tomb in which *Gubbins*, *Gubbleſtones*, and *Clutterbuck*, were laid, finiſh the piece, and would leave on the mind of the reader the higheſt degree of melancholy and diſtreſs, were it not for the unfortunate ſounds which compoſe the *names* of the actors in this eventful ſtory; yet theſe names, Mr. MIRROR, are really and truly right Engliſh ſurnames, and have as good a title to be unfortunate as thoſe of *Mordaunt*, *Montague*, or *Howard*.

Nor is it only in the ſublime or the pathetic that a happy choice of names is eſſential to good writing. *Comedy* is ſo much beholden to this article, that I have known ſome with ſcarcely any wit or character but what was contained in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*. Every other ſpecies of writing in which humour or character is to be perſonified, is in the ſame predicament, and depends for great part of its applauſe on the knack of hitting off a lucky alluſion from the name to the perſon. Your brother eſſayiſts have been particularly indebted to this invention, for ſupplying them with a very neceſſary material in the conſtruction of their papers. In the Spectator, I find from an examination of my notes on this ſubject, there are 532 names of characters and correſpondents, 394 of which are deſcriptive and characteriſtic.

Having

Having thus shewn the importance of the art of *name-making*, I proceed to inform you of my plan for assisting authors in this particular, and saving them that expence of time and study which the invention of names proper for different purposes must occasion.

I have from a long course of useful and extensive reading, joined to an uncommon strength of memory, been enabled to form a kind of dictionary of names for all sorts of subjects, pathetic, sentimental, serious, satirical, or merry. For novelists, I have made a collection of the best sounding English, or English-like, French, or French-like names; I say, the best sounding, sound being the only thing necessary in that department. For comic writers, and essayists of your tribe, Sir, I have made up from the works of former authors, as well as from my own invention, a list of names, with the characters or subjects to which they allude, prefixed. A learned friend has furnished me with a parcel of signatures for political, philosophical, and religious essayists in the newspapers, among which are no fewer than eighty-six compounds beginning with *philo*, which are all from four to seven syllables long, and cannot fail to have a powerful tendency towards the edification and conviction of country-readers.

For the use of serious poetry, I have a set of names, tragic, elegiac, pastoral, and legendary; for songs, satires, and epigrams, I have a parcel properly corresponding to those departments. A column is subjoined, shewing the number of feet whereof they consist, that being a requisite chiefly to be attended to, in names destined for the purposes of poetry. Some of them, indeed are so happily contrived, that by means of an easy and natural contraction, they can be shortened or lengthened (like a pocket telescope) according to the structure of the line in which they

they are to be introduced; others by the assistance of proper interjections, are ready made into smooth flowing hexameters, and will be found extremely useful, particularly to our writers of tragedy.

All these, Sir, the fruits of several years' labour and industry, I am ready to communicate for an adequate consideration, to authors, or other persons whom they may suit. Be pleased, therefore, to inform your correspondents, that, by applying to your publisher, they may be informed, in the language of Falstaffe, "*where a commodity of good names is to be bought.*" As for your own particular, Sir, I am ready to attend you *gratis*, at any time you may stand in need of my assistance; or you may write out your papers blank, and send them to me to fill up the names of the parties.

I am yours, &c.

NOMENCLATOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor has to return thanks to numberless Correspondents for their favours lately received; he begs leave, at the same time, to acquaint them, that, as many inconveniences would arise from a particular acknowledgment of every letter, he must henceforward be excused from making it; they may, however, rest assured of the strictest attention and impartiality in regard to their communications.—As to the insertion of papers sent him, he will be allowed to suggest, that from the nature of his publication, the acceptance or refusal of an essay is no criterian of its merit, nor of the opinion in which it is held by the Editor. A performance may be improper for the Mirror, *as often*

en on account of its rising above, as of its falling below, the level of such a work, which is peculiarly circumscribed, not only in its subjects, but in the manner of treating them. The same circumstance will often render it necessary to alter or abridge the productions of correspondents; a liberty for which the Editor hopes their indulgence, and which he will use with the utmost caution.

No. 8. SATUDAY, *February* 20, 1779.

Inspicere tanquam in speculum
Vitas omnium jubeo. TER.

IT was with regret that the Editor found himself under the necessity of abridging the following letter, communicated by an unknown correspondent.

To the EDITOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS I was walking one afternoon, about thirty years ago, by the Egyptian side of the Red Sea, in the neighbourhood of Babelmandel, I accidentally met with a Dervise. How we forthwith commenced acquaintance; how I went with him to his hermitage; how our acquaintance improved into intimacy, and our intimacy into friendship; how we conversed about every thing, both in heaven above, and in the earth beneath; how the Dervise fell sick, and how I, having some skill in medicine, administered to his recovery; how this strengthened his former regard by the additional tie of grati-

tude; how, after a space, I tired of walking by the Red Sea in the neighbourhood of Babelmandel, and fancied I should walk with more security and satisfaction by the side of *Forth*; are circumstances, that, after you shall be more interested in my life and conversation, I may venture to lay before you.

In the meanwhile, suffice it to say, that my parting with the Dervise was very tender; and that, as a memorial of his friendship, he presented me with a Mirror. I confess frankly, that, considering the property of my friend, and his unaffected manner of offering it, I supposed his present of little intrinsic value. Yet, looking at it, and wishing to seem as sensible of its worth as possible, "This," said I, "may be a very useful Mirror. As it is of a convenient size, I may carry it in my pocket, and, if I should happen to be in a public company, it may enable me to wipe from my face any accidental dust, or to adjust the posture of my periwig." For, Sir, at that time, in order to command some respect among the Mussulmen, I wore a periwig of three tails.

"That Mirror," said the Dervise, looking at me with great earnestness, "is of higher value than you suppose: And of this, by the following account of its nature and uses, I am sure you will be fully satisfied. Of Mirrors, some are convex, and represent their object of a size considerably diminished: Accordingly, the images they display are extremely beautiful. A company of people represented by this Mirror shall appear without spot or blemish, like a company of lovely sylphs. Now, my good Christian friend, mine is not a convex Mirror. Neither is it concave: For concave Mirrors have just an opposite effect; and, by enlarging the object they represent, would render even the *Houri* in Paradise as hedious as the Witch of Endor, or a Pagan Fury. In short, it is a good plain Mirror, intend-

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ed to repreſent things juſt as they are, but with properties and varieties not to be met with in common glaſs."

"Whenever," continued he, "you entertain any doubt concerning the propriety of your conduct, or have apprehenſions that your motives are not exactly what you conceive, or wiſh them to be, I adviſe you forthwith to conſult the Mirror. You will there ſee yourſelf without diſguiſe; and be enabled, not merely to wipe from your face any accidental duſt, or to adjuſt your periwig of three tails, but to rectify your conduct, and adjuſt your deportment." In truth, Sir, I have made this experiment, according to the direction of the Derviſe, ſo often, and with ſuch ſmall ſatisfaction to myſelf, that I am heartily ſick of it. I have conſulted my Mirror, in the act of giving alms, expecting no doubt, to ſee myſelf characterſed with the ſofteſt compaſſion, and, behold! I was ſwollen and bloated with oſtentation. Glowing with indignation, as I conceived, againſt the vices of mankind, and their blindneſs to real merit, I have looked in the Mirror, and ſeen the redneſs of anger, the fluſhings of diſappointed ambition. Very lately, a friend of mine read me an eſſay he had written; he ſeemed to me ſomewhat conſcious of its merit: He expected, and was entitled to ſome applauſe; but, ſaid I to myſelf, "I will adminiſter to no man's vanity, nor expoſe my friend by encouraging his ſelf-conceit; and ſo obſerved an obſtinate unyielding ſilence. I looked in the Mirror, and am aſhamed to tell you my motive was not ſo pure.

But, inſtead of expoſing my own infirmities, I will, in perfect conſiſtency with ſome of the moſt powerful principles in our nature, and in a manner much leſs exceptionable to myſelf, explain the properties of my Mirror, by the views it gives me of other men.

"Whenever,"

"Whenever," continued the Derviſe, "you have any doubt concerning the conduct of another perſon, take an opportunity, and, when he is leaſt aware, catch a copy of his face in your Mirror." It would do your heart good, Sir, if you delight in that ſpecies of moral critiſciſm which ſome people denominate ſcandal, to ſee the diſcoveries I have made. Many a grave phyſician have I ſeen laying his head to one ſide, fixing his ſolemn eye on the far corner of a room, or poring with ſteady gaze on his watch, and ſeeming to count the beats of his patient's pulſe, when, in fact, he was numbering, in his own mind, the guineas accruing from his circle of morning viſits, or ſtudying what fine ſpeech he ſhould make to my Lady Dutcheſs; or, if his patient were a fair patient—But here I would look no longer.

I have often carried my Mirror to church; and, ſitting in a ſnug corner, have catched the flaming orator of the pulpit in many a rare grimace, and expreſſive geſture; expreſſive, not of humility, but of pride: not of any deſire to communicate inſtruction, but to procure applauſe; not to explain the goſpel, but to exhibit the preacher.

"This Mirror," ſaid the Muſſulman, continuing his valedictory ſpeech, "will not only diſplay your acquaintance as they really are, but as they wiſh to be: And for this purpoſe," ſhewing me the way, "you have only to hold it in a particular poſition." From this uſe of the Mirror, holding it as the Derviſe deſired me, I confeſs I have received ſpecial amuſement. How many perſons hedioufly deformed have appeared moſt divinely beautiful; how many dull fellows have become amazingly clever; how many ſhrivelled cheeks have ſuddenly claimed a youthful bloom! Yet, I muſt confeſs, how ſurprizing ſoever the confeſſion may appear, that I have found

found mankind, in general, very well satisfied with their talents: And, as far as regards moral and religious improvements, I recollect very few instances of persons who wished for changes in their present condition. On the contrary, I have met with other examples; and have seen persons not a little solicitous to acquire the easy use of some fashionable impieties and immoralities. I have seen delicate females, to say nothing of dainty gentlemen, wishing to forget their catechism; striving to overcome their reluctance, and meditating, in their own minds, the utterance of some fashionable piece of raillery against religion; yet, like the Amen of Macbeth, I have often seen it stick in their throat.

"But," continued the Dervise, "if you hold this Mirror in a fit posture, it will not only shew you men as they *are*, or as they *wish* to be, but with the talents of which they reckon themselves actually possessed; and in that very *character* or *situation* which they hold most suited to their abilities." Now this property of the Mussulman's Mirror has given me more amusement than any other. By this means I have seen a whole company undergo instantaneous and strange transformation. I have seen the unwieldy burgess changed into a slender gentleman; the deep philosopher become a man of the world; the laborious merchant converted into a fox-hunter; the mechanic's wife in the guise of a Countess; and the pert scrivener become a cropped Ensign. I have seen those grave personages, whom you may observe daily issuing from their alleys at noon with white wigs, black coats buttoned and inclined to grey, with a cane in one hand, and the other stationed at their side-pocket, beating the streets for political intelligence, and diving afterwards into their native lanes, or rising in a coffee house in the full dignity of a spectacled nose; I have seen them moving in my

Mirror

Mirror in the ſhape of ſtateſmen, miniſters at foreign courts, chancellors of England, judges, juſtices of the peace, or chief magiſtrates in electing boroughs.

Now, Sir, as you have engaged in the important buſineſs of inſtructing the public, I reckon you a much fitter perſon than me to be poſſeſſed of this precious Mirror. By theſe preſents, therefore, along with a paper of directions, I conſign it into your hands. All that I demand of you in return, is to uſe this extraordinary gift in a proper and becoming manner: For, like every other excellent gift, it is liable to be miſuſed. Therefore be circumſpect; nor let any perſon ſay of you, that you make uſe of a falſe glaſs, or that the reflection is not juſt, or that the repreſentation is partial; or, *laſtly*, that it exhibits broken, diſtorted, or unnatural images. In full confidence that it will be an inſtrument in your hands for the moſt uſeful purpoſes,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient ſervant,

VITREUS.

No. 9. TUESDAY, *February* 23, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME weeks ago I was called from my retreat in the country, where I have paſſed the laſt twenty years in the enjoyment of eaſe and tranquillity, by an important family concern, which made it neceſſary for me to come to town.

Laſt Thurſday I was ſolicited by an old friend to accompany him to the *Playhouſe*, to ſee the tragedy

of

of *King Lear*; and, by way of inducement, he told me, the part of *Lear* as to be performed by an actor who had ſtudied the character under the *Engliſh Roſcius*, and was ſuppoſed to play it ſomewhat in the manner of that great maſter. As the theatre had been always my favourite amuſement, I did not long withſtand the entreaties of my friend; and when I reflected that Mr. *Garrick* was now gone to "that undiſcovered country, from whoſe bourn no traveller returns," I felt a ſort of tender deſire to ſee even a copy of that *great original*, from whoſe performances I had often, in the earlier part of my life, received ſuch exquiſite pleaſure.

As we underſtood the houſe was to be crowded, we went at an early hour, and ſeated ourſelves in the middle of the *pit*, ſo as not only to ſee the play to advantage, but alſo to have a full view of the audience, which, I have often thought, is not the leaſt pleaſing part of a public entertainment. When the boxes began to fill, I felt a ſecret ſatisfaction in contemplating the beauties of the preſent times, and amuſed myſelf with tracing in the daughters, thoſe features which, in the mothers and grandmothers, had charmed me ſo often.

My friend pointed out to me, in different parts of the houſe, ſome of the reigning toaſts of *our* times, but ſo changed that, without his aſſiſtance, I never ſhould have been able to find them out. I looked in vain for that form, that complexion, and thoſe numberleſs graces on which I had been accuſtomed to gaze with admiration. But this change was not more remarkable, than the effect it had upon the beholders; and I could not help thinking the ſilent neglect with which thoſe once celebrated beauties were now treated, by much too ſevere a puniſhment for that pride and haughtineſs they had formerly aſſumed.

Whilſt

Whilſt I was amuſing myſelf in this manner, I obſerved, that ſome of the *upper boxes* were filled with ladies, whoſe appearance ſoon convinced me that they were of an order or females more deſirous of being diſtinguiſhed for beauty than for virtue. I could not refrain from expreſſing ſome diſguſt at ſeeing thoſe unfortunate creatures ſitting thus openly mingled with women of the firſt rank and faſhion. "Poh!" ſaid my friend, "that is thought nothing of now-a-days! and every body ſeems to be of the ſame opinion with the celebrated Counteſs of *Dorcheſter*, miſtreſs of King James II. who having ſeated herſelf on the ſame bench, with a lady of rigid virtue, the other immediately ſhrunk back; which the Counteſs obſerving, ſaid, with a ſmile, "Don't be afraid, Madam; gallantry is not catching."

As I was going to reprove my friend for talking with ſuch levity of a matter that ſeemed to be of ſo ſerious a nature, the curtain drew up, and the play began. It is not my deſign, Sir, to trouble you with any remarks on the performance; the purpoſe of this letter is to requeſt of you to take ſome notice of a ſpecies of indecorum, that appeared altogether new to me, and which, I confeſs, it hurt me to obſerve.

Before the end of the firſt act, a number of young men came in, and took their places in the upper boxes, amidſt thoſe unhappy females I have already mentioned. I concluded that theſe perſons were as deſtitute of any pretention to birth or faſhion, as they were void of decency of manners; but I was equally ſurpriſed and mortified to find, that many of them were of the firſt families of the kingdom. You, Sir, who have lived in the world, and ſeen the gradual and almoſt imperceptible progreſs of manners, will not, perhaps, be able to judge of my aſtoniſhment, when I beheld theſe very gentlemen quit their

their seats, and come down to pay their respects to the ladies in the *lower boxes*. The gross impropriety of this behaviour raised in me a degree of indignation which I could not, without difficulty, restrain. I comforted myself, however, with the hopes, that those unthinking youths would meet with such a reception from the women of honour, as would effectually check this indecency; but I am sorry to add, that I could not discern, either in their looks or manner, those marks of disapprobation which I had made my account with perceiving. Both the old and the young, the mothers and the daughters, seemed rather pleased when these young men of rank and fortune approached them. I am persuaded, at the same time, that were they to think but for a moment of the consequences, they would be sensible of the impropriety of their behaviour in this particular. I must therefore intreat of you, Sir, to take the earliest opportunity of giving your sentiments on the subject.

I am, &c.

A. W.

The complaints of my correspondent are not without reason. The boundaries betwixt virtue and vice, cannot be too religiously maintained; and every thing that tends to lessen, in any degree, the respect due to a woman of honour, ought ever to be guarded against with the utmost caution.

When I was in France, I observed a propriety of behaviour in the particular mentioned by Mr. A. W. that pleased me much. Even in that country, loose as we imagine the manners there to be, no body who wish-

es to preserve the character of a well-bred gentleman, is ever seen at a place of public resort, in company with those misguided fair ones, who, however much they may be objects of pity and compassion, have forfeited all title to respect and esteem. I would recommend to our young men to follow, in this, the example of our neighbours, whom they are so ready to imitate in less laudable instances. To consider it only in this view, there is certainly no greater breach of politeness than that which has given occasion to this letter. In other respects, the consequences are truly alarming. When every distinction is removed between the woman of virtue and the prostitute; when both are treated with equal attention and observance; are we to wonder if we find an alteration of the manners of the women in general, and a proportional diminution of that delicacy which forms the distinguishing characteristic of the respectable part of the sex?

These considerations will, I hope, prove sufficient to correct this abuse in our young gentlemen. As to my fair country-women, it is ever with reluctance that I am obliged to take notice of any little impropriety into which they inadvertently fall. Let them however, reflect, that a certain delicacy of sentiment and of manners is the chief ornament of the female character, and the best and surest guardian of female honour. That once removed, there will remain, in the opinion of the world, less difference than perhaps they may be aware of, between them and the avowedly licentious. Let them also consider, that as it is unquestionably in their power, to form and correct the manners of the men, so they are, in some sort, accountable, not for their own conduct only but also for that of their admirers.

T

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

I DO not mean to *reflect*, Mr. MIRROR; for that is your buſineſs, not mine; far leſs do I purpoſe to *pun*, when I tell you, that it might ſave ſome reflections upon yourſelf, did you take the trouble to tranſlate into good common *Engliſh*, thoſe ſame *Latin* ſcraps, or mottos, which you ſometimes hang out by way of ſign-poſt inſcription at the top of your paper. For conſider, Sir, who will be tempted to enter a houſe of entertainment offered to the Public, when the majority can neither read nor underſtand the language in which the *bill of fare* is drawn and held out? I am a Scotſman of a good plain ſtomach, who can eat and digeſt any thing; yet would I like to have a gueſs at what was to be expected before I ſit down to table. Beſides, the *fair ſex*, Mr. MIRROR, for whom you expreſs ſo much reſpect. What ſhall they do? Believe me, then, Sir, by complying with this hint, you will not only pleaſe the ladies, but now and then ſave a bluſh in their company to ſome grown gentleman, who had not the good fortune to be ſo learned as yourſelf. Amongſt the reſt, you will oblige one who has the honour to be

Your admirer and humble ſervant,
IGNORAMUS.

Edinburgh, Feb. 19, 1779.

Mr. *Ignoramus* (whom I take to be a wiſer man than he gives himſelf out for) muſt have often obſerved many great perſonages contrive to be unintelligible in order to be reſpected.

No. 10. SATURDAY, *February* 27, 1779.

———*Id arbitror*
Ad prime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis. TER.

REFINEMENT, and *delicacy of taste*, are the productions of advanced society. They open to the mind of persons possessed of them a field of elegant enjoyment; but they may be pushed to a dangerous extreme. By that excess of sensibility to which they lead; by that vanity which they flatter; that idea of superiority which they nourish; they may unfit their possessor for the common and ordinary enjoyments of life; and, by that too great niceness which they are apt to create, they may mingle somewhat of disgust and uneasiness even in the highest and finest pleasures. A person of such a mind will often miss happiness where Nature intended it should be found, and seek for it where it is not to be met with Disgust and chagrin will frequently be his companions, while less cultivated minds are enjoying pleasure unmixed and unalloyed.

I have ever considered my friend *Charles Fleetwood* to be a remarkable instance of such a character. Mr. *Fleetwood* has been endowed by nature with a most feeling and tender heart. Educated to no particular profession, his natural sensibility has been increased by a life of inactivity, chiefly employed in reading, and the study of the polite arts, which has given him that excess of refinement I have described above, that injures while it captivates.

Last summer I accompanied him in an excursion into the country. Our object was partly air and exercise, and partly to pay a visit to some of ou friends.

Our

Our first visit was to a college-acquaintance, remarkable for that old-fashioned hospitality which still prevails in some parts of the country, and which too often degenerates into excess. Unfortunately for us, we found with our friend a number of his jovial companions, whose object of entertainment was very different from ours. Instead of wishing to enjoy the pleasures of the country, they expressed their satisfaction at the meeting of so many old acquaintance; because they said it would add to the mirth and sociality of the party. Accordingly, after a long, and somewhat noisy, dinner, the table was covered with bottles and glasses: The mirth of the company rose higher at every new toast; and though their drinking did not proceed quite the length of intoxication, the convivial festivity was drawn out, with very little intermission, till it was time to go to bed. Mr. *Fleetwood*'s politeness prevented him from leaving the company; but I, who knew him, saw he was inwardly fretted at the manner in which his time was spent during a fine evening, in one of the most beautiful parts of the country. The mirth of the company, which was at least innocent, was lost upon him: Their jokes hardly produced a smile: or, if they did, it was a forced one: Even the good humour of those around him, instead of awakening his benevolence, and giving him a philanthropical pleasure, increased his chagrin; and the louder the company laughed, the graver, did I think, Mr. *Fleetwood*'s countenance became.

After having remained here two days, our time being spent pretty much in the manner I have described, we went to the house of another gentleman in the neighbourhood. A natural soberness of mind, accompanied with a habit of industry, and great attention to the management of his farm, would save

us, we knew, from any thing like riot or intemperance in his family. But even here I found Mr. *Fleetwood* not a whit more at his eaſe than in the laſt houſe. Our landlord's ideas of politeneſs made him think it would be want of reſpect to his gueſts if he did not give them conſtant attendance. Breakfaſt, therefore, was no ſooner removed, than, as he wiſhed to viſit his farm, he propoſed a walk; We ſet out accordingly; and our whole morning was ſpent in croſſing dirty fields, leaping ditches and hedges, and hearing our landlord diſcourſe on *drilling* and *horſe-hoeing*; of *broad caſt* and *ſummer-fallow*; of *manuring*, *plowing*, *draining*, &c. Mr. *Fleetwood*, who had ſcarcely ever read a theoretical book upon *farming*, and was totally ignorant of the practice, was teazed to death with this converſation; and returned home covered with dirt, and worn out with fatigue. After dinner, the family-œconomy did not allow the leaſt approach to a debauch; and as our landlord had exhauſted his utmoſt ſtock of knowledge and converſation in remarks upon his farm, while we were not at all deſirous of repeating the entertainment of the morning, we paſſed a taſteleſs, lifeleſs, yawning afternoon; and, I believe, Mr. *Fleetwood* would have willingly exchanged the dulneſs of his preſent company, for the boiſterous mirth of the laſt he had been in.

Our next viſit was to a gentleman of a liberal education, and elegant manners, who, in the earlier part of his life, had been much in the polite world. Here Mr. *Fleetwood* expected to find pleaſure and enjoyment ſufficient to atone for the diſagreeable occurrences in his two former viſits; but here, too, he was diſappointed. Mr. *Selby*, for that was our friend's name, had been ſeveral years married: His family increaſing, he had retired to the country; and,

and, renouncing the buſtle of the world, had given himſelf up to domeſtic enjoyments: His time and attention were devoted chiefly to the care of his children. The pleaſure which himſelf felt in humouring all their litttle fancies, made him forget how troubleſome that indulgence might be to others. The firſt morning we were at his houſe, when Mr. *Fleetwood* came into the parlour, to breakfaſt, all the places at table were occupied by the children; it was neceſſary that one of them ſhould be diſplaced to make room for him; and, in the diſturbance which this occaſioned, a tea-cup was was overturned, and ſcalded the finger of Mr. *Selby*'s eldeſt daughter, a child about ſeven years old, whoſe whimpering and complaining attracted the whole attention during breakfaſt. That being over, the eldeſt boy came forward with a book in his hand, and Mr. *Selby* aſked Mr. *Fleetwood* to hear him read his leſſon: Mrs. *Selby* joined in the requeſt, though both looked as if they were rather conferring a favour on their gueſt. The eldeſt had no ſooner finiſhed, than the youngeſt boy preſented himſelf; upon which his father obſerved, that it would be doing injuſtice to *Will* not to hear him, as well as his elder brother *Jack*; and in this way was my friend obliged to ſpend the morning, in performing the office of a ſchoolmaſter to the children in ſucceſſion.

Mr. *Fleetwood* liked a *game* at whiſt, and promiſed himſelf a party in the evening free from interruption. Cards were accordingly propoſed; but Mrs. *Selby* obſerved, that her little daughter, who ſtill complained of her ſcalded finger, needed amuſement as much as any of the company. In place of cards, Miſs *Harriot* inſiſted on the *game of the gooſe*. Down to it we ſat; and to a ſtranger it would have been not unamuſing to ſee Mr. *Fleetwood*, in his ſorrowful

rowful countenance, at the *royal and pleasant game of the goose*, with a child of seven years old. It is unnecessary to dwell longer on particulars. During all the time we were at Mr. *Selby*'s, the delighted parents were indulging their fondness, while Mr. *Fleetwood* was repining and fretting in secret.

Having finished our intended round of visits, we turned our course homewards, and, at the first inn on our road, were joined by one Mr. *Johnson*, with whom I was slightly acquainted. Politeness would not allow me to reject the offer of his company, especially as I knew him to be a good-natured inoffensive man. Our road lay through a *glen*, romantic and picturesque, which we reached soon after sun-set, in a mild and still evening. On each side were stupendous mountains; their height; the rude and projecting rocks, of which some of them were composed; the gloomy caverns they seemed to contain; and the appearance of devastation, occasioned by traces of cataracts falling from their tops, presented to our view a scene truly sublime. Mr. *Fleetwood* felt an unusual elevation of spirit. His soul rose within him, and was swelled with that silent awe, so well suited to his contemplative mind. In the words of the poet, he could have said,

——— "Welcome, kindred glooms,
Congenial horrors, hail!"
——— "Be these my theme,
These that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing!"

Our silence had now continued for about a quarter of an hour; and an unusual stillness prevailed around us, interrupted only by the tread of our horses which, returning at stated intervals, assisted by the echo of the mountains, formed a hollow sound,

which

which increased the solemnity of the scene. Mr. *Johnson*, tiring of this silence, and not having the least comprehension of its cause, all at once, and without warning, lifted up his voice, and began the song of "*Push about the Joram.*" Mr. *Fleetwood*'s soul was then wound up to its utmost height. At the sound of Mr. *Johnson*'s voice he started, and viewed him with a look of horror, mixed with contempt. During the rest of our journey, I could hardly prevail on my friend to be civil to him; and though he is, in every respect, a worthy and a good-natured man, and though Mr. *Fleetwood* and he have often met since, the former has never been able to look upon him without disgust.

Mr. *Fleetwood*'s entertainment in this short tour has produced, in my mind, many reflections, in which I doubt not I shall be anticipated by my readers.

There are few situations in life, from which a man, who has confined his turn for enjoyment within the bounds pointed out by nature, will not receive satisfaction; but if we once transgress those bounds, and seeking after too much refinement, indulge a false, and mistaken delicacy, there is hardly a situation in which we will not be exposed to disappointment and disgust.

Had it not been for this false, this dangerous delicacy, Mr. *Fleetwood*, instead of uneasiness would have received pleasure from every visit we made, from every incident we met with.

At the first house to which we went, it was not necessary that he should have preferred the bottle to the enjoyment of a fine evening in the country; but that not being the sentiments of the company had he, without repining, given up his taste to theirs, instead of feeling disgust at what appeared to him coarse

coarse in their enjoyments, he would have felt pleasure at the mirth and good-humour which prevailed around him, and the very reflection, that different employments gave amusement to different men, would have afforded a lively and philanthropical satisfaction.

It was scarcely to be expected, that the barrenness and dryness of the conversation at our second visit, could fill up, and entirely satisfy the delicate and improved mind of Mr. *Fleetwood*; but, had he not laid it down almost as a rule, not to be pleased with any thing, except what suited his own idea of enjoyment, he might, and ought to have received pleasure from the sight of a worthy family, spending their time innocently, happily, and usefully; usefully, both to themselves and to their country.

It was owing to the same false sensibility, that he was so much chagrined in the family of Mr. *Selby*. The fond indulgence of the parents did, perhaps, carry their attention to their children beyond the rules of propriety; but, had it not been for the finicalness of mind in Mr. *Fleetwood*, had he given the natural benevolence of his heart its play, he would have received a pleasure from witnessing the happiness of two virtuous parents in their rising offspring, that would have much overbalanced any uneasiness arising from the errors in their conduct.

Neither, but for this excessive refinement, would Mr. *Fleetwood* have been hurt by the behaviour of Mr. *Johnson*. Though he might not have considered him as a man of taste, he would, nevertheless, have regarded him as a good and inoffensive man; and he would have received pleasure from the reflection, that neither goodness nor happiness are confined to those minds, which are fitted for feeling and enjoying all the pleasures of nature, or of art.

No. 11. TUESDAY, *March* 2, 1779.

SINCE the commencement of the late *levies*, I underſtand that not only *drill ſerjeants* have had daily acceſs to the lobbies and parlours of many decent and peaceable houſes in this metropolis, but that profeſſors of *the noble ſcience of defence* have been ſo conſtantly occupied in attending grown gentlemen, and ungrown officers, that their former ſcholars have found great difficulty in procuring maſters to puſh with them, and have frequently been obliged to have recourſe to the leſs edifying oppoſition of one another.

The purpoſe of the *ſerjeants'* inſtructions, every lover of his country muſt approve. The laſt-mentioned art, that of *fencing*, I formerly took great delight in myſelf, and ſtill account one of the healthieſt of all houſe exerciſes; inſomuch that when I am in the country, where I make it a rule to ſpend a certain part of every day in exerciſe of ſome kind, I generally take up my *foil* in rainy mornings, and puſh with great ſucceſs againſt the figure of *Herod*, in a piece of old arras that was taken down from my grandmother's room, and is now paſted up on the wall of the laundry.

When thoſe two ſciences, however, go upon actual ſervice, they are to be conſidered in different lights. That of the *ſerjeant*, as it teaches a man to ſtand well on his legs, to carry his body firm, and to move it alertly, is much the ſame as the *fencing-maſter's*; but in their laſt ſtage they depart ſomewhat from each other; the *ſerjeant* propoſes to qualify a man for encountering his enemy in battle, the other to fit him for meeting his companion, or friend it may be, in a duel. My

My readers will, I hope, give me credit for the MIRROR, being always a very *polite* paper; I am not therefore, at all diſpoſed to beſtow on a practice ſo gentleman-like as duelling, thoſe ſevere reprehenſions, equally trite and unjuſt, in which ſome of my predeceſſors have indulged themſelves. During my reſidence abroad I was made perfectly acquainted with the arguments drawn in its favour, from the influence it has on the manners of the gentleman and the honour of the ſoldier. It is my intention only to point out thoſe bounds within which the moſt punctilious valour may be contented to reſtrain itſelf; and in this I ſhall be the more guarded, as I mean the preſent paper principally for the uſe of the new-raiſed regiments above alluded to, whoſe honour I dearly prize, and would preſerve as ſcrupulouſly inviolate as poſſible. I hold ſuch an eſſay peculiarly proper at this juncture, when ſome of them are about to embark on long voyages, in which even good-natured people, being tacked together like man and wife, are ſomewhat apt to grow peeviſh and quarrelſome.

In the *firſt* place, I will make one general obſervation, that, at this buſy time, when our country has need of men, lives are of more value to the community than at other periods. In time of peace, ſo many regiments are reduced, and the duties of an officer ſo eaſily performed, that if one fall, and another be hanged for killing him, there will ſpeedily be found two proper young men ready to mount guard, and ſhew a good leg on the parade, in their room. But, at preſent, from the great increaſe of the eſtabliſhment, there is rather a ſcarcity, in proportion to the demand, of men of military talents, and military figure, eſpecially when we conſider that the war is now to be carried againſt ſo genteel a people

people as the *French*, to whom it will be neceſſary to ſhew officers of the moſt ſoldier-like appearance and addreſs.

This patriotic conſideration will tend to relax the *etiquette* formerly eſtabliſhed, for every officer to fight a duel within a few weeks of the date of his commiſſion, and that, too, without the purpoſe of reſenting any affront, or vindicating his honour from any aſperſion, but merely to ſhew that he could fight. Now, this practice, being unneceſſary at preſent, as preferment goes on briſkly enough by the fall of officers in the courſe of their duty, may very properly, and without diſparagement to the valour of the Britiſh army, be diſpenſed with; ſo, it is to be agreed and underſtood, that every officer in the new-raiſed regiments, whoſe commiſſion bears date on or poſterior to the 1ſt of January, 1778, is, *ipſo facto*, to be held and deemed of unqueſtionable courage and immaculate honour.

As to the meaſure of affront which may juſtify *a challenge*, it is to be remembered, that the officers of the above mentioned *corps* have been obliged, in levying their reſpective quotas, to engage in ſcenes of a very particular kind; at markets, fairs, country-weddings, and city brawls, amongſt a ſet of men and women not remarkable for delicacy of language, or politeneſs of behaviour. We are not, therefore, to wonder if the ſmooth enamel of the gentleman has received ſome little injury from the colliſion of ſuch coarſe materials; and a certain time may fairly be allowed for unlearning the blunt manners and rough phraſeology which an officer in ſuch ſituations was forced to aſſume. Therefore the identical words which, a campaign or two hence, are to be held expiable only by blood, may, at preſent, be done away by an *explanation*; and thoſe which an officer muſt then explain and account for at the peril of

a challenge, are now to be considered as mere colloquial expletives, acquired by associating with such company as frequent the places above described.

As, notwithstanding all these allowances, some duels may be expected to take place, it is proper to mention certain regulations for the conduct of the parties, in the construction of which I have paid infinitely more regard to their honour than to their safety.

In fighting with the *sword*, a *blow*, or the *lie direct*, can scarcely be expiated but by a thrust through the body; but any lesser affront may be wiped off by a wound in the *sword arm*; or, if the injury be very slight, any wound will be sufficient. In all this, it is to be noted, that the receiving of such wound by either party constitutes a reparation for the affront; as it is a rule of justice peculiar to the *Code of duelling*, that the blood of the injured atones for the offence he has received, as well as that of the injurer for the offence he has given.

In affairs decided with *pistols*, the distance is, in like manner, to be regulated by the nature of the injury. For those of an atrocious sort, a distance of only twenty feet, and pistols of nine, nine and a half or ten inch barrels, are requisite; for slighter ones, the distance may be doubled, and a six or even five inch barrel will serve. Regard, moreover, is to be had to the size of the persons engaged; for every stone above eleven, the party of such weight may, with perfect honour, retire three feet.

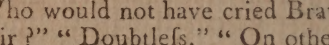
I read, some time ago, certain addresses to the *Jockey Club*, by two gentlemen who had been engaged in an affair of honour; from which it appeared, that one of them had systematized the art of duelling to a wonderful degree. Among other things, he had brought his aim with a pistol to so much certainty, and made such improvements on the weapon,

on, that he could lay a hundred guineas to ten on hitting, at a conſiderable diſtance, any part of his adverſary's body. Theſe arts, however, I by no means approve: They reſemble, methinks, a *loaded die* or a *packed deal*; and I am inclined to be of opinion, that a gentleman is no more obliged to fight againſt the firſt, than to play againſt the latter. They may, in the mildeſt conſtruction, be compared to the ſure play of a man who can take every baſt at *billiards*; and therefore, if it ſhall be judged that an ordinary markſman muſt fight with the perſon poſſeſſed of them, he is, at leaſt, intitled to *odds*, and muſt be allowed three ſhots to one of his antagoniſt.

I have thus, with ſome labour, and I hope ſtrict honour, ſettled certain articles in the matter of *duelling*, for ſuch of my readers as may have occaſion for them. It is but candid, however, to own, that there have been, now and then, brilliant things done quite without the line of my directions, to wit, by not fighting at all. The Abbe ———, with whom I was diſputing at Paris on this ſubject, concluded his arguments againſt duelling with a ſtory, which, though I did not think it much to the purpoſe, was a tolerable ſtory notwithſtanding. I ſhall give it in the very words of the Abbé.

"A countryman of yours, a Captain *Douglas*, was playing at *Trictrac* with a very intimate friend, here in this very coffee-houſe, amidſt a circle of French officers who were looking on. Some diſpute ariſing about a caſt of the dice, *Douglas* ſaid, in a gay, thoughtleſs manner, "Oh! what a ſtory!" A murmur aroſe among the byſtanders; and his antagoniſt feeling the affront, as if the *lie* had been given him, in the violence of his paſſion, ſnatched up the tables, and hit *Douglas* a blow on the head. The inſtant he had done it, the idea of his imprudence, and its probable conſequences to himſelf and his friend,

friend, ruſhed upon his mind: He ſat, ſtupified with ſhame and remorſe, his eyes rivetted on the ground, regardleſs of what the other's reſentment might prompt him to act. *Douglas*, after a ſhort pauſe, turned round to the ſpectators: "You think," ſaid he, "that I am now ready to cut the throat of that unfortunate young man; but I know that, at this moment, he feels anguiſh a thouſand times more keen than any my ſword could inflict.—I will embrace him—thus—and try to reconcile him to himſelf; but I will cut the throat of that man among you who ſhall dare to breathe a ſyllable againſt my honour." "Bravo! Bravo!" cried an old *Chevalier de St. Louis*, who ſtood immediately behind him.—The ſentiment of France overcame its habit, and Bravo! Bravo! echoed from every corner of the room. Who would not have cried Bravo! Would not you, Sir?" "Doubtleſs." "On other occaſions, then, be governed by the ſame principle." "Why, to be ſure, it were often better not to fight—if one had but the *courage* not to fight."



No. 12. SATURDAY, *March* 6, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a plain country-gentleman, with a ſmall fortune and a large family. My boys, all except the youngeſt, I have contrived to ſet out into the world in tolerably promiſing ſituations. My two eldeſt girls are married; one to a clergyman, with a very comfortable living, and a reſpectable character;

ter; the other to a neighbour of my own, who farms moſt of his own eſtate, and is ſuppoſed to know country-buſineſs as well as any man, in this part of the kingdom. I have four other girls at home, whom I wiſh to make fit wives for men of equal rank with their brothers-in-law.

About three months ago, a great lady in our neighbourhood (at leaſt as neighbourhood is reckoned in our quarter) happened to meet the two eldeſt of my unmarried daughters at the houſe of a gentleman a diſtant relation of mine, and, as well as myſelf, a freeholder in our county. The girls are tolerably handſome, and I have endeavoured to make them underſtand the common rules of good-breeding. My Lady ——— ran out to my kinſman, who happens to have no children of his own, in praiſe of their beauty and politeneſs, and, at parting gave them a moſt preſſing invitation to come and ſpend a week with her during the approaching Chriſtmas holidays. On my daughters' return from their kinſman's, I was not altogether pleaſed at hearing of this invitation; nor was I more ſatisfied with the very frequent quotations of my Lady ———'s ſayings and ſentiments, and the deſcriptions of the beauty of her complexion, the elegance of her dreſs, and the grandeur of her equipage. I oppoſed, therefore, their deſign of paying this Chriſtmas viſit pretty warmly. Upon this, the honour done them by the invitation, the advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with the great Lady, and the benefit that might accrue to my family from the influence of her Lord, were immediately rung in my ears, not only by my daughters, but alſo by their mother, whom they had already gained over to their ſide; and I muſt own to you, Mr. MIRROR, though I would not have you think me hen-peck'd, that my wife,

somehow or other, contrives to carry most points in in our family; so my opposition was over-ruled; and to ——— the girls went; but not before they had made a journey to the metropolis of our country, and brought back a portmanteau full of necessaries, to qualify them for appearing decently, as my wife said, in the company they should meet there.

In about a month, for their visit was drawn out to that length, my daughters returned. But had you seen, Mr. MIRROR, what an alteration that month had made on them! Instead of the rosy complexions, and sparkling eyes, they had carried with them, they brought back cheeks as white as a curd, and eyes as dead as the beads in the face of a baby.

I could not help expressing my surprise at the sight; but the younger of the two ladies immediately cut me short, by telling me that their complexion was the only one worn at ———.

And no wonder, Sir, it should, from the description which my daughter sometimes gives us of the life people lead there. Instead of rising at seven, breakfasting at nine, dining at three, supping at eight, and getting to bed by ten, as was their custom at home, my girls lay till twelve, breakfasted at one, dined at six, supped at eleven, and were never in bed till three in the morning. Their shapes had undergone as much alteration as their faces. From their bosoms (*necks* they called them) which were squeezed up to their throats, their waist tapered down to a very extraordinary smallness; they resembled the upper half of an *hour-glass*. At this, also, I marvelled; but it was the only shape worn at ——— ———. Next day, at dinner, after a long morning preparation, they appeared with heads of such a size, that my little parlour was not of height enough to let

let them ſtand upright in it. This was the moſt ſtriking metamorphoſis of all. Their mother ſtared; I ejaculated; my other children burſt out a-laughing; the anſwer was the ſame as before; it was the only head worn at ————.

Nor is their behaviour leſs changed than their garb. Inſtead of joining in the good-humoured cheerfulneſs we uſed to have among us before, my two *fine* young ladies check every approach to mirth, by calling it *vulgar*. One of them chid their brother the other day for laughing, and told him it was monſtrouſly ill-bred. In the evenings, when we were wont, if we had nothing elſe to do, to fall to *Blind-man's-buff*, or *Croſs-purpoſes*, or ſometimes to play at *Loo* for cherry-ſtones, theſe two get a pack of cards to themſelves, and ſit down to play for any little money their viſit has left them, at a game none of us know any thing about. It ſeems, indeed, the dulleſt of all amuſements, as it conſiſts in merely turning up the faces of the cards, and repeating their names from an *ace* upwards, as if the players were learning to ſpeak, and had got only thirteen words in their vocabulary. But of this, and every other cuſtom at ————, nobody is allowed to judge but themſelves. They have got a parcel of phraſes, which they utter on all occaſions as deciſive, *French*, I believe, though I can ſcarce find any of them in the Dictionary, and am unable to put them upon paper; but all of them mean ſomething extremely faſhionable, and are conſtantly ſupported by the authority of my Lady, or the Counteſs, his Lordſhip, or Sir John.

As they have learned many foreign, ſo have they unlearned ſome of the moſt common and beſt underſtood home-phraſes. When one of my neighbours was lamenting the extravagance and diſſipation of a young kinſman who had ſpent his fortune, and loſt

loſt his health in London, and at Newmarket, they called it *life*, and ſaid it ſhowed ſpirit in the young man. After the ſame rule they lately declared, that a gentleman could not *live* on leſs than 1000*l.* a year, and called the account which their mantuamaker and milliner ſent me, for the fineries purchaſed for their viſit at ———, a *trifle*, though it amounted to 59*l.* 11*ſ.* 4*d.* exactly a fourth part of the clear income of my eſtate.

All this, Mr. MIRROR, I look upon as a ſort of peſtilential diſorder, with which my poor daughters have been infected in the courſe of this unfortunate viſit. This conſideration has induced me to treat them hitherto with lenity and indulgence, and try to effect their cure by mild methods, which indeed ſuit my temper (naturally of a pliant kind, as every body except my wife, ſays) better than harſh ones. Yet I confeſs, I could not help being in a paſſion t'other day, when the diſorder ſhewed ſymptoms of a more ſerious kind. Would you believe it, Sir, my daughter *Elizabeth* (ſince her viſit ſhe is offended if we call her *Betty*) ſaid it was *fanatical* to find fault with card-playing on Sunday; and her ſiſter *Sophia* gravely aſked my ſon-in-law, the clergyman, if he had not ſome doubts of the ſoul's immortality.

As certain great cities, I have heard, are never free from the *plague*, and at laſt come to look upon it as nothing terrible or extraordinary; ſo, I ſuppoſe in London, or even your town, Sir, this diſeaſe always prevails, and is but little dreaded. But, in the country it will be productive of melancholy effects indeed; if ſuffered to ſpread there, it will not only embitter our lives, and ſpoil our domeſtic happineſs, as at preſent it does mine, but, in its moſt violent ſtages, will bring our eſtates to market, our daughters to ruin, and our ſons to the gallows. Be ſo humane, therefore, Mr. MIRROR, as to ſuggeſt ſome

expedient

expedient for keeping it confined within thoſe limits in which it rages at preſent. If no public regulation can be contrived for that purpoſe (though I cannot help thinking this diſeaſe of the great people merits the attention of government, as much as the diſtemper among the *horned cattle*) try, at leaſt, the effects of private admonition, to prevent the ſound from approaching the infected; let all *little men* like myſelf, and every member of their families be cautious of holding intercourſe with the perſons or families of *Dukes*, *Earls*, *Lords*, *Nabobs*, or *Contractors*, till they have good reaſon to believe that ſuch perſons and their houſeholds are in a ſane and healthy ſtate, and in no danger of communicating this dreadful diſorder. And, if it has left ſuch great and noble perſons any feelings of compaſſion, pray put them in mind of that well-known fable of the *boys* and the *frogs*, which they muſt have learned at ſchool. Tell them, Sir, that though the making ſport of their poor neighbours may ſerve them for a Chriſtmas gambol, it is matter of ſerious wretchedneſs to thoſe poor neighbours in the after-part of their lives: *It is ſport to them, but death to us.*

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

No. 13. TUESDAY, *March* 9, 1779.

THE antiquity of the poems aſcribed to *Oſſian* the ſon of *Fingal*, has been the ſubject of much diſpute. The refined magnanimity and generoſity of the heroes, and the tenderneſs and delicacy of ſentiment, with regard to women, ſo conſpicuous

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in those poems, are circumstances very difficult to reconcile with the rude and uncultivated age in which the poet is supposed to have lived. On the other hand, the intrinsic characters of antiquity which the poems bear; that simple state of society the poet paints; the narrow circle of objects and transactions he describes; his concise, abrupt, and figurative style; the absence of all abstract ideas, and of all modern allusions, render it difficult to assign any other æra for their production than the age of Fingal. In short, there are difficulties on both sides: and, if that remarkable refinement of manners seem inconsistent with our notions of an unimproved age, the marks of antiquity with which the poems are stamped, make it very hard to suppose them a modern composition. It is not, however, my intention to examine the merits of this controversy, much less to hazard any judgment of my own. All I propose is, to suggest one consideration on the subject, which, as far as I can recollect, has hitherto escaped the partizans of either side.

The elegant author of the *Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*, has very properly obviated the objections made to the uniformity of Ossian's imagery and the too frequent repetition of the same comparisons. He has shewn, that this objection proceeds from a careless and inattentive perusal of the poems; for, although the range of the poet's objects was not wide, and consequently the same object does often return, yet its appearance is changed; the image is new; it is presented to the fancy in another attitude, and clothed with different circumstances, to make it suit the illustration, for which it is employed. "In this," continues he, "lies Ossian's great *art*;" and he illustrates his remark by taking the instances of the *moon* and of *mist*, two of the principal subjects of the bard's images and allusions.

I agree

I agree with this critic in his obſervations, though I think he has rather erred in aſcribing to *art* in Oſſian, that wonderful diverſification of the narrow circle of objects with which he was acquainted. It was not by any efforts or art or contrivance that Oſſian preſented the rude objects of nature under ſo many different aſpects. He wrote from a full heart, from a rich and glowing imagination. He did not ſeek for, and invent images; he copied nature, and painted objects as they ſtruck and kindled his fancy. He had nothing within the range of his view, but the great features of ſimple nature. The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, the deſert heath, the winding ſtream, the green hill with all its roes, and the rock with its robe of miſt, were the objects amidſt which Oſſian lived. Contemplating theſe, under every variety of appearance they could aſſume, no wonder that his warm and empaſſioned genius found in them a field fruitful of the moſt lofty and ſublime imagery.

Thus the very circumſtance of his having ſuch a circumſcribed range of inanimate objects to attract his attention and exerciſe his imagination, was the natural and neceſſary cauſe of Oſſian's being able to view and to deſcribe them, under ſuch a variety of great and beautiful appearances. And may we not proceed farther, and affirm, that ſo rich a diverſification of the few appearances of ſimple nature, could hardly have occurred to the imagination of a poet living in any other than the rude and early age in which the ſon of Fingal appeared?

In refined and poliſhed ſociety, where the works of art abound, the endleſs variety of objects that preſent themſelves, diſtract and diſſipate the attention. The mind is perpetually hurried from one object to another; and no time is left to dwell upon the ſublime and ſimple appearances of nature. A poet, in ſuch

ſuch an age, has a wide and diverſified circle of objects on which to exerciſe his imagination. He has a large and diffuſed ſtock of materials from which to draw images to embelliſh his work; and he does not always reſort for his imagery to the diverſified appearance of the objects of rude nature; he does not avoid thoſe becauſe his taſte rejects them; but he uſes them ſeldom, becauſe they ſeldom recur to his imagination.

To ſeize theſe images, belongs only to the poet of an early and ſimple age, where the undivided attention has leiſure to brood over the few, but ſublime objects which ſurround him. The *ſea* and the *heath*, the *rock* and the *torrent*, the *clouds* and *meteors*, the *thunder* and *lightning*, the *ſun* and *moon*, and *ſtars*, are, as it were, the companions with which his imagination holds converſe. He perſonifies and addreſſes them: every aſpect they can aſſume is impreſſed upon his mind: He contemplates and traces them through all the endleſs varieties of ſeaſons; and they are the perpetual ſubjects of his images and alluſions. He has, indeed, only a few objects around him; but, for that very reaſon, he forms a more intimate acquaintance with their every feature, and ſhade, and attitude.

From this circumſtance, it would ſeem, that the poetical productions of widely-diſtant periods of ſociety muſt ever bear ſtrong marks of the age which gave them birth; and that it is not poſſible for a poetical genius of the one age, to counterfeit and imitate the productions of the other. To the poet of a ſimple age, the varied objects which preſent themſelves in cultivated ſociety are unknown. To the poet of a refined age, the idea of imitating the productions of rude times might, perhaps, occur; but the execution would certainly be difficult, perhaps impracticable. To catch ſome few tranſient aſpects

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of any of the great appearances of nature, may be within the reach of the genius of any age; but to perceive, and feel, and paint, all the shades of a few simple objects, and to make them correspond with a great diversity of subjects, the poet must dwell amidst them, and have them ever present to his mind.

The excellent critic whom I have already mentioned, has selected the instances of the *moon* and of *mist*, to shew how much Ossian has diversified the appearance of the few objects with which he was encircled. I shall now conclude this paper with selecting a *third*, that of the *sun*, which, I think, the bard has presented in such a variety of aspects, as could have occurred to the imagination in no other than the early and unimproved age in which Ossian is supposed to have lived.

The vanquished *Frothal*, struck with the generous magnanimity of Fingal, addresses him: "Terrible art thou, O King of Morven, in battles of the spears; but, in peace, thou art like the sun, when he looks through a silent shower; the flowers lift their fair heads before him, and the gales shake their rustling wings." Of the generous open *Cathmor*, exposed to the dark and gloomy *Ciraba*, it is said: "His face was like the plain of the sun, when it is bright: no darkness travelled over his brow." Of *Nathos*: "The soul of Nathos was generous and mild, like the hour of the setting sun." Of young *Connal*, coming to seek the honour of the spear: "The youth was lovely as the first beam of the sun."—"O! Fithil's son," says Cuchullin, "with feet of wind, fly over the heath of Lena. Tell to Fingal, that Erin is enthrall'd, and bid the King of Morven hasten. O! let him come like the sun in a storm, when he shines on the hills of grass."

Nathos, anxious for the fate of Darthula: "The soul of Nathos was sad, like the sun in the day of

miſt, when his face is watry and dim." *Oſcar*, ſurrounded with foes, foreſeeing the fall of his race, and yet at times gathering hope: "At times, he was thoughtful and dark, like the ſun when he carries a cloud on his face; but he looks afterward on the hills of Cona." Before *Boſmina* ſent to offer them the peace of heroes: "The hoſt of Erragon brightened in her preſence, as a rock before the ſudden beams of the ſun, when they iſſue from a broken cloud, divided by the roaring wind." The remembrance of battles paſt, and the return of peace, is compared to the ſun returning after a ſtorm: "Hear the battle of Lora! the ſound of its ſteel is long ſince paſt; ſo thunder on the darkened hill roars, and is no more; the ſun returns with his ſilent beams; the glittering rocks, and green heads of the mountains, ſmile."

Fingal in his ſtrength darkening in the preſence of war: "His arm ſtretches to the foe like the beam of the ſickly ſun, when his ſide is cruſted with darkneſs, and he rolls his diſmal courſe throughout the ſky." A young hero exulting in his ſtrength, and ruſhing towards his foes, exclaims, "My beating ſoul is high! My fame is bright before me, like the ſtreak of light on a cloud when the broad ſun comes forth, red traveller of the ſky!" On another occaſion, ſays a hero, I have met the battle in my youth. My arm could not lift the ſpear when firſt the danger roſe; but my ſoul brightened before the war, as the green narrow vale, when the ſun pours his ſtreamy beams, before he hides his head in a ſtorm!"

But it would exceed the proper bounds of this paper, were I to bring together all the paſſages which might illuſtrate my remarks. Without, therefore, quoting the beautiful addreſs to the ſun, which finiſhes the ſecond book of *Temora*, or that

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at the beginning of *Carricthura*, I ſhall conclude with laying before my readers that ſublime paſſage at the end of *Carthon*, where the aged bard, thrown into melancholy by the remembrance of that hero, thus pours himſelf forth:

—"I feel the ſun, O Malvina! leave me to my reſt. The beam of heaven delights to ſhine on the grave of Carthon; I feel it warm around.

—"O thou that rolleſt above, round as the ſhield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O ſun! thy everlaſting light! Thou comeſt forth in thy awful beauty, and the ſtars hide themſelves in the ſky: The moon, cold and pale, ſinks in the weſtern wave, but thou thyſelf moveſt alone: who can be a companion of thy courſe? The oaks of the mountain fall; the mountains themſelves decay with years; the ocean ſhrinks, and grows again; the moon herſelf is loſt in heaven; but thou art for ever the ſame, rejoicing in the brightneſs of thy courſe. When the world is dark with tempeſt; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, thou lookeſt in thy beauty from the clouds, and laugheſt at the ſtorm. But to Oſſian thou lookeſt in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eaſtern clouds, or thou trembleſt at the gates of the weſt. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a ſeaſon, and thy years will have an end. Thou ſhalt ſleep in thy clouds, careleſs of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O ſun, in the ſtrength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it ſhines through broken clouds; the blaſt of the north is on the plain, and the traveller ſhrinks in the midſt of his journey."

No. 14. SATURDAY, *March* 13, 1779.

——— *Inertibus horis*
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ. HOR.

THERE are ſome weakneſſes, which, as they do not ſtrike us with the malignity of crimes, and produce their effects by imperceptible progreſs, we are apt to conſider as venial, and make very little ſcruple of indulging. But the habit, which apologizes for theſe, is a miſchief of their own creation, which it behoves us early to reſiſt. We give way to it at firſt, becauſe it may be conquered at any time; and, at laſt, excuſe ourſelves from the conteſt, becauſe it has grown too ſtrong to be overcome.

Of this nature is *indolence*, a failing, I had almoſt ſaid a vice, of all others the leaſt alarming, yet, perhaps, the moſt fatal. Diſſipation and intemperance are often the tranſient effects of youthful heat, which time allays, and experience overcomes; but indolence "grows with our growth, and ſtrengthens with our ſtrength," till it has weakened every exertion of public and private duty; yet ſo ſeducing, that its evils are unfelt, and its errors unrepented of.

It is a circumſtance of peculiar regret, that this ſhould often be the propenſity of delicate and amiable minds. Men unfeeling and unſuſceptible, commonly beat the beaten track with activity and reſolution; the occupations they purſue, and the enjoyments they feel, ſeldom much diſappoint the expectations they have formed; but perſons endowed with that nice perception of pleaſure and pain which is annexed to ſenſibility, feel ſo much undeſcribable uneaſineſs in their purſuits, and frequently ſo little

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satisfaction in their attainments, that they are too often induced to sit still, without attempting the one or desiring the other.

The complaints which such persons make of their want of that success which attends men of inferior abilities, are as unjust as unavailing. It is from the use, not the possession of talents, that we get on in life: the exertion of very moderate parts outweighs the indecision of the brightest. Men possessed of the first, do things tolerably, and are satisfied; of the last, forbear doing things well, because they have ideas beyond them.

When I first resolved to publish this paper, I applied to several literary friends for their aid in carrying it on. From one gentleman in London, I had, in particular, very sanguine expectations of assistance. His genius and abilities I had early opportunities of knowing, and he is now in a situation most favourable to such productions, as he lives amidst the great and the busy world, without being much occupied either by ambition or business. His compositions at college, when I first became acquainted with him, were remarkable for elegance and ingenuity; and as I knew he still spent much of his time in reading the best writers, ancient and modern, I made no doubt of his having attained such farther improvement of style, and extention of knowledge, as would render him a very valuable contributor to the MIRROR.

A few days ago, more than four months after I had sent him my letter, I received the following answer to it.

London,

London, 1st March, 1779.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM ashamed to look on the date of this letter, and to recollect that of yours. I will not, however, add the sin of hypocrisy to my other failings, by informing you, as is often done in such cases, that hurry of business, or want of health, has prevented me from answering your letter. I will frankly confess, that I have had abundance of leisure, and been perfectly well since I received it; I can add, though, perhaps, you may not so easily believe me, that I have had as much inclination as opportunity; but the truth is (you know my weakness that way,) I have wished, resolved, and re-resolved to write, as I do by many other things, without the power of accomplishing it. That disease of indolence, which you and my other companions used to laugh at, grows stronger and stronger upon me; my symptoms, indeed, are mortal; for I begin now to lose the power of struggling against the malady, sometimes to shut my ears against self-admonition, and admit of it as a lawful indulgence.

Your letter, acquainting me of the design of publishing a periodical paper, and asking my assistance in carrying it on, found me in one of the paraxisms of my disorder. The fit seemed to give way to the call of friendship. I got up from my easy chair, walked two or three turns through the room, read your letter again, looked at the spectators, which stood, neatly bound and gilt, in the front of my book-press, called for pen, ink, and paper, and sat down, in the fervour of imagination, ready to combat vice, to encourage virtue, to form the manners, and to regulate the taste of millions of my fellow-subjects. A field fruitful and unbounded lay before me;

me; I began to speculate on the prevailing vices and reigning follies of the times, the thousand topics which might arise for declamation, satire, ridicule, and humour; the picture of manners, the shades of character, the delicacies of sentiment. I was bewildered amidst this multitude and variety of subjects, and sat dreaming over the redundancy of matter and the ease of writing, till the morning was spent, and my servant announced dinner.

I arose, satisfied with having thought much, and laid in store for writing much on subjects proper for your paper. I dined, if you will allow me the expression, in company with those thoughts, and drank half a bottle of wine after dinner to our better acquaintance. When my man took away, I returned to my study, sat down at my writing-table, folded my paper into proper margins, wrote the word *Mirror* a-top, and filling my pen again, drew up the curtain, and prepared to delineate the scene before me. But I found things not quite in the situation I had left them; the groups were more confused, the figures less striking, the colours less vivid, than I had seen them before dinner. I continued, however, to look on them—I know not how long; for I was waked from a very sound nap, at half an hour past six, by *Peter* asking me, if I chose to drink coffee.

I was ashamed and vexed at the situation in which he found me. I drank my first dish rather out of humour with myself, but during the second, I began to account for it from natural causes; and, before the third was finished, had resolved that study was improper after *repletion*, and concluded the evening with the adventures of one of the *three Callendars*, out of *the Arabian Nights Entertainments*.

For all this arrear, I drew, resolutely, on to-morrow, and after breakfast prepared myself accordingly.

ly. I had actually gone so far as to write three introductory sentences, all of which I burnt, and was just blacking the letter *T* for the beginning of a fourth, when Peter opened the door, and announced a gentleman, an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for a considerable time. After he had sat with me for more than an hour, he rose to go away; I pulled out my watch, and I will fairly own I was not sorry to find it within a few minutes of one: so I gave up the morning for lost, and invited myself to accompany my friend in some visits he proposed making. Our tour concluded in a dinner at a tavern, whence we repaired to the play, and did not part till midnight. I went to bed without much self-reproach, by considering that intercourse with the world fits a man for reforming it.

I need not go through every day of the subsequent month, during which I remained in town, though there seldom passed one that did not remind me of what I owed to your friendship. It is enough to tell you, that, during the first fortnight, I always found some apology for delaying the execution of my purpose; and, during the last, contented myself with the prospect of the leisure I should soon enjoy in the country, to which I was invited by a relation to spend some time with him previous to his coming to town for the winter. I arrived at his house about the middle of December. I looked on his fields, his walks, and his woods, which the extreme mildness of the season had still left in the garb of *Thomson*'s philosophic melancholy, as scenes full of inspiration, in which Genius might try her wings, and Wisdom meditate, without interruption. But I am obliged to own, that, though I have walked there many a time; though my fancy was warmed with the scene, and shot out into a thousand excursions over the regions of romance, of melancholy,

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of ſentiment, of humour, of criticiſm, and of ſcience, ſhe returned, like the firſt meſſenger of *Noah*, without having found a reſting-place; and I have, at laſt, ſtrolled back to the houſe, where I ſat liſtleſs in my chamber, with the irkſome conſciouſneſs of ſome unperformed reſolution, from which I was glad to be relieved by a ſummons to billiards, or a call to dinner.

Thus have I returned to town, as unprofitable in the moments of ſolitude and retirement, as in thoſe of buſineſs or ſociety. Do not ſmile at the word *buſineſs*; what would be idleneſs to you, is to me very ſerious employment; beſides, you know very well, that to be idle, is often to be leaſt at leiſure. I am now almoſt hardy enough to lay aſide altogether my reſolution of writing in your paper; but I find that reſolution a ſort of bond againſt me, till you are good enough to cancel it, by ſaying, you do not expect me to write. I have made a more than ordinary effort to give you this ſincere account of my attempts to aſſiſt you. I have at leaſt the conſolation of thinking that you will not need my aſſiſtance. Believe me, with all my failings,

Moſt ſincerely and affectionately yours,

P.S. I have juſt now learned by accident, that my nephew, a lad of fifteen, who is come to town from *Harrow* ſchool, and lives at preſent with me, having ſeen one of your Numbers about a week ago, has already written, and intends tranſmitting you, a political eſſay, ſigned *Ariſtides*, a paſtoral ſubſcribed X. Y. and an acroſtic on Miſs E. M. without a ſignature.

No. 15. TUESDAY, *March* 16, 1779.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant. HOR.

HOWEVER widely the thinking part of mankind may have differed as to the proper mode of conducting education, they have always been unanimous in their opinion of its importance. The outward effects of it are observed by the most inattentive. They know, that the *clown* and the *dancing-master* are the same from the hand of nature; and, although a little farther reflection is requisite to perceive the effects of culture on the internal senses, it cannot be disputed that the mind, like the body, when arrived at firmness and maturity, retains the impressions it received in a more pliant and tender age.

The greatest part of mankind, born to labour for their subsistence, are fixed in habits of industry by the iron hand of necessity. They have little time or opportunity for the cultivation of the understanding; the errors and immoralities in their conduct, that flow from the want of those sentiments which education is intended to produce, will, on that account, meet with indulgence from every benevolent mind. But those who are placed in a conspicuous station, whose vices become more complicated and destructive, by the abuse of knowledge, and the misapplication of improved talents, have no title to the same indulgence. Their guilt is heightened by the rank and fortune which protect them from punishment, and which, in some degree, preserve them from that infamy their conduct has merited.

I hold it, then, uncontrovertible, that the higher the rank, the more urgent is the necessity for storing

ing the mind with the principles, and directing the passions to the practice, of public and private virtue. Perhaps it might not be impossible to form plans of education, to lay down rules, and contrive institutions, for the instruction of youth of all ranks, that would have a general influence upon manners. But this is an attempt too arduous for a private hand; it can be expected only from the great council of the nation, when they shall be pleased to apply their experienced wisdom and penetration to so material an object, which, in some future period, may be found not less deserving their attention than those important debates in which they are frequently engaged, which they conduct with an elegance, a decorum, and a public spirit, becoming the incorrupted, disinterested, virtuous representatives of a great and flourishing people.

While in expectation of this, perhaps distant, æra, I hope it will not be unacceptable to my readers to suggest some hints that may be useful in the education of the gentleman, to try if it be not possible to form an alliance between the virtues and the graces, the man and the citizen, and produce a being less dishonourable to the species than the courtier of Lord *Chesterfield*, and more useful to society than the savage of *Rousseau*.

The sagacious *Locke*, toward the end of the last century, gave to the public some thoughts on education, the general merit of which leaves room to regret that he did not find time, as he seemed once to have intended, to revise what he had written, and give a complete treatise on the subject. But, with all the veneration I feel for the great man, and all the respect that is due to him, I cannot help being of opinion, that some of his observations have laid the foundation of that defective system of education, the fatal consequences of which

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are so well described by my Correspondent in the Letter published in my Fourth Number. Mr. *Locke*, sensibe of the labyrinth with which the pedantry of the learned had surrounded all the avenues to science, successfully employed the strength of his genius to trace knowledge to her source, and point out the direct road to succeeding generations. Disgusted with the school-men, he, from a prejudice to which even great minds are liable, seems to have contracted a dislike to every thing they taught, and even to the languages in which they wrote. He scruples not to speak of *grammar* as unnecessary to the perfect knowledge either of the dead or living languages, and to affirm, that a part of the years thrown away in the study of *Greek* and *Latin*, would be better employed in learning the trades of *gardeners* and *turners:* as if it were a fitter and more useful recreation for a gentleman to plant potatoes, and to make chess-boards and snuff-boxes, than to study the beauties of *Cicero* and *Homer*.

It will be allowed by all, that the great purpose of education is to form the man and the citizen, that he may be virtuous, happy in himself, and useful to society. To attain this end, his education should begin, as it were, from his birth, and be continued till he arrive at firmness and maturity of mind, as well as of body. Sincerity, truth, justice, and humanity, are to be cultivated from the first dawnings of memory and observation. As the powers of these increase, the genius and disposition unfold themselves; it then becomes necessary to check, in the bud, every propensity to folly or to vice; to root out every mean, selfish, and ungenerous sentiment; to warm and animate, the heart in the pur suit of virtue and honour. The experience of ages has hitherto discovered no surer method of giving right impressions to young minds, than by frequently

ly exhibiting to them those bright examples which history affords, and, by that means, inspiring them with those sentiments of public and private virtue which breath in the writings of the sages of antiquity.

In this view, I have ever considered the acquisition of the dead languages as a most important branch in the education of a gentleman. Not to mention that the slowness with which he acquires them, prevents his memory from being loaded with facts faster than his growing reason can compare and distinguish, he becomes acquainted by degrees with the virtuous characters of ancient times; he admires their justice, temperance, fortitude, and public spirit, and burns with a desire to imitate them. The impressions these have made, and the restraints to which he has been accustomed, serve as a check to the many tumultuous passions which the ideas of religion alone would, at that age, be unable to controul. Every victory he obtains over himself serves as a new guard to virtue. When he errs, he becomes sensible of his weakness, which at the same time that it teaches him moderation, and forgivness to others, shows the necessity of keeping a stricter watch over his own actions. During these combats, his reasoning faculties expand, his judgment strengthens, and, while he becomes acquainted with the corruptions of the world, he fixes himself in the practice of virtue.

A man thus educated, enters upon the theatre of the world with many and great advantages. Accustomed to reflection, acquainted with human nature, the strength of virtue, and depravity of vice, he can trace actions to their source, and be enabled, in the affairs of life, to avail himself of the wisdom and experience of past ages.

Very different is the modern plan of education followed by many, especially with the children of persons in superior rank. They are introduced into the world almost from their infancy. In place of having their minds stored with the bright examples of antiquity, or those of modern times, the first knowledge they acquire is of the vices with which they are surrounded; and they learn what mankind are, without ever knowing what they ought to be. Possessed of no sentiment of virtue, of no social affection, they indulge, to the utmost of their ability, the gratification of every selfish appetite, without any other restraint than what self-interest dictates. In men thus educated, youth is not the season of virtue; they have contracted the cold indifference and all the vices of age, long before they arrive at manhood. If they attain to the great offices of the state, they become ministers as void of knowledge as of principle; equally regardless of the national honour as of their own, their system of government (if it can be called a system) looks not beyond the present moment, and any apparent exertions for the public good, are meant only as props to support themselves in office. In the field, at the head of armies, indifferent as to the fate of their fellow-soldiers, or of their country, they make their power the minister of their pleasures. If the wisdom of their sovereign should happily for himself and his country, shut them out from his councils, should they be confined to a private station, finding no entertainment in their own breasts, as void of friends as incapable of friendship, they sink reflection in a life of dissipation.

If the probable consequences of those different modes of education be such as I have mentioned, there can be little doubt to which the preference belongs, even though that which is preferred should be

be leſs conducive than its oppoſite to thoſe elegant accompliſhments which decorate ſociety. But, upon examination, I believe even this objection will vaniſh; for, although I willingly admit, that a certain degree of pedantry is inſeparable from the learning of the divine, the phyſician, or the lawyer, which a late commerce with the world is unable to wear off, yet learning is, in no reſpect, inconſiſtent, either with that graceful eaſe and elegance of addreſs peculiar to men of faſhion, or with what, in modern phraſe, is called knowledge of the world. The man of ſuperior accompliſhments will, indeed, be indifferent about many things which are the chief objects of attention to the modern fine gentleman. To conform to all the minute changes of the mode, to be admired for the gaudineſs of his equipage, to boaſt of his ſucceſs in intrigue, or publiſh favours he never received, will to him appear frivolous and diſhonourable.

As many of the bad effects of the preſent ſyſtem of education may be attributed to a premature introduction into the world, I ſhall conclude this paper, by reminding thoſe parents and guardians who are ſo anxious to bring their children and pupils early into public life, that one of the fineſt gentlemen, the brighteſt geniuſes, the moſt uſeful and beſt informed citizens of which antiquity has left us an example, did not think himſelf qualified to appear in public till the age of twenty-ſix, and continued his ſtudies, for ſome years after, under the eminent teachers of Greece and Rome.

No. 16. SATURDAY, *March* 20, 1779.

O prima vera gioventu de l'anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori;
Tu torni ben, ma teco
No tornano i sereni
E fortunati di de le mie gioie. GUARINI.

THE effects of the return of *Spring* have been frequently remarked, as well in relation to the human mind, as to the animal and vegetable world. The reviving power of this season has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower classes of beings up to man. Gladness and joy are described as prevailing through universal nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carrol of the birds, and the pipe of the shepherd.

I know not if it be from a singular, or a censurable disposition, that I have often felt in my own mind something very different from this gaiety, supposed to be the inseparable attendant of the vernal scene. Amidst the returning verdure of the earth, the mildness of the air, and the serenity of the sky, I have found a still and quiet melancholy take possession of my soul, which the beauty of the landscape, and the melody of the birds, rather soothed than overcame.

Perhaps some reason may be given why this sort of feeling should prevail over the mind, in those moments of deeper pensiveness to which every thinking mind is liable, more at this time of the year than at any other. Spring, as the renewal of verdure and of vegetation, becomes naturally the season of remembrance. We are surrounded with objects new only in their revival, but which we acknowledge

edge as our acquaintance in the years that are paſt. Winter, which ſtopped the progreſſion of nature, removed them from us for a while, and we meet like friends long parted, with emotions rather of tenderneſs than of gaiety.

This train of ideas once awaked, memory follows over a very extenſive field. And, in ſuch a diſpoſition of mind, objects of cheerfulneſs and delight are, from thoſe very qualities, the moſt adapted to inſpire that milder ſort of ſadneſs which, in the language of our native bard, is "pleaſant and mournful to the ſoul." They will inſpire this, not only from the recollection of the paſt, but from the proſpect of the future; as an anxious parent, amidſt the ſportive gaiety of the child, often thinks of the cares of manhood and the ſorrows of age.

This effect will, at leaſt, be commonly felt by perſons who have lived long enough to ſee, and had reflection enough to obſerve, the viciſſitudes of life. Even thoſe who have never experienced ſevere calamities, will find, in the review of their years, a thouſand inſtances of fallacious promiſes and diſappointed hopes. The dream of childhood, and the project of youth have vaniſhed to give place to ſenſations of a very different kind. In the peace and beauty of the rural ſcene which ſpring firſt unfolds to us, we are apt to recal the former ſtate, with an exaggerated idea of its happineſs, and to feel the preſent with increaſed diſſatisfaction.

But the pencil of memory ſtops not with the repreſentation of ourſelves; it traces alſo the companions and friends of our early days, and marks the changes which they have undergone. It is a dizzy ſort of recollection to think over the names of our ſchool-fellows, and to conſider how very few of them the maze of accidents, and the ſweep of time, have left within our reach. This, however, is leſs

pointed than the reflection on the fate of those whom affinity or friendship linked to our side, whom distance of place, premature death, or (sometimes not a less painful consideration) estrangement of affection, has disjoined from us forever.

I am not sure if the disposition to reflections of this sort be altogether a safe or a proper one. I am aware, that, if too much indulged, or allowed to become habitual, it may disqualify the mind for the more active and bustling scenes of life, and unfit it for the enjoyments of ordinary society; but, in a certain degree, I am persuaded it may be found useful. We are all of us too little inclined to look into our own minds, all apt to put too high a value on the things of this life. But a man under the impressions I have described, will be led to look into himself, and will see the vanity of setting his heart upon external enjoyment. He will feel nothing of that unsocial spirit which gloomy and ascetic severities inspire; but the gentle, and not unpleasing melancholy that will be diffused over his soul, will fill it with a calm and sweet benevolence, will elevate him much above any mean or selfish passion. It will teach him to look upon the rest of the world as his brethren, travelling the same road, and subject to the like calamities with himself; it will prompt his wish to alleviate and assuage the bitterness of their sufferings, and extinguish in his heart every sentiment of malevolence or of envy.

Amidst the tide of pleasure which flows on a mind of little sensibility, there may be much social joy without any social affection; but, in a heart of the mould I allude to above, though the joy may be less, there will, I believe, be more happiness and more virtue.

It is rarely from the precepts of the moralist, or the mere sense of duty, that we acquire the virtues

of

of gentleneſs, diſintereſtedneſs, benevolence, and humanity. The feelings muſt be won, as well as the reaſon convinced, before men change their conduct. To them the world addreſſes itſelf, and is heard: It offers pleaſure to the preſent hour; and the promiſe of ſatisfaction in the future is too often preached in vain. But he who can feel that luxury of penſive tenderneſs of which I have given ſome faint ſketches in this paper, will not eaſily be won from the pride of virtue, and the dignity of thought, to the inordinate gratifications of vice, or the intemperate amuſements of folly.

No. 17. TUESDAY, *March* 23, 1779.

Inſanit veteres ſtatuas Damaſippus emendo.
HOR.

To the EDITOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS I am perſuaded that you will not think it, without the province of a work ſuch as yours, to throw your eye ſometimes upon the inferior ranks of life, where there is any error that calls loud for amendment, I will make no apology for ſending you the following narrative:

I was married, about five years ago, to a young man in a good way of buſineſs as a grocer, whoſe character, for ſobriety and diligence in his trade, was ſuch as to give me the aſſurance of a very comfortable eſtabliſhment in the mean time, and in caſe Providence ſhould bleſs us with children, the proſpect

pect of making a tolerable provision for them. For three years after our marriage there never was a happier couple. Our shop was so well frequented, as to require the constant attendance of both of us; and, as it was my greatest pleasure to see the cheerful activity of my husband, and the obliging attention which he showed to every customer, he has often, during that happy time, declared to me, that the sight of my face behind the counter (though indeed, Sir, my looks are but homely) made him think his humble condition far more blessed than that of the wealthiest of our neighbours, whose possessions deprived them of the high satisfaction of purchasing, by their daily labour, the comfort and happiness of a beloved object.

In the evenings, after our small repast, which, if the day had been more than usually busy, we sometimes ventured to finish with a glass or two of punch: while my husband was constantly engaged with his books and accounts, it was my employment to sit by his side knitting, and at the same time, to tend the cradle of our first child, a girl, who is now a fine prattling creature of four years of age, and begins already to give me some little assistance in the care of her younger brother and sister.

Such was the picture of our little family, in which we once enjoyed all the happiness that virtuous industry, and the most perfect affection, can bestow. But those pleasing days, Mr. MIRROR, are now at an end.

The sources of unhappiness in my situation are very different from those of other unfortunate married persons. It is not of my husband's idleness or extravagance, his ill-nature or his avarice, that I have to complain; neither are we unhappy from any decrease of affection, or disagreement in our opinions. But I will not, Sir, keep you longer in suspence. In short,

short, it is my misfortune that my husband is become *a man of taste*.

The first symptom of this malady, for it is now become a *disease* indeed, manifested itself, as I have said, about two years ago, when it was my husband's ill luck to receive one day from a customer, in payment of a pound of sugar, a crooked piece of silver, which he, at first, mistook for a shilling, but found, on examination, to have some strange characters upon it, which neither of us could make any thing of. An acquaintance coming in, who, it seems, had some knowledge of those matters, declared it at once to be a very curious coin of *Alexander the Third*; and affirming that he knew a virtuoso who would be extremely glad to be possessed of it, bid him half a guinea for it upon the spot. My poor husband, who knew as little of *Alexander the Third*, as of *Alexander the Great*, or his other namesake, the *Coppersmith*, was nevertheless persuaded, from the extent of the offer, and the opinion he had of his friend's discernment, that he was possessed of a very valuable curiosity; and in this he was fully confirmed, when, on shewing it to the virtuoso above mentioned, he was immediately offered triple the former sum. This too was rejected, and the crooked coin was now judged to be inestimable. It would tire your patience, Mr. MIRROR, to describe minutely the progress of my husband's delirium. The neighbours soon heard of our acquisition, and flocked to be indulged with a sight of it. Others who had valuable curiosities of the same kind, but who were prudent enough not to reckon them quite beyond all price, were, by much intreaty, prevailed on by my husband to exchange them for guineas, half guineas, and crown pieces; so that, in about a month's time, he could boast of being possessed of twenty pieces,

all

all of ineſtimable value, which coſt him only the trifling ſum of 18*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

But the malady did not reſt here; it is a dreadful thing, Mr. MIRROR, *to get a taſte*. It ranges from "heaven above, to the earth beneath, and to the waters under the earth." Every production of nature, or of art, remarkable either for beauty or deformity, but particularly if either *ſcarce* or *old*, is now the object of my huſband's avidity. The profits of our buſineſs, once conſiderable, but now daily diminiſhing, are expended, not only on coins, but on ſhells, lumps of different coloured ſtones, dried butterflies, old pictures, ragged books, and worm-eaten parchments.

Our houſe, which it was once my higheſt pleaſure to keep in order, it would be now equally vain to attempt cleaning as the ark of Noah. The children's bed is ſupplied by an *Indian canoe*; and the poor little creatures ſleep three of them in a hammock, ſlung up to the roof between a *ſtuffed crocodile* and the ſkeleton of a *calf with two heads*. Even the commodities of our ſhop have been turned out to make room for traſh and vermin. *Kites*, *owls*, and *bats*, are perched upon the top of our ſhelves; and it was but yeſterday, that, putting my hand into a glaſs jar that uſed to contain pickles, I laid hold of a large *tarantula* in place of a *mangoe*.

In the bitterneſs of my ſoul, Mr. MIRROR, I have been often tempted to revenge myſelf on the objects of my huſband's phrenzy, by burning, ſmaſhing, and deſtroying them without mercy; but, beſides that, ſuch violent procedure might have effects too dreadful upon a brain which, I fear, is already much unſettled, I could not take ſuch a courſe, without being guilty of a fraud to our creditors, ſeveral of whom will, I believe, ſooner or later, find it their only means of reimburſement to take back each man his own monſters.

Meantime

Meantime, Sir, as my husband constantly peruses your paper (one instance of his taste which I cannot object to) I have some small hopes that a good effect may be produced by giving him a fair view of himself in your moral looking-glass. If such should be the happy consequence of your publishing this letter, you shall have the sincerest thanks of a grateful heart, from your now disconsolate humble servant, REBECCA PRUNE.

I cannot help expressing my suspicion, that Mrs. *Rebecca Prune* has got somebody to write her letter. If she wrote it herself, I am afraid it may be thought that the grocer's wife, who is so knowing in what she describes, and can joke so learnedly on her spouse's ignorance of the *three Alexanders*, has not much reason to complain of her husband being a *man of taste*.

Her case, however, is truly distressful, and in the particular species of her husband's disorder, rather uncommon. The taste of a man in his station generally looks for some reputation from his neighbours and the world, and walks *out of doors* to shew itself to both.

I remember, a good many years ago, to have visited the villa of a citizen of *Bath* who had made a considerable fortune by the profession of a *toyman* in that city. It was curious to observe how much he had carried the ideas of his trade into his house and grounds, if such might be called a kind of *Gothic* building, of about 18 feet by 12, and an inclosure, somewhat short of an acre. The first had only a few closets within; but it made a most gallant and warlike shew without. It had *turrets* about the size of the *king* at *nine pins*, and *battlements* like the side-crust of a Christmas *goose-pie*. To complete the appearance of a *castle* we entered by a *draw-bridge*, which, in construction and dimensions,

menſions, exactly reſembled the lid of a travelling-trunk. To the right of the houſe was a puddle, which, however, was dignified with the name of a *harbour*, defended by two *redoubts*, under cover of which lay a veſſel of the ſize of an ordinary *bathing-tub*, mounting a parcel of old *toothpick-caſes*, fitted up into guns, and manned with ſome of the toyman's little family of plaything figures, with red jackets and ſtriped trowſers, whom he had impreſſed into the ſervice. The place where this veſſel lay, a fat little man, whom I had met on the ſhore, who ſeemed an intimate acquaintance of the proprietor, informed me was called *Spithead*, and the ſhip's name, he told me, pointing to the picture on her ſtern, was the *Victory*.

This gentleman afterwards conducted me, not without ſome fear, acroſs a Chineſe bridge, to a *pagoda*, in which it was neceſſary to aſſume the poſture of devotion, as there was not room to ſtand upright. On the ſides of the *great ſerpentine walk*, as he termed it, by which we returned from this edifice, I found a device, which my *Cicerone* looked upon as a maſter-ſtroke of genius. The ground was ſhaped into the figures of the different ſuits of *cards*; ſo that here was the *heart* walk, the *diamond* walk, the *club* walk, and the *ſpade* walk; the laſt of which had the additional advantage of being ſure to produce a pun. On my obſerving how pleaſant and ingenious all this was, my conductor anſwered, "Ay ay, let him alone for that; he has given them a little of every thing, you ſee; and ſo he may, Sir, for he can *very well afford it*."

I believe we muſt reſt the matter here. In this land of freedom there is no reſtraining the *liberty of being ridiculous*; I would only intreat Mr. *Prune*, and indeed many of his betters, to have ſome regard for their wives and families, and not to make fools

of

of themſelves, till, like the *Bath* toyman, they can *very well afford it.*

No. 18. SATURDAY, *March* 27, 1779.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodan aut Mytelenen.
HOR.

NOTHING is more amuſing to a traveller, than to obſerve the different characters of the inhabitants of the countries through which he paſſes; and to find, upon croſſing a river or a mountain, as marked a difference in the manners, the ſentiments, and the opinions of the people, as in their appearance, their dreſs, or their language. Thus, the eaſy vivacity of the French, is as oppoſite to the dignified gravity of the Spaniard, on the one hand, as it is to the phlegmatic dulneſs of the German on the other. But, though all allow that every nation has ſome ſtriking feature, ſome diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic, philoſophers are not agreed as to the cauſes of that diſtinction. *Monteſquieu* has exerted all the powers of his genius to prove, that difference of climate is the chief, or the only cauſe of the difference of national characters; and it is not ſurpriſing that the opinion of ſo great a man ſhould have gained much ground. None of his followers has carried the matter farther than the author of *Recherches Philoſophiques ſur les Americains*, whoſe chief object ſeems to have been to ſhow, that the climate of America is of ſuch a nature, that, from its baneful influence, even the human ſpecies has degenerated in that quarter of the globe.

I must confess, however, that I have often doubted as to the justness of this opinion; and though I do not mean to deny that climate has an influence on man, as well as on other animals, I cannot help thinking that *Montesquieu*, and the writers who have adopted his system, have attributed by far too much to it.

It must be allowed, that man is less affected by the influence of climate than any other animal. But of all the human race, an American savage seems to approach the nearest, in the general condition of his life, to the brute creation, and, of consequence, ought to be most subject to the power of climate. And yet, if we compare an Indian with an European peasant or manufacturer, we shall be apt to think, that the former, considered as an individual, holds a higher rank in the scale of being than the latter.

The savage, quitting his cabin, goes to the assembly of his tribe, and there delivers his sentiments on the affairs of his little nation with a spirit, a force, and an energy, that might do honour to an European orator. Thence he goes to make war upon his foes; and, in the field discovers a sagacity in his stratagems, a boldness in his designs, a perseverance in his operations, joined with a patience of fatigue and of suffering, that have long been objects of admiration, and which filled the inhabitants of the Old World, when they first beheld them, with wonder and astonishment. How superior such a being to one occupied, day after day, in turning the head of a *pin*, or forming the shape of a *button*, and possessing not one idea beyond the business in which he is immediately employed!

It may perhaps be objected, that no fair comparison can be made where the state of society is so different, the necessary effect of civilization being to introduce

introduce a distinction of ranks, and to sink the lower orders of men far beneath that station to which by nature they are entitled. But allowing this observation to be just, we shall find, upon comparing the savage of America with the savage of Europe, as described by Cæsar and Tacitus, that the former is at least equal to the latter in all the virtues above enumerated.

We need not, however, go so far for instances, to show, that other causes act more powerfully than climate, in forming the manners, and fixing the characters of men. *London* and *Paris* are, at present, the first cities in Europe, in point of opulence and number of inhabitants; and in no other part of the western world are the polite and elegant arts cultivated to such advantage. But the inhabitants of those cities differ essentially in manners, sentiments, and opinions; while, at the same time, they breathe an air so very much alike, that it is impossible to impute that difference, in any considerable degree, to difference of climate; and perhaps, it may not be a difficult task to point out various other causes, which may enable us to account sufficiently for the distinction between the national character of the two people.

In France, the power of the great nobles was sooner reduced within bounds than in *England*; and in proportion as their power fell, that of the monarch rose. But no sooner was the authority of the crown established on a firm basis, than the court became an object of the first attention and importance. Every man of genius, of distinction, and of rank, hastened thither, in hopes of meeting with that encouragement which his talents merited, or of being able to display, on the only proper theatre, those advantages which he possessed, either in reality, or in his own imagination.

Thus

Thus Paris, the ſeat of the court, became the centre of all that was great and noble, elegant and polite. The manners every day became more and more poliſhed; and no man, who did not poſſeſs the talents neceſſary to make himſelf agreeable, could expect to riſe in the world, however, great his abilities might otherwiſe be. The pleaſures of ſociety were cultivated with care and aſſiduity; and nothing tended more to promote them, than that free intercourſe which ſoon came to take place between the ſexes. All men ſtudied to acquire thoſe graces and accompliſhments by which alone they could hope to recommend themſelves to the ladies, whoſe influence pervaded every branch of government and every department of the ſtate.

In England, on the other hand, the crown gained little by the fall of the nobility. The high prerogative exerted by the princes of the *Tudor* race, was of ſhort duration. A third order ſoon aroſe, that, for a time, trampled alike on the throne and the nobles. And, even after the conſtitution was at length happily ſettled, the ſovereign remained ſo limited in power and in revenue, that his court never acquired a degree of influence or ſplendour at all comparable to that of the French monarch. London had become ſo great and opulent by its extenſive commerce, that the reſidence of the court could add little to that conſideration in which it was already held. This circumſtance had a powerful effect on the manners. What was looked upon as a virtue at Paris, was in London conſidered as a vice. There induſtry and frugality were ſo eſſentially requiſite, that every elegant accompliſhment was rejected as incompatible with thoſe great commercial virtues.

The dark and gloomy ſpirit of fanaticiſm, which prevailed ſo univerſally in England during the laſt century, ſerved as an additional barrier againſt the

progreſs of politeneſs and elegance of manners. Add to this, that the Engliſh (owing perhaps to the ſuperior degree of liberty they enjoy, and to their high independent ſpirit) have ever been more attached to a country life than any civilized people in Europe; and this laſt circumſtance, ſlight as it may appear, has perhaps had as powerful an influence as any I have mentioned. A man, who lives in retirement, may be ſincere, open, honourable, above diſſimulation, and free from diſguiſe; but he never can poſſeſs that eaſe of behaviour, and that elegance of manners, which nothing but a familiar acquaintance with the world, and the habit of mingling in ſociety, and of converſing with perſons of different ranks and different characters, can beſtow.

Let us not repine, however, at the ſuperiority of our neighbours in this reſpect. It is, perhaps, impoſſible to poſſeſs, at once, the uſeful and the agreeable qualities in an eminent degree; and if eaſe and politeneſs be only attainable at the expenſe of ſincerity in the men, and chaſtity in the women, I flatter myſelf, there are few of my readers who would not think the purchaſe made at too high a price.

I have, of late, remarked, with regret, an affectation of the manners of France, and a diſpoſition in ſome of the higher ranks to introduce into this iſland, that ſpecies of gallantry which has ſo long prevailed in that nation. But, happily, neither the habits, the diſpoſitions, the genius of our people, nor that mixture of ranks which our conſtitution neceſſarily produces, will admit of it. In France, they contrive to throw over their greateſt exceſſes a veil ſo delicate and ſo fine, as in ſome meaſure to hide the deformity of vice, and even at times to beſtow upon it the ſemblance of virtue. But with us, leſs delicate and leſs refined, vice appears in its native colours, without concealment and without diſguiſe; and were the

gallantry of Paris tranſplanted into this ſoil, it would ſoon degenerate into groſs debauchery. At preſent my country-women are equally reſpected for their virtue, as admired for their beauty; and I truſt it will be long before they ceaſe to be ſo.

No. 19. TUESDAY, *March* 30, 1779.

MY friend, Mr. *Umphraville*'s early retirement, and long reſidence in the country, have given him many peculiarities, to which, had he continued longer in the world, and had a freer intercourſe with mankind, he would probably not have been ſubject. Theſe give to his manner an apparent hardneſs, which, in reality, is widely different from his natural diſpoſition.

As he paſſes much time in ſtudy and ſolitude, and is naturally of a thoughtful caſt, the ſubjects of which he reads, and the opinions which he forms, make a ſtrong and deep impreſſion on his mind; they become, as it were, friends and companions from whom he is unwilling to be ſeparated. Hence he commonly ſhews a diſpoſition to take a lead in, and give the tone to converſation, and delivers his opinions too much in the manner of a lecture. And, though his curioſity and love of information concur with that politeneſs which he is ever ſtudious to obſerve, to make him liſten with patience and attention to the opinions of others, yet, it muſt be confeſſed, that he is apt to deliver his own with an uncommon degree of warmth, and I have very ſeldom found him diſpoſed to ſurrender them.

I find, however, nothing diſagreeable in this peculiarity of my friend. The natural ſtrength of his underſtanding, the extent of his knowledge, and that

that degree of taſte which he has derived from a ſtrong conception of the ſublime, the tender, and the beatiful, aſſiſted by an extenſive acquaintance with the elegant writers, both of ancient and modern times, render his converſation, in many reſpects, both inſtructive and entertaining; and that ſingularity of opinion, which is the natural conſequence of his want of opportunities of comparing his own ideas with thoſe of others, affords me an additional pleaſure. But, above all, I am delighted with the goodneſs of heart which breaks forth in every ſentiment he delivers.

Mr. *Umphraville*'s ſiſter, who is often preſent, and ſometimes takes a part in thoſe converſations, is of a character at once amiable and reſpectable.

In her earlier days, ſhe ſpent much of her time in the peruſal of novels and romances; but, though ſhe ſtill retains a partiality for the few works of that kind which are poſſeſſed of merit, her reading is now chiefly confined to works of a graver caſt.

Miſs *Umphraville*, though ſhe has not ſo much learning, poſſeſſes, perhaps, no leſs ability as a woman, than her brother does as a man; and, having leſs peculiarity in her way of thinking, has, conſequently, a knowledge better fitted for common life. It is pleaſing to obſerve how Miſs *Umphraville*, while ſhe always appears to act an under-part, and ſometimes, indeed, not to act a part at all, yet watches, with a tender concern, over the ſingularities of her brother's diſpoſition; and, without betraying the ſmalleſt conſciouſneſs of her power, generally contrives to direct him in the moſt material parts of his conduct.

Mr. *Umphraville* is the beſt maſter, and the beſt landlord, that ever lived. The rents of his eſtate have undergone ſcarce any alteration ſince he came to the poſſeſſion of it; and his tenants too are near-

ly

ly the ſame. The ancient poſſeſſors have never been removed from motives of intereſt, or without ſome very particular reaſon; and the few new ones he has choſen to introduce, are, for the moſt part, perſons who have been ſervants in his family, whoſe fidelity and attachment he has rewarded by a ſmall farm at a low rent.

I have had many a pleaſant converſation, about ſun-ſet in a ſummer evening, with thoſe venerable grey-headed villagers. Their knowledge of country-affairs, the ſagacity of their remarks, and the *manner*, acquired by a reſidence in Mr. *Umphraville*'s family, with which they are accuſtomed to deliver them, have afforded me much entertainment.

It is delightful to hear them run out in praiſes of their landlord. They have told me there is not a perſon in his neighbourhood, who ſtands in need of his aſſiſtance, who has not felt the influence of his generoſity; which, they ſay, endears him to the whole country. Yet ſuch is the effect of that reſerved and particular manner which my friend has contracted, that while his good qualities have procured him great eſteem, and the diſintereſtedneſs of his diſpoſition, with the opinion entertained of his honour and integrity, has always prevented him from falling into diſputes or quarrels with his neighbours, there is ſcarcely one of them with whom he lives on terms of familiarity.

Mr. *Umphraville*, in the earlier part of his life, had an attachment to an amiable young lady. Their ſituation at that time might have made an avowal of his paſſion equally fatal to both; and, though it was not without a ſevere ſtruggle, Mr. *Umphraville* had firmneſs enough to ſuppreſs the declaration of an attachment he was unable to ſubdue. The lady, ſome time after, married; ſince that period, Mr. *Umphraville* has never ſeen her, or been known ſo much

much as once to mention her name; but I am credibly informed, that, by his intereſt, her eldeſt ſon has obtained high preferment in the army. The only favour which Mr. *Umphraville* ever aſked from any great man was for this young gentleman; but neither the lady herſelf, nor any of her family, know by whoſe influence his advancement has been procured.

Though it is poſſible, that, if Mr. *Umphraville* had married at an early period of life, his mind, even in a ſtate of retirement, would have retained a poliſh, and eſcaped many of thoſe peculiarities it has now contracted; yet I own, I am rather inclined to believe his remaining ſingle a fortunate circumſtance. Nor have my fair readers any reaſon to be offended at the remark: Great talents, even in a generous and benevolent mind, are ſometimes attended with a certain want of pliability, which is ill ſuited to the cordialities of domeſtic life. A man of ſuch a diſpoſition as Mr. *Umphraville*, has now acquired, might conſider the delicacy, the vivacity, and the fine ſhades of female character, as frivolous, and beneath attention; or, at leaſt, might be unable, for any length of time, to receive pleaſure from thoſe indulgencies, which minds of a ſofter mould may regard as the great and amiable perfection of what Mr. *Pope* calls

"*The laſt beſt work of Heaven.*"

With all thoſe reſpectable talents which Mr. *Umphraville* poſſeſſes, with all that generoſity of ſentiment, and goodneſs of heart, ſo conſpicuous in every thing he ſays or does, which ſo ſtrongly endear him to his friends, I am apt to think, that, in the very intimate connexion of the married life, a woman of delicacy and ſenſibility might often feel herſelf hurt by the peculiarities of character to which he is ſubject.

The

The situation of a *wife* is, in this respect, very different from that of a *sister*. Miss *Umphraville*'s observation of her brother's peculiarities, neither lessens her esteem nor her affection for him; these peculiarities serve only to increase her attention to him, and to make her more solicitous to prevent their effects. But in that still closer connexion which subsists between husband and wife, while the perception of his weakness might not have lessened the wife's affection, it might have given her a distress which a sister will not be apt to feel: A sister may observe the weaknesses of a brother without a blush, and endeavor to correct them without being hurt; a wife might be able to do neither.

These views which I have given of Mr. *Umphraville* and his family, may, perhaps, appear tedious to my readers. In giving this detail, I am afraid I have not sufficiently remembered, that, as they have not the same intimate acquaintance with that gentleman which I have, they will not feel the same interest in what relates to him.

No. 20. SATURDAY, *April* 3, 1779.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? VIRG.

WHILE so many subjects of contention occupy the votaries of business and ambition, and prove the source of discord, envy, jealousy, and rivalship, among mankind, one would be apt to imagine, that the pursuits and employments of studious and literary men would be carried on with calmness, good temper, and tranquillity. The philosophic sage, retired from the world, who has truth

truth for the object of his enquiries, might be willing, it were natural to suppose, to give up his own system, when he found it at variance with truth, and would never quarrel with another for adopting a different one; and the man of elegance and taste, who has literary entertainment in view, would not, one should think, find fault with the like amusements of other men, or dispute, with rancour or heat, upon mere matters of taste. But the fact has been otherwise: The disputes among the learned have, in every age, been carried on with the utmost virulence; and men, pretending to taste, have railed at each other with unparalleled abuse. Possibly the abstraction from the world, in which the philosopher lives, may render him more impatient of contradiction than those who mix oftener with common societies; and perhaps that fineness and delicacy of perception which the man of taste acquires, may be more liable to irritation than the coarser feelings of minds less cultivated and improved.

I have been led into these remarks by a conversation at which I happened lately to be present. Last week, having left with my Editor materials for my next paper, I went to the country for a few days, to pay a visit to a friend, whose real name I shall conceal under that of *Sylvester*. *Sylvester*, when a young man, had retired to the country, and having succeeded to a paternal estate, which was sufficient for all his wants, had lived almost constantly at home. His time was spent chiefly in study, and he had published some performances which did honour to his genius and his knowledge. During all this time, *Sylvester* was the regular correspondent of a gentleman whom I shall here call *Alcander*, whose taste and pursuits were in many respects similar to his own. *Alcander*, though he was not an author like *Sylvester*, had from nature a very delicate

cate taſte, which had been much improved by culture. From a variety of accidents the two friends had not met for a great number of years; but, while I was at *Sylveſter*'s houſe, he received a letter from *Alcander*, notifying that gentleman's being on his way to viſit him; and ſoon after he arrived accordingly.

It is not eaſy to deſcribe the pleaſure which the two friends felt at meeting. After the firſt ſalutations, their diſcourſe took a literary turn. I was delighted, as well as inſtructed, with the remarks which were made upon men and books, by two perſons of extenſive information and accompliſhed taſte; and the warmth with which they made them added a reliſh to their obſervations. The converſation laſted till it was very late, when my hoſt and his friend retired to their apartments, much pleaſed with each other, and in full expectation of additional entertainment from a continuation of ſuch intercourſe at the return of a new day.

Next morning, after breakfaſt, their literary diſcourſe was reſumed. It turned on a compariſon of the different genius and merit of the *French* and *Engliſh* authors. *Sylveſter* ſaid, he thought there was a power of reaſoning, a ſtrength of genius, and a depth of reflection in the *Engliſh* authors, of which the *French*, in general, were incapable; and that, in his opinion, the preference lay greatly on the ſide of the writers of our own country. *Alcander* begged leave to differ from him; he admitted, there was an appearance of depth in many of the Engliſh authors, but he ſaid it was falſe and hollow. He maintained, that the ſeeking after ſomething profound, had led into many uſeleſs metaphyſical diſquiſitions, in which the writer had no real merit nor could the reader find any real advantage. But the *French* authors, he ſaid, excelled in remarks

marks on life and character, which, as they were founded on actual observation, might be attended with much utility, and, as they were expressed in the liveliest manner, could not fail to give the highest entertainment. *Alcander*, in the course of his argument, endeavoured to illustrate it by a comparison of some of the most distinguished authors of both countries. *Sylvester*, finding those writers whom he had studied with attention, and imitated with success, so warmly attacked, replied with some heat, as if he thought it tended to the disparagement of his own compositions. *Sylvester* said something about *French* frivolity; and *Alcander* replied with a sarcasm on metaphysical absurdity.

Finding the conversation take this unlucky turn, I endeavoured to change the subject; and from the comparison of the *English* and *French* authors, took occasion to mention that period of *English* literature, which has been frequently termed the *Augustan* age of *England*, when that *constellation* of wits appeared which illuminated the reign of *Queen Anne*.

But this subject of conversation was as unfortunate as the former. *Sylvester* is a professed admirer of *Swift*, to whom his attachment is perhaps heightened by a little *toryism* in his political principles. *Alcander* is a keen *whig*, and a great admirer of *Addison*. As the conversation had grown rather warm on a general comparison of the authors of one country with those of another, so its warmth was much greater when the comparison was made of two particular favourite authors. *Sylvester* talked of the strength, the dignity, the forcible observation, and the wit of *Swift*; *Alcander* of the ease, the gracefulness, the native and agreeable humour of *Addison*. From remarks upon their writings, they went to their characters. *Sylvester* spoke in praise of openness and spirit, and threw out something against

envy, jealouſy, and meanneſs. *Alcander* inveighed againſt pride and ill-nature, and pronounced an eulogium on elegance, philanthropy, and gentleneſs of manners. *Sylveſter* ſpoke as if he thought no man of a candid and generous mind could be a lover of *Addiſon*; *Alcander*, as if none but a ſevere and ill-tempered one could endure *Swift*.

The ſpirits of the two friends were now heated to a violent degree, and not a little rankled at each other. I endeavoured again to give the diſcourſe a new direction, and, as if accidentally, introduced ſomething about *the Epiſtles of Phalaris*. I knew both gentlemen were maſters of the diſpute upon that ſubject, which has ſo much divided the learned, and I thought a dry queſtion of this ſort could not poſſibly intereſt them too much. But in this I was miſtaken. *Sylveſter* and *Alcander* took different ſides upon this ſubject, as they had done upon the former, and ſupported their opinions with no leſs warmth than before. Each of them catched fire from every thing his opponent ſaid, as if neither could think well of the judgment of that man who was of an opinion different from his own.

With this laſt debate the converſation ended. At our meeting next day, a formal politeneſs took place between *Sylveſter* and *Alcander*, very different from that openneſs and cordiality of manner which they ſhewed at their firſt meeting. The laſt, ſoon after, took his departure; and, I believe, neither of them felt that reſpect for each other's underſtanding, nor that warmth of affection, which they entertained before this viſit.

Alas! the two friends did not conſider that it was their being too much alike, their being engaged in ſimilar employments, that changed their friendſhip into this coldneſs. Both attached to the ſame purſuits, and accuſtomed to indulge them chiefly in ſeclusion

cluſion and ſolitude, they had been too little accuſtomed to bear contradiction. This impatience of contradiction had not been corrected in either, by attention to the feelings or views of others; and the warmth which each felt in ſupporting his own particular opinion, prevented him from giving the proper indulgence to a diverſity of opinion in the other.

No. 21. TUESDAY, *April* 6, 1779.

THIS day's paper I devote to correſpondents. The firſt of the two letters it contains was brought to my Editor by a ſpruce footman, who, upon being aſked whence he came, replied, From Mrs. *Meekly*'s.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE world has, at different periods, been afflicted with diſeaſes peculiar to the times in which they have appeared, and the *Faculty* have, with great ingenuity, contrived certain generic names, by which they might be diſtinguiſhed, it being a quality of great uſe and comfort in a phyſician to be able to tell preciſely of what diſorder his patient is likely to die. *The nervous* ſeems to be the ailment in greateſt vogue at preſent; a ſpecies of diſeaſe, which I am apt to conſider as not the leſs *terrible* for being leſs *mortal* than many others. I ſpeak not from perſonal experience, Mr. MIRROR; my own conſtitution, thank God! is pretty robuſt; but I have

have the misfortune to be afflicted with a *nervous wife*.

It is impossible to enumerate a twentieth part of the symptoms of this lamentable disorder, or of the circumstances by which its paroxysms are excited or increased. Its dependance on the natural phænomena of the *wind* and *weather*, on the temperature of the air, whether hot or cold, moist or dry, might be accounted for; and my wife would then be in no worse situation than the lady in a red cap and green jacket, whose figure I have seen in the little *Dutch* barometers, known by the name of *Baby-houses*. But, beside feeling the impression of those particulars, her disorder is brought on by incidents still more frequent, and less easy to be foreseen, than even the occasional changes in our atmosphere. A person running hastily up or down stairs, shutting a door roughly, placing the tongs on the left side of the grate, and the poker on the right, setting the china figures on the mantle-piece, a little awry, or allowing the tassel of the bell-string to swing but for a moment; any of those little accidents has an immediate and irresistible effect on the nervous system of my wife, and produces symptoms, sometimes of langour, sometimes of irritation, which I, her husband, my three children by a former marriage, and the other members of our family, equally feel and regret. The above causes of her distemper, a very attentive and diligent discharge of our several duties might possibly prevent; but even our involuntary actions are apt to produce effects of a similar or more violent nature. It was but the other day she told my boy *Dick* he eat his pudding so voraciously, as almost to make her faint, and remonstrated against my *sneezing* in the manner I did, which, she said, tore her poor *nerves* in pieces.

One

One thing I have observed peculiar to this disorder, which those conversant in the nature of sympathetick affections may be able to explain. It is not always produced by exactly similar causes, if such causes exist in dissimilar situations. I have known my wife *squeezed* for hours in a *side-box*, *dance* a whole night at a *ball*, have my Lord —— talking as fast and as *loud* to her as was possible there, and her nose assailed by the *stink* of a whole row of flambeaux, at going in and coming out, without feeling her *nerves* in the smallest degree affected; yet, the very day after, at home, she could not bear my chair, or the chair of one of the children, to come within several feet of her's; walking up stairs perfectly overcame her; none of us durst talk but in whispers; and the smell of my buttered roll made her sick to death.

As I reckon your paper a proper record for singular cases, and intolerable grievances of every sort, I send the above for your insertion, stating it according to its nature, in terms as physically descriptive as my little acquaintance with the healing art can supply.

I am, &c. JOSEPH MEEKLY.

This correspondent as far as his wife's case falls within the department of the *physician*, I must refer to my very learned friends Doctors *Cullen* and *Monro*, who, upon being *properly attended*, will give him, I am persuaded, as sound advice as it is in the power of medical skill to suggest. In point of *prudence*, to which only my prescriptions apply, I can advise nothing so proper for Mr. *Meekly* himself, as to imitate the conduct of the *husband* of that little lady he describes, the mistress of the *Dutch Baby-House*; between whom and his wife, though there subsists a very intimate connection, there is yet a contract of a particular kind; whenever the *gentle-*

man is at home, the *lady* is abroad, and *vice versâ*. In their houſe indeed I do not obſerve any *children*; from which I conclude, that they have all been ſent to the academy and the boarding-ſchool.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

TO reconcile man to man, has been one of the great objects of moraliſts. They tell us, "that men have one common original, and why ſhould relations quarrel?" but then a petulant wit interpoſes, and obſerves that the original is not near enough to form a ſtrong connection; and, if the modern theory of volcanos be true, the original is ſo very diſtant as not to form any ſenſible connection at all. The Duke of Aremberg and Sir Thomas Urquhart may count kindred with the Antediluvians; for the former has ſuch a pedigree preſerved at his caſtle at Hainault, and the latter has ſet forth his in print; but there are few genealogies ſo complete.

We are next told, "that all men are engaged in one common journey through life, and why ſhould they quarrel on the road?" The anſwer is but too obvious—we do not quarrel merely for the ſake of quarrelling; but, as we have opportunity, we take the road, and oblige others, for our conveniency, to yield it; while eagerly galloping to the next ſtage, we *beſpatter* thoſe who are in our way; we ſend a ſervant before to beſpeak the beſt beds at the inn, and the choice of the larder; and we make ourſelves as important and as troubleſome as we can, merely for our own convenience; nay, we bribe a waiter to give us all his attendance, and to let the other paſſengers ring till their arms ache, but it is all to render ourſelves as eaſy as poſſible.

The

The laſt conſideration is, "that we are all haſtening to one common grave, and why ſhould we quarrel *now*, ſince our quarrels muſt be *ſoon* at an end?" This proves that our diſputes *muſt* be ſhort, not that they *may* not be ſharp.

I remember to have read ſomewhere of a people, I think to the north-weſt of Hungary, who had a name in their own language, which anſwers nearly to our word *brothers*, and who prided themſelves, for a while, in that whimſical appellation. Their tenets were ſimple and full of benevolence, and, in general, ſo plain, that thoſe who heard them for the firſt time, imagined that they had been previouſly acquainted with them. The men, of whom I ſpeak, could not have any *long conteſts*, for they were all haſtening to the common goal of mortality, yet their diſputes, although *ſhort*, were *ſharp*; early did they begin to *bite*, and, as ſoon as they gained ſtrength, they *devoured* each other, if the expreſſion may be allowed. According to the Scottiſh phraſe, "they quarrelled about the turning of a ſtraw;" they vexed, tormented, and proſcribed each other; nay, ſome aſſert that they cut throats; but ſtill they declared that they meant nothing perſonal, and, for a long while, they ſtill retained the name of *brothers*.

If that ſingular people, ſo full of benevolence, quarrelled inceſſantly for any cauſe, or for no cauſe, how can it be expected that *we* ſhould walk through life to the grave with the calm and inoffenſive ſolemnity of mourners at an interment, eſpecially when ſo few of us have time to beſtow our thoughts on the grave and its conſequences?

It is impoſſible to reconcile man to man; but it is poſſible to bring individuals of the human race to a better underſtanding with each other.

I might

I might dilate this propoſition in a feigned tale, or obſcure it by an allegory; but I rather chuſe to prove it in the courſe of a ſimple narrative of matter of fact.

While the Ducheſs of Marlborough enjoyed power little ſhort of ſovereign, ſhe frequently felt the ſatirical laſhes of Dr. Swift; and, when diſgraced, ſhe could not but remember them; for ſhe had a quick ſenſe of injuries, and her nature was not much inclined to forgiveneſs.

Thwarted ambition, great wealth, and increaſing years, rendered her more and more peeviſh: ſhe hated courts over which ſhe had no influence, and ſhe became at length the moſt ferocious animal that is ſuffered to go looſe, a violent *party-woman*.

Every one knows, that as her Grace was obliged to deſcend from the higheſt round of the ladder of ambition, ſo the Doctor was not allowed to mount the firſt ſtep; and his diſappointment produced the like effects on him, as loſt empire had done on her.

Yet the Ducheſs of Marlborough became the paſſionate admirer of her ſatiriſt, and was even willing to forgive him. The peruſal of *Gullaver's Travels* produced this moral revolution in her ſentiments; and that which debaſed the author in the opinion of many of his friends, exalted him in the opinion of the Ducheſs of Marlborough.

There are now lying before me ſome original letters of that celebrated lady. "Dear Swift," ſays ſhe, "gives the moſt exact account of kings, miniſters, biſhops, and the courts of juſtice, that is poſſible to be writ.—I could not help wiſhing, ſince I read his books, that we had had his aſſiſtance in the oppoſition—for I could eaſily forgive him all the ſlaps he has given me and the Duke of Marlborough,

rough, and have thanked him heartily, whenever he would please to do good."

In another letter she says, "I most heartily wish that in this park I had some of the breed of those charming creatures Swift speaks of, and calls the *Houyhnhnms*, which I understand to be *horses*, so extremely polite, and which had all manner of good conversation and good principles, and that never told a lie, and charmed him so that he could not endure his own country when he returned: He says there is a sort of creature there called *yahoos*, and of the same species with us, only a good deal uglier, but they are kept tied up, and by that glorious creature the horses are not permitted to do any mischief. You will think that I am *distracted* with Dean Swift, but I really have not been pleased so much a long time as with what he writes, and therefore I will end with one of his sentences, *that he mortally hates kings and ministers.*"

Thus the Duchess "became distracted with Dean Swift;" and, on account of his libel against human nature, "graciously pardoned his libels against her own sacred person."

But Dr. Swift knew not her favourable opinion of him; for he left in manuscript a severer invective against her than any that he had published in his lifetime. Pity that, for want of information, the misunderstanding should still have subsisted on his part! the good offices of a friend might easily have reconciled two persons so much connected with each other by the common ties of misanthropy.

I am, &c. ADELUS.

No.

No. 22. SATURDAY, *April* 10, 1779.

Sincerum cupimus vas incruſtare. HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR MIRROR, it ſeems, poſſeſſes uncommon virtues, and you generouſly hold it out to the Publick, that we may dreſs our characters at it. I truſt it is, at leaſt, a faithful glaſs, and will give a juſt repreſentation of thoſe lurking imperfections or excellencies which we diſtinguiſh with difficulty, or ſometimes altogether overlook. I ſtruggle, therefore, to get forward in the crowd, and to ſet before your moral MIRROR a perſonage who has long embarraſſed me.

The obſervation of character, when I firſt looked beyond a college for happineſs, formed not only my amuſement, but, for ſome years, my favourite ſtudy. I had been ſo fortunate as early to imbibe ſtrict notions of morality and religion, and to arrive at manhood in perfect ignorance of vicious pleaſure. My heart, was, therefore, led to place its hope of happineſs in love and friendſhip: but books had taught me to dread miſplacing my affections. On this account, anxious to gratify the *ſoif d'aimer*, that engroſſed me, I bent the whole of my little talents to diſcern the characters of my acquaintance; and, blending ſentiments of religion with high notions of moral excellence, and the refined intercourſe of cultivated minds, I fondly hoped, that where I once formed an attachment, it would laſt for ever.

In this ſtate of mind I became acquainted with Cleone. She was young and beautiful, but without that dimpling play of features which indicates, in ſome women, a mind of extreme ſenſibility. Her

eye

eye beſpoke good ſenſe, and was ſometimes lighted up with vivacity, but never ſparkled with the keenneſs of unreſtrained joy, nor melted with the ſuffuſion of indulged ſorrow. Her manner and addreſs had no tendency to familiarity; it was genteel, rather than graceful. Her voice in converſation was ſuited to her manner; it poſſeſſed thoſe level tones which never offend, but ſeldom give pleaſure, and ſeldomer emotion.

Her converſation was plain and ſenſible. Never attempting wit or humour, ſhe contented herſelf with expreſſing, in correct and unaffected language, juſt ſentiments on manners, and on works of taſte: and the genius ſhe diſplayed in compoſitions becoming her ſex, and the propriety of her own conduct, did honour to her criticiſms. She ſung with uncommon excellence. Her voice ſeemed to unfold itſelf in ſinging, to ſuit every muſical expreſſion, and to aſſume every tone of paſſion ſhe wiſhed to utter. I never felt the power of ſimple melody in agitating, affecting, and pleaſing, more ſtrongly than from her performance.

In company ſhe was attentive, *prevenante*, but not inſinuating; and though ſhe ſeemed to court the ſociety of men of letters and taſte, and to profeſs having intimate friendſhips with ſome individuals among them, I never could perceive that ſhe was ſubject to the common weakneſs of making a parade of this kind of intercourſe.

Moſt people would ſuppoſe that I had found, in Cleone, the friend I was ſeeking; for both of us knew we could never be nearer than friends to each other, and ſhe treated me with ſome diſtinction. I found it, however, impoſſible to know her ſo well as to place in her the complete confidence eſſential to friendſhip. The minuteſt attention to every circumſtance in her appearance and behaviour, and

ſtudying

ſtudying her for years in all the little varieties of ſituation that an intimate acquaintance gave acceſs to obſerve, proved unequal to diſcover, with certainty, the genuine character of her diſpoſition or temper. No caprice betrayed her: no predominant ſhade could be marked in her tears, in her laugh, or in her ſmiles. Sometimes, however, I have thought ſhe breathed a ſoftneſs of ſoul that tempted me to believe her generous; but when I conſidered a little, the inner receſſes of her heart appeared ſtill ſhut againſt the obſerver; and I well knew, that even poignant ſenſibility is not inconſiſtent with predominant ſelfiſhneſs.

When contemplating Cleone, I have often thought of that beautiful trait in the deſcription of Petrarch's Laura: "Il lampeggiar dell' angelico riſo." * Theſe flaſhes of affection breaking from the ſoul, alone diſplay the truth, generoſity, and tenderneſs, that deſerve a friend. Theſe gleams from the heart ſhow us all its intricacies, its weakneſs, and its vigour, and expoſe it naked and undiſguiſhed to the ſpectator. A ſingle minute will, in this way, give more knowledge of a character, and juſtly, therefore, attract more confidence, than twenty years' experience of refinement of taſte and propriety of conduct.

I am willing to believe it was ſome error in education which had wrapt up Cleone's character in ſo much obſcurity, and not any natural defect that rendered it prudent to be inviſible. If there is an error of this kind, I hope your Mirror will expoſe it and prevent it from robbing ſuperiour minds of their beſt reward—the confidence of each other.

In the preſent ſtate of ſociety we have few opportunities of exhibiting our true characters by our actions, and the habits of the world ſoon throw upon

* *The lightning of her angel ſmile.*

on our manners a veil that is impenetrable to others, and nearly so to ourselves. Hence the only period when we can form friendships is a few years in youth; for their is a reserve in the deportment, and a certain selfishness in the occupations of manhood, unfavourable to the forming of warm attachments. It is, therefore, fatal to the very source of friendship, if, when yet children, we are to be prematurely bedaubed with the varnish of the world. And yet, I fear, this is the necessary effect of modern education.

In place of cherishing the amiable simplicity and frankness of children, every emanation of the heart is checked by the constant restraints, dissimulation, and frivolous forms of fashionable address, with which we harass them. Hence they are nearly the same at fourteen as at five-and-twenty, when, after a youth spent in joyless dissipation, they enter life, slaves to selfish appetites and reigning prejudices, and devoid of that virtuous energy of soul, which strong attachments, and the habits of deserved confidence inspire. Even those who, like Cleone, possess minds superiour to the common mould, though they cultivate their talents with success, and, in some measure educate themselves anew, find it impossible to get rid entirely of that artificial manner, and those habits of restraint, with which they had been so early imbued.

Thus, like French taylors and dancing-masters, pretending to add grace and ornament to nature, we constrain, distort, and incumber her; whereas the education of a polished age should, like the drapery of a fine statue or portrait, confer decency, propriety, and elegance, and gracefully veil, but my no means conceal the beautiful forms of nature.

LÆLIUS.

No. 23. TUESDAY, *April* 13, 1779.

Et iſti
Errori nomen virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.
HOR.

I WAS lately applied to by a friend, in behalf of a gentleman, who, he ſaid, had been unfortunate in life, to whom he was deſirous of doing a particular piece of ſervice, in which he thought my aſſiſtance might be uſeful: "Poor fellow!" ſaid he, "I wiſh to ſerve him, becauſe I always knew him, diſſipated and thoughtleſs as he was, to be a *good-hearted* man, guilty of many imprudent things, indeed, but without meaning any harm! In ſhort, *no one's enemy but his own.*

I afterwards learned more particularly the circumſtances of this gentleman's life and converſation, which I will take the liberty of laying before my readers, in order to ſhow them what they are to underſtand by the terms uſed by my friend, terms which, I believe, he was no wiſe ſingular in uſing.

The perſon, whoſe intereſts he eſpouſed, was heir to a very conſiderable eſtate. He loſt his father when an infant; and being, unfortunately, an only ſon, was too much the darling of his mother ever to be contradicted. During his childhood he was not ſuffered to play with his equals, becauſe he was to be the king of all ſports, and to be allowed a ſovereign and arbitrary dominion over the perſons and properties of his play-fellows. At ſchool he was attended by a ſervant, who helped him to *thraſh* boys who were too ſtrong to be thraſhed by himſelf, and had a tutor at home, who tranſlated the Latin

which

which was too hard for him to translate. At college he began to assume the *man*, by treating at taverns, making parties to the country, filling his tutor drunk, and hiring blackguards to break the windows of the Professor with whom he was boarded. He took in succession the *degrees* of a *wag*, a *pickle*, and a *lad of mettle*. For a while, having made an elopement with his mother's maid, and fathered three children of other people, he got the appellation of a *dissipated dog*; but, at last, betaking himself entirely to the bottle, and growing red-faced and fat, he obtained the denomination of an *honest fellow*; which title he continued to enjoy as long as he had money to pay, or indeed much longer, while he had credit to score for his reckoning.

During this last part of his progress, he married a poor girl, whom her father, from a mistaken idea of his fortune, forced to sacrifice herself to his wishes. After a very short space, he grew too indifferent about her to use her ill, and broke her heart with the best-natured neglect in the world. Of two children whom he had by her, one died at nurse soon after the death of its mother; the eldest, a boy of spirit like his father, after twice running away from school, was at last sent on board a *Guinea-man*, and was knocked on the head by a sailor, in a quarrel about a Negro wench on the coast of Africa.

Generosity, however, was a part of his character, which he never forfeited. Besides lending money genteelly to many worthless companions, and becoming surety for every man who asked him, he did *some* truly charitable actions to very deserving objects. These were told to his honour; and people who had met with refusals from more considerate men, spoke of such actions as the genuine test of feeling and humanity. They misinterpreted scripture for indulgence to his errors on account of his

his *charity*, and extolled the goodneſs of his heart in every company where he was mentioned. Even while his mother, during her laſt illneſs was obliged to accept of money from her phyſician, becauſe ſhe could not obtain payment of her jointure, and while, after her deceaſe, his two ſiſters were dunning him every day, without effect, for the ſmall annuity left them by their father, he was called a *good-hearted* man by three-fourths of his acquaintance; and when, after having pawned their clothes, rather than diſtreſs him, thoſe ſiſters commenced a law-ſuit to force him to do them juſtice, the ſame impartial judges pronounced them *hard-hearted* and *unnatural*: nay, the ſtory is ſtill told to their prejudice, though they now prevent their brother from ſtarving, out of the profits of a little ſhop, which they were then obliged to ſet up for their ſupport.

The abuſe of the terms uſed by my friend, in regard to the character of this unfortunate man, would be ſufficiently ſtriking from the relation I have given, without the neceſſity of my offering any comment on it. Yet the miſapplication of them is a thouſand times repeated by people who have known and felt inſtances, equally glaring, of ſuch injuſtice. It may ſeem invidious to leſſen the praiſes of any praiſe-worthy quality; but it is eſſential to the intereſts of virtue, that *inſenſibility* ſhould not be allowed to aſſume the title of *good-nature*, nor *profuſion* to uſurp the honours of *generoſity*.

The effect of ſuch miſplaced and ill-founded indulgence is hurtful in a double degree. It encourages the evil which it forbears to cenſure, and diſcourages the good qualities which are found in men of decent and ſober characters. If we look into the private hiſtories of unfortunate families, we ſhall find moſt of their calamities to have proceeded from a neglect of the uſeful duties of ſobriety, economy, and

and attention to domeſtick concerns, which, though they ſhine not in the eye of the world, nay, are often ſubject to its obloquy, are yet the ſureſt guardians of virtue, of honour, and of independence.

Be juſt before you are generous, is a good old proverb, which the profligate hero of a much-admired comedy is made to ridicule, in a well-turned, and even a ſentimental period. But what right have thoſe ſquanderers of their own and other men's fortunes to aſſume the merit of *generoſity*? Is parting with that money which they value ſo little, *generoſity*? Let them reſtrain their diſſipation, their riot, their debauchery, when they are told that theſe bring ruin on the perſons and families of the honeſt and the induſtrious; let them ſacrifice one pleaſure to humanity, and then tell us of their *generoſity* and their *feeling*. A tranſient inſtance, in which the prodigal relieved want with his purſe, or the thoughtleſs debauchee promoted merit by his intereſt, no more deſerves the appellation of *generoſity*, than the raſhneſs of a *drunkard* is entitled to the praiſes of *valour*, or the freaks of a *madman* to the laurels of *genius*.

In the character of a man, conſidered as a being of any reſpect at all, we immediately ſee a relation to his friends, his neighbours, and his country. His duties only confer real *dignity*, and, what may not be ſo eaſily allowed, but is equally true, can beſtow real *pleaſure*. I know not an animal more inſignificant, or leſs happy, than a man without any ties of affection, or any exerciſe of duty. He muſt be very forlorn, or very deſpicable, indeed, to whom it is poſſible to apply the phraſe uſed by my friend, in characterizing the perſon whoſe ſtory I have related above, and to ſay, that he *is no one's enemy but his own*.

No. 24. SATURDAY, *April* 17, 1779.

Non satis est pulchra esse poëmata; dulcia sunto.
HOR.

NATURE is forever before us. We can, as often as we please, contemplate the variety of her productions, and feel the power of her beauty. We may feast our imaginations with the verdure of waving groves, the diversified colours of an evening sky, or the windings of a limpid river. We may dwell with rapture on those more sublime exhibitions of nature, the raging tempest, the billowy deep, or the stupendous precipice, that lift the soul with delightful amazement, and seem almost to suspend her exertions. These beautiful and vast appearances are so capable of affording pleasure, that they become favourite subjects with the poet and the painter: they charm us in description, or they glow upon canvass. Indeed, the imitations of eminent artists have been held on an equal footing, in regard to the pleasure they yield, with the works of Nature herself, and have sometimes been deemed superior. This subject deserves attention; how it happens, that the descriptions of the poet, and the imitations of the painter, seem to communicate more delight than the things they describe or imitate.

In estimating the respective merits of nature and of art, it will readily be admitted, that the preference, in every single object, is due to the former. Take the simplest blossom that blows, observe its tints or its structure, and you will own them unrivalled. What pencil, how animated soever, can equal the glories of the sky at sun-set? or can the representations of moon-light, even by Homer, Milton, and

and Shakespeare, be more exquisitely finished than the real scenery of a moon-light night.

If the poet and painter are capable of yielding superior pleasure, in their exhibitions, to what we receive from the works of their great original, it is in the manner of grouping their objects, and by their skill in arrangement. In particular, they give uncommon delight, by attending not merely to unity of design, but to unity, if I may be allowed the expression, in the feelings they would excite. In the works of Nature, unless she has been ornamented and reformed by the taste of an ingenious improver, intentions of this sort are very seldom apparent. Objects that are gay, melancholy, solemn, tranquil, impetuous and fantastic, are thrown together, without any regard to the influences of arrangement, or to the consistency of their effects on the mind. The elegant artist, on the contrary, though his works be adorned with unbounded variety, suggests only those objects that excite similar or kindred emotions, and excludes every thing of an opposite, or even of a different tendency. If the scene he describes be solemn, no lively nor fantastic image can have admission: But if, in a sprightly mood, he displays scenes of festivity, every pensive and gloomy thought is debarred. Thus the figures he delineates have one undivided direction; they make one great and entire impression.

To illustrate this remark, let us observe the conduct of Milton in his two celebrated poems, *Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*.

In the *Allegro*, meaning to excite a cheerful mood, he suggests a variety of objects; for variety, by giving considerable exercise to the mind, and by not suffering it to rest long on the same appearance, occasions brisk and exhilarating emotions. Accordingly,

cordingly, the poet ſhews us, at one glance, and, as it were, with a ſingle daſh of his pen,

Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gay,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains, on whoſe barren breaſt
The labouring clouds do often reſt;
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

The objects themſelves are cheerful; for, beſides having brooks, meadows, and flowers, we have the whiſtling plowman, the ſinging milkmaid, the mower whetting his ſcythe, and the ſhepherd piping beneath a ſhade. Theſe images, ſo numerous, ſo various, and ſo cheerful, are animated by lively contraſts: We have the mountains oppoſed to the meadows, "Shallow brooks and rivers wide." Add to this, that the charms of the landſcape are heightened by the bloom of a ſmiling ſeaſon; and that the light poured upon the whole is the delightful radiance of a ſummer morning:

Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames of amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liv'ries dight.

Every image is lively; every thing different is with-held; all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion.

Let us now obſerve the conduct of his *Il Penſeroſo*. This poem is, in every reſpect, an exact counterpart to the former. And the intention of the poet being to promote a ſerious and ſolemn mood, he removes every thing lively; "Hence vain deluding joys!" He quits ſociety; he chuſes ſilence, and opportunities for deep reflection. "Some ſtill removed place will fit." The objects he preſents

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are few. In the quotation, beginning with "Ruſſet lawns," there are eight leading images: In the following, of equal length, there is only one.

To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the heav'n's wide pathleſs way;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

The ſounds that can be, in any reſpect, agreeable to him, muſt correſpond with his preſent humour: Not the ſong of the milkmaid, but that of the nightingale; not the whiſtling plowman, but the ſound of the curfeu. His images ſucceed one another ſlowly, without any rapid or abrupt tranſitions, without any enlivening contraſts; and he will have no other light for his landſcape than that of the moon: Or, if he cannot enjoy the ſcene without doors, he will have no other light within than that of dying embers, or of a ſolitary lamp at midnight. The time, and the place he chuſes for his retreat, are perfectly ſuited to his employment; for he is engaged in deep meditation, and in conſidering

What worlds, or what vaſt regions, hold
Th' immortal mind.

Every image is ſolemn; every thing different is with-held: Here, as before, all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion. It is owing, in a great meaſure, to this attention in the writer, to preſerve unity and conſiſtency of ſentiment, that, notwithſtanding conſiderable imperfections in the language and verſification, *Allegro* and *Il Penſeroſo* have ſo many admirers.

The ſkill of the poet and painter, in forming their works ſo as to excite kindred and united emotions,

tions, deserves the greater attention, that persons of true taste are not so much affected, even in contemplating the beauties of nature with the mere perception of external objects, as with the general influences of their union and correspondence. It is not that particular tree, or that cavern, or that cascade, which affords them all their enjoyment; they derive their chief pleasure from the united effect of the tree, the cavern, and the cascade. A person of sensibility will be less able, perhaps, than another, to give an exact account of the different parts of an exquisite landscape, of its length, width, and the number of objects it contains. Yet the general effect possesses him altogether, and produces in his mind very uncommon sensations. The impulse, however, is tender, and cannot be described. Indeed, it is the power of producing these sensations that gives the stamp of genuine excellence, in particular, to the works of the poet. Verses may be polished, and may glow with excellent imagery; but unless, like the poems of Parnel, or the lesser poems of Milton, they please by their enchanting influence on the heart, and, by exciting feelings that are consistent, or of a similar tendency, they are never truly delightful. Horace, I think, expresses this sentiment, when he says, in the words of my motto,

Non satis est pulchra esse poëmata ; dulcia sunto ;

and an attention to this circumstance is so important that, along with some other exertions, it enables the poet and painter, at least, to rival the works of nature.

No. 25. TUESDAY, *April* 20, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME time ago I troubled you with a letter, giving an account of a particular sort of grievance felt by the families of men of small fortunes, from their acquaintance with those of great ones. I am emboldened, by the favourable reception of my first letter, to write you a second upon the same subject.

You will remember, Sir, my account of a visit which my daughters paid to a great lady in our neighbourhood, and of the effects which that visit had upon them. I was beginning to hope that time, and the sobriety of manners which home exhibited, would restore them to their former situation, when, unfortunately, a circumstance happened, still more fatal to me than their expedition to ——. This, Sir, was the honour of a visit from the great lady in return.

I was just returning from the superintendence of my plows in a field I have lately inclosed, when I was met, on the green before my door, by a gentleman (for such I took him to be) mounted upon a very handsome gelding, who asked me, by the apellation of *honest friend*, if this was not Mr. *Homespun*'s; and, in the same breath, whether the ladies were at home? I told him, my name was *Homespun*, the house was mine, and my wife and daughters were, I believed, within. Upon this, the young man, pulling off his hat, and begging my pardon for calling me *honest*, said, he was dispatched by Lady ——, with her compliments to Mrs. and Misses *Homespun*, and that, if convenient, she intended herself

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the honour of dining with them, on her return from B —— park (the ſeat of another great and rich lady in our neighbourhood.)

I confeſs, Mr. MIRROR, I was ſtruck ſomewhat of an heap with the meſſage; and it would not, in all probability, have received an immediate anſwer, had it not been overheard by my eldeſt daughter, who had come to the window on the appearance of a ſtranger. "Mr. *Papillot*," ſaid ſhe immediately, "I rejoice to ſee you; I hope your Lady and all the family are well." "Very much at your ſervice Ma'am," he replied, with a low bow; "my Lady ſent me before, with the offer of her beſt compliments, and that, if convenient,"—and ſo forth, repeating his words to me. "She does us infinite honour," ſaid my young Madam; "let her Ladyſhip know how happy her viſit will make us; but, in the mean time, Mr. *Papillot*, give your horſe to one of the ſervants, and come in and have a glaſs of ſomething after your ride." "I am afraid," anſwered he (pulling out his right-hand watch, for, would you believe it, Sir? the fellow had one in each fob) "I ſhall hardly have time to meet my Lady at the place ſhe appointed me." On a ſecond invitation, however, he diſmounted, and went into the houſe, leaving his horſe to the care of the *ſervants*; but the *ſervants*, as my daughter very well knew, were all in the fields at work; ſo I, who have a liking for a good horſe, and cannot bear to ſee him neglected, had the honour of putting Mr. *Papillot*'s in the ſtable myſelf.

After about an hour's ſtay, for the gentleman ſeemed to forget his hurry within doors, Mr. *Papillot* departed. My daughters, I mean the two polite ones, obſerved how handſome he was; and added another obſervation, that it was only to particular friends my Lady ſent meſſages by him, who was her

her own body servant, and not accustomed to such offices. My wife seemed highly pleased with this last remark: I was about to be angry; but on such occasions it is not my way to say much; I generally shrug up my shoulders in silence; yet, as I said before, Mr. MIRROR, I would not have you think me hen-peck'd.

By this time, every domestic about my house, male and female, were called from their several employments to assist in the preparations for her Ladyship's reception. It would tire you to enumerate the various shifts that were made, by purchasing, borrowing, &c. to furnish out a dinner suitable to the occasion. My little grey poney, which I keep for sending to market, broke his wind in the cause, and has never been good for any thing since.

Nor was there less ado in making ourselves and our attendants fit to appear before such company. The female part of the family managed the matter pretty easily; women, I observe, having a natural talent that way. My wife took upon herself the charge of apparelling me for the occasion. A laced suit, which I had worn at my marriage, was got up for the purpose; but the breeches burst a seam at the very first attempt of pulling them on, and the sleeves of the coat were also impracticable; so she was forced to content herself with clothing me in my Sunday's coat and breeches, with the laced waistcoat of the above-mentioned suit, slit in the back, to set them off a little. My gardener, who has been accustomed, indeed, to serve in many capacities, had his head cropped, curled, and powdered, for the part of *butler*; one of the best-looking plow-boys had a yellow cape clapped to his Sunday's coat to make him pass for a servant in livery; and we borrowed my son-in-law the parson's man for a third hand.

All this was accompliſhed, though not without ſome tumult and diſorder, before the arrival of the great lady. She gave us, indeed, more time for the purpoſe than we looked for, as it was near ſix o'clock before ſhe arrived. But this was productive of a misfortune on the other hand: the dinner my poor wife had buſtled, ſweated, and ſcolded for, was ſo over-boiled, over-ſtewed, and over-roaſted, that it needed the appetite of ſo late an hour to make it go well down even with me, who am not very nice in theſe matters: luckily, her Ladyſhip, as I am told, never eats much, for fear of ſpoiling her ſhape, now that ſmall waiſts have come into faſhion again.

The dinner, however, though ſpoiled in the cooking, was not thrown away, as her Ladyſhip's train made ſhift to eat the greateſt part of it. When I ſay her *train*, I do not mean her ſervants only, of which there were half a dozen in livery, beſides the illuſtrious Mr. *Papillot*, and her Ladyſhip's maid, gentlewoman I ſhould ſay, who had a table to themſelves. Her parlour attendants were equally numerous, conſiſting of two ladies and ſix gentlemen, who had accompanied her Ladyſhip in this excurſion, and did us the honour of coming to eat and drink with us, and bringing their ſervants to do the ſame, though we had never ſeen or heard of them before.

During the progreſs of this entertainment, there were ſeveral little embarraſſments which might appear ridiculous in deſcription, but were matters of ſerious diſtreſs to us. Soup was ſpilled, diſhes overturned, and glaſſes broken, by the awkwardneſs of our attendants; and things were not a bit mended by my wife's ſolicitude (who to do her juſtice, had all her eyes about her) to correct them.

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From the time of her Ladyſhip's arrival, it was impoſſible that dinner could be over before it was dark; this, with the conſideration of the bad road ſhe had to paſs through in her way to the next houſe ſhe meant to viſit, produced an invitation from my wife and daughters to paſs the night with us; which, after a few words of apology for the trouble ſhe gave us, and a few more of the honour we received, was agreed to. This gave riſe to a new ſcene of preparation, rather more difficult than that before dinner. My wife and I were diſlodged from our own apartment, to make room for our noble gueſt. Our four daughters were crammed in by us, and ſlept on the floor, that their rooms might be left for the two ladies and four of the gentlemen who were entitled to the greateſt degree of reſpect; for the remaining two, we found beds at my ſon-in-laws. My two eldeſt daughters had, indeed, little time to ſleep, being cloſetted the greateſt part of the night with their right honourable viſitor. My offices were turned topſy-turvey for the accommodation of the ſervants of my gueſts, and my own horſes turned into the fields, that theirs might occupy my ſtable.

All theſe are hardſhips of their kind, Mr. MIRROR, which the honour that accompanies them ſeems to me not fully to compenſate; but theſe are ſlight grievances, in compariſon with what I have to complain of as the effects of this viſit. The malady of my two eldeſt daughters is not only returned with increaſed violence upon them, but has now communicated itſelf to every other branch of my family. My wife, formerly a decent diſcreet woman, who liked her own way, indeed, but was a notable manager, now talks of this and that piece of expenſe as neceſſary to the rank of a gentlewoman, and has lately dropped ſome broad hints, that a winter

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in town is neceſſary to the accompliſhment of one. My two younger daughters have got the *heads* that formerly belonged to their elder ſiſters, to each of whom, unfortunately, the great lady preſented a ſet of feathers, for which new *heads* were eſſentially requiſite.

The inſide of all of them has undergone a very ſtriking metamorphoſis, from this one night's inſtruction of their viſitor. There is, it ſeems, a faſhion in *morality*, as well as in dreſs; and the preſent mode is not quite ſo ſtrait-lac'd as the ſtays are. My two fine ladies talked, a few mornings ago, of ſuch a gentleman's *connection* with Miſs C———, and ſuch another's *arrangement* with Lady G———, with all the eaſe in the world: Yet theſe words, I find, being interpreted, mean nothing leſs than *fornication* and *adultery*. I ſometimes remonſtrate warmly, eſpecially when I have my ſon-in-law to back me, againſt theſe new fangled freedoms; but another doctrine they have learned is, that a *father* and a *parſon* may preach as they pleaſe, but are to be followed only according to the inclination of their audience. Indeed I could not help obſerving, that my Lady ——— never mentioned her abſent Lord (who, I underſtand, is ſeldom of her parties) except ſometimes to let us know how much ſhe differed in opinion from him.

This contempt of authority, and affectation of faſhion, has gone a ſtep lower in my houſehold. My gardener has tied his hair behind, and ſtolen my flour to powder it, ever ſince he ſaw Mr. *Papillot*; and yeſterday he gave me warning that he ſhould leave me next term, if I did not take him into the houſe and provide another hand for the work in the garden. I found a great hoyden, who waſhes my daughters linens, ſitting, the other afternoon, dreſſed in one of their caſt fly-caps, entertaining this

ſame

ſame oaf of a gardener, and the wives of two of my farm-ſervants, with tea, forſooth; and when I quarrelled with her for it, ſhe replied, that Mrs. *Dimmity*, my Lady ———'s gentlewoman, told her all the maids at ——— had tea, and ſaw company of an afternoon.

But I am reſolved on a reformation, Mr. MIRROR, and ſhall let my wife and daughters know, that I will be maſter of my own houſe and my own expenſes, and will neither be made a fool or a beggar, though it were after the manner of the greateſt Lord in Chriſtendom. Yet I confeſs I am always for trying gentle methods firſt. I beg, therefore, that you will inſert this in your next paper, and add to it ſome exhortations of your own to prevail on them, if poſſible, to give over a behaviour, which I think, under favour, is rather improper even in *great folks*, but is certainly ruinous to little ones.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

Mr. Homeſpun's relation, too valuable to be ſhortened, leaves me not room at preſent for any obſervations. But I have ſeen the change of manners among ſome of my countrywomen, for ſeveral years paſt, with the moſt ſenſible regret; and I intend ſoon to devote a paper to a ſerious remonſtrance with them on the ſubject.

No. 26. SATURDAY, *April* 24, 1779.

NOTHING can give a truer picture of the manners of any particular age, or point out more ſtrongly thoſe circumſtances which diſtinguiſh it

from others, than the change that takes place in the rules eſtabliſhed as to the external conduct of men in ſociety, or in what may be called the ſyſtem of politeneſs.

It were abſurd to ſay, that, from a man's external conduct, we are always to judge of the feelings of his mind; but, certainly, when there are rules laid down for men's external behaviour to one another, we may conclude, that there are ſome general feelings prevalent among the people which dictate thoſe rules, and make a deviation from them to be conſidered as improper. When at any time therefore, an alteration in thoſe general rules takes place, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that the change has been produced by ſome alteration in the feelings, and in the ideas of propriety and impropriety of the people.

Whoever conſiders the rules of external behaviour eſtabliſhed about a century ago, muſt be convinced, that much leſs attention was then paid by men of high rank to the feelings of thoſe beneath them, than in the preſent age. In that æra, a man uſed to meaſure out his complaiſance to others according to the degree of rank in which they ſtood, compared with his own. A Peer had a certain manner of addreſs and ſalutation to a Peer of equal rank, a different one to a Peer of an inferior order, and, to a commoner, the mode of addreſs was diverſified according to the antiquity of his family, or the extent of his poſſeſſions; ſo that a ſtranger who happened to be preſent at the levee of a great man, could, with tolerable certainty, by examining his features, or attending to the lowneſs of his bow, judge of the different degrees of dignity among his viſitors.

Were it the purpoſe of the preſent paper, this might be traced back to a very remote period. By the *Earl of Northumberland's houſhold book*, begun

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in the year 1512, it appears, that my Lord's *board-end*, that is to say, the end of the table where he and his principal guests were seated, was served with a different and more delicate sort of viands, than those allotted to the lower end. "*It is thought good,*" says that curious record, "*that no plovers be brought at no time but only in Christmas, and principal feasts, and my Lord to be served therewith, and his board-end and no other.*"*

In this country, and in a period nearer our own times, we have heard of a Highland chieftain, who died not half a century ago, remarkable for his hospitality, and for having his table constantly crowded with a number of guests; possessing a high idea of the dignity of his family, and warmly attached to ancient manners, he was in use very nicely to discriminate, by his behaviour to them, the ranks of the different persons he entertained. The head of the table was occupied by himself, and the rest of the company sat nearer or more remote from him according to their respective ranks. All, indeed, were allowed to partake of the same *food*; but when the liquor was produced, which was, at that time, and perhaps still is, in some parts of Scotland, accounted the principal part of a feast, a different sort of beverage was assigned to the guests, according to their different dignities. The landlord himself, and his family or near relations, drank wine of the best kind; to persons next in degree, was allotted wine of an inferior sort; and to guests of a still lower rank, were allowed only those liquors which were the natural produce of the country. This distinction

* *The line of distinction was marked by a large* Saltcellar, *placed in the middle of the table, above which, at* my Lord's board-end, *sat the distinguished guests, and below it those of an inferior class.*

distinction was agreeable to the rules of politeness at that time established: The entertainer did not feel any thing disagreeable in making it; nor did any of the entertained think themselves entitled to take this *treatment amiss*.

It must be admitted, that a behaviour of this sort would not be consonant to the rules of politeness established in the present age. A man of good breeding now considers the same degree of attention to be due to every man in the rank of a gentleman, be his fortune, or the antiquity of his family what it may; nay, a man of real politeness, will feel it rather more incumbant on him to be attentive and complaisant to his inferiors in these respects, than to his equals. The idea which in modern times is entertained of politeness, points out such a conduct. It is founded on this, that a man of a cultivated mind is taught to feel a greater degree of pleasure in attending to the ease and happiness of people with whom he mixes in society, than in studying his own. On this account he gives up what would be agreeable to his own taste, because he finds more satisfaction in humouring the taste of others. Thus, a gentleman now-a-days takes the lowest place at his own table; and, if there be any delicacy there, it is set apart for his guests. The entertainer finds a much more sensible pleasure in bestowing it on them, than in taking it to himself.

From the same cause, if a gentleman be in company with another, not so opulent as himself, or, however worthy, not possessed of the same degree of those adventitious honours which are held in esteem by the world, politeness will teach the former to pay peculiar attention and observation to the latter. Men, even of the highest minds, when they are first introduced into company with their superiors in rank or fortune, are apt to feel a certain degree of awk-

wardness

wardneſs and uneaſineſs which it requires ſome time and habit to wear off. A man of fortune or of rank, if poſſeſſed of a ſenſible mind and real politeneſs, will feel, and be at particular pains to remove this. Hence he will be led to be rather more attentive to thoſe who, in the eyes of the multitude, are reckoned his inferiors, than to others who are more upon a footing with him.

It is not propoſed, in this paper, to enquire what are the cauſes of the difference of men's ideas, as to the rules of politeneſs in this and the former age. It is ſufficient to obſerve, and the reflection is a very pleaſant one, that the modern rules of good-breeding muſt give us a higher idea of the humanity and refinement of this age than of the former; and, though the mode of behaviour above mentioned may not be univerſally obſerved in practiſe, yet it is hoped it will not be diſputed, that it is conſonant to the rules which are now pretty generally eſtabliſhed.

It ought, however, to be obſerved, that when we ſpeak, even at this day, of good-breeding, of politeneſs, of complaiſance, theſe expreſſions are always confined to our behaviour towards thoſe who are conſidered to be in the rank of gentlemen; but no ſyſtem of politeneſs or of complaiſance is eſtabliſhed, at leaſt in this country, for our behaviour to thoſe of a lower ſtation. The rules of good-breeding do not extend to them; and he may be eſteemed the beſt-bred man in the world who is a very brute to his ſervants and dependants.

This I cannot help conſidering as a matter of regret, and it were to be wiſhed that the ſame humanity and refinement, which recommends an equal attention to all in the rank of Gentlemen, would extend ſome degree of that attention to thoſe who are in ſtations below them.

It

It will require but little obſervation to be ſatisfied, that all men, in whatever ſituation, are endowed with the ſame feelings (though education or example may give them a different modification;) and that one in the loweſt rank of life may be ſenſible of a piece of inſolence, or an affront, as well as one in the higheſt. Nay, it ought to be conſidered, that the greater the diſproportion of rank, the affront will be the more ſenſibly felt; the greater the diſtance from which it comes, and the more unable the perſon affronted to revenge it, by ſo much the heavier will it fall.

It is not meant, that in our tranſactions with men of a very low ſtation, and who, from their circumſtances, and the wants of ſociety, muſt be employed in ſervile labour, we are to behave, in all reſpects, as to thoſe who are in the rank of gentlemen. The thing is impoſſible, and ſuch men do not expect it. But in all our intercourſe with them, we ought to conſider that they are men poſſeſſed of like feelings with ourſelves, which nature has given them, and no ſituation can or ought to eradicate. When we employ them in the labour of life, it ought to be our ſtudy to demand that labour in the manner eaſieſt to them; and we ſhould never forget that gentleneſs is part of the *wages* we owe them for their ſervice.

Yet how many men, in other reſpects of the beſt and moſt reſpectable characters, are, from inadvertency, or the force of habit, deaf to thoſe conſiderations! and, indeed, the thing has been ſo little attended to, that in this, which has been called a polite age, complaiſance to ſervants and dependants is not, as I have already obſerved, at leaſt in this country, conſidered as making any part of politeneſs.

But there is another ſet of perſons ſtill more expoſed to be treated roughly than even domeſtic ſervants

vants, and these are, the *waiters* at inns and taverns. Between a master and servant a certain connection subsists, which prevents the former from using the latter ill. The servant, if he is good for any thing, naturally forms an attachment to his master, and to his interest, which produces a mutual intercourse of kindness between them. But no connection of this sort can be formed with the temporary attendants above mentioned. Hence the monstrous abuse which such persons frequently suffer; every traveller, and every man who enters a tavern, thinks he is entitled to vent his own ill-humour upon them, and vollies of curses are too often the only language they meet with.

Having mentioned the waiters in inns and taverns, I cannot avoid taking particular notice of the treatment to which those of the female sex, who are employed in places of that sort, are often exposed. Their situation is, indeed, peculiarly unfortunate. If a girl in an inn happen to be handsome, and a parcel of young thoughtless fellows cast their eyes upon her, she is immediately made the subject of taunt and merriment; coarse and indecent jokes are often uttered in her hearing, and conversation shocking to modest ears is frequently addressed to her. The poor girl, all the while, is at a loss how to behave, if she venture on a spirited answer, the probable consequence will be, to raise the mirth of the facetious company, and to expose her to a repetition of insults. If, guided by the feelings of modesty, she avoid the presence of the impertinent guests, she is complained of for neglecting her duty; she loses the little perquisite which, otherwise, she would be entitled to; perhaps disobliges her mistress, and loses her place. Whoever attends but for a moment to the case of a poor girl so situated, if he be not lost to all sense of virtue, must feel his heart

heart relent at the cruelty of taking advantage of such a situation. But the misfortune is, that we seldom attend to such cases at all; we sometimes think of the fatigues and sufferings incident to the bodies of our inferiors; but we scarcely ever allow any sense of pain to their minds.

Among the *French*, whom we mimick in much *false* politeness, without learning from them, as we might do, much of the *true*, the observances of good-breeding are not confined merely to gentlemen, but extend to persons of the lowest ranks. Thus a *Frenchman* hardly ever addresses any man, however mean his condition, without calling him *Monsieur*, and the poorest woman in a country village is addressed by the appellation of *Madame*. The accosting, in this manner, people of so very low a rank, in the same terms with those so much their superiors, may perhaps appear extravagant; but the practice shews how much that refined and elegant people are attentive to the feelings of the meanest, when they have extended the rules and ceremonial of politeness even to them.

No. 27. TUESDAY, *April* 27, 1779.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clamorous sorrow. LEE'S THEODOSIUS.

A VERY amiable and much respected friend of mine, whose real name I shall conceal under that of *Wentworth*, had lately the misfortune of losing a wife, who was not only peculiarly beautiful, but

but whose soul was the mansion of every virtue and of every elegant accomplishment. She was suddenly cut off in the flower of her age, after having lived twelve years with the best and most affectionate of husbands. A perfect similarity of temper and disposition, a kindred delicacy of taste and sentiment, had linked their hearts together in early youth, and each succeeding year seemed but to add new strength to their affection. Though possessed of an affluent fortune, they preferred the tranquillity of the country to all the gay pleasures of the capital. In the cultivation of their estate, in cherishing the virtuous industry of its inhabitants, in ornamenting a beautiful seat, in the society of one another, in the innocent prattle of their little children, and in the company of a few friends. Mr. *Wentworth* and his *Amelia* found every wish gratified, and their happiness complete.

My readers will judge then, what must have been Mr. *Wentworth*'s feelings, when *Amelia* was thus suddenly torn from him, in the very prime of her life, and in the midst of her felicity. I dreaded the effects of it upon a mind of his nice and delicate sensibility; and, receiving a letter from his brother, requesting me to come to them, I hasted thither, to endeavour, by my presence, to assuage his grief, and prevent those fatal consequences of which I was so apprehensive.

As I approached the house, the sight of all the well-known scenes brought fresh into my mind the remembrance of *Amelia*; and I felt myself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter. When my carriage stopt at the gate, I trembled, and would have given the world to go back. A heart-felt sorrow sat on the countenance of every servant; and I walked into the house without a word being uttered. In the hall I was met by the old butler, who has

grown grey-headed in the family, and he haſtened to conduct me up ſtairs. As I walked up, I commanded firmneſs enough to ſay, "Well, William, how is Mr. Wentworth?" The old man, turning about with a look that pierced my heart, ſaid, "Oh, Sir, our excellent Lady!"——Here his grief overwhelmed him; and it was with difficulty he was able to open to me the door of the apartment.

Mr. Wentworth ran and embraced me with the warmeſt affection; and, after a few moments, aſſumed a firmneſs, and even an eaſe, that ſurpriſed me. His brother, with a ſiſter of Amelia's, and ſome other friends that were in the room, appeared more overpowered than my friend himſelf, who, by the fortitude of his behaviour, ſeemed rather to moderate the grief of thoſe around him, than to demand their compaſſion for himſelf. By his gentle and kind attentions, he ſeemed anxious to relieve their ſorrow; and, by a ſort of concerted tranquillity, ſtrove to prevent their diſcovering any ſymptoms of the bitter anguiſh which preyed upon his mind. His countenance was pale, and his eyes betrayed that his heart was ill at eaſe; but it was that ſilent and majeſtic ſorrow which commands our reverence and our admiration.

Next morning, after breakfaſt, I chanced to take up a volume of Metaſtaſio, that lay among other books upon a table; and, as I was turning over the leaves, a ſlip of paper, with ſomething written on it, dropped upon the floor. Mr. Wentworth picked it up: and as he looked at it, I ſaw the tears ſtart from his eyes, and fetching a deep ſigh, he uttered, in a low and broken voice, "*My poor Amelia!*"—It was the tranſlation of a favourite paſſage which ſhe had been attempting, but had left unfiniſhed. As if uneaſy leſt I had perceived his emotion, he careleſsly threw his arm over my ſhoulder, and

reading

reading aloud a few lines of the page which I held open in my hand, he went into some remarks on the poetry of that elegant author. Some time after, I observed him take up the book, and carefully replacing the slip of paper where it had been, put the volume in his pocket.

Mr. Wentworth proposed that we should walk out, and he himself would accompany us. As we stepped through the hall, one of my friend's youngest boys came running up, and catching his papa by the hand, cried out with joy, that "*Mama's rover was returned.*" This was a spaniel, who had been the favourite of Amelia, and had followed her in all her walks: but after her death, had been sent to the house of a villager, to be out of the immediate sight of the family. Having somehow made its escape from thence, the dog had that morning found his way home; and, as soon as he saw Mr. Wentworth, leaped upon him with an excess of fondness. I saw my friend's lips and cheeks quiver. He catched his little Frank in his arms; and, for a few moments, hid his face in his neck.

As we traversed his delightful grounds, many different scenes naturally recalled the remembrance of Amelia. My friend, indeed, in order to avoid some of her favourite walks, had conducted us an unusual road; but what corner could be found that did not bear the traces of her hands? Her elegant taste had marked the peculiar beauty of each different scene, and had brought it forth to view with such a happy delicacy of art, as to make it seem the work of nature alone. As we crossed certain paths in the woods, and passed by some rustic buildings, I could sometimes discern an emotion in my friend's countenance; but he instantly stifled it with a firmness and dignity that made me careful not to seem to observe it.

Towards

Towards night, Mr. Wentworth having ſtolen out of the room, his brother and I ſtepped out to a terrace behind the houſe. It was the duſk of the evening, the air was mild and ſerene, and the moon was riſing in all her brightneſs from the cloud of the eaſt. The fineneſs of the night made us extend our walk, and we ſtrayed into a hollow valley, whoſe ſides are covered with trees overhanging a brook that pours itſelf along over broken rocks. We approached a ruſtic grotto, placed in a ſequeſtered corner, under a half-impending rock. My companion ſtopped. "This," ſaid he, "was one of Amelia's walks, and that grotto was her favourite evening retreat. The laſt night ſhe ever walked out, and the very evening ſhe caught that fatal fever, I was with my brother and her, while we ſat and read to each other in that very place." While he ſpoke, we perceived a man ſteal out of the grotto, and, avoiding us, take his way by a path through a thicket of trees on the other ſide. "It is my brother," ſaid young Wentworth; "he has been here in his Amelia's favourite grove, indulging that grief he ſo carefully conceals from us."

We returned to the houſe, and found Mr. Wentworth with the reſt of the company. He forced on ſome converſation, and even affected a degree of gentle pleaſantry during the whole evening.

Such, in ſhort, is the noble deportment of my friend, that, in place of finding it neceſſary to temper and moderate his grief, I muſt avoid ſeeming to perceive it, and dare ſcarcely appear even to think of the heavy calamity which has befallen him. I too well know what he feels; but the more I know this, the more does the dignity of his recollection and fortitude excite my admiration, and command my ſilent attention and reſpect.

How

How very different is this dignified and reserved sorrow, from that weak and teazing grief which disgusts, by its sighs and tears, and clamorous lamentations? How much does such noble fortitude of deportment call forth our regard and reverence? How much is a character in other respects estimable, degraded by a contrary demeanour? How much does the excessive, the importunate, and unmanly grief of *Cicero*, diminish the very high respect which we should otherwise entertain for the exalted character of that illustrious Roman?

Writers on practical morality have described and analyzed the passion of grief, and have pretended to prescribe remedies for restoring the mind to tranquillity; but, I believe, little benefit has been derived from any thing they have advised. To tell a person in grief, that time will relieve him, is truly applying no remedy; and to bid him reflect how many others there may be who are more wretched, is a very inefficacious one. The truth is, that the excess of this, as well as of other passions, must be prevented rather than cured. It must be obviated, by our attaining that evenness and equality of temper, which can arise only from an improved understanding, and an habitual intercourse with refined society. These will not, indeed, exempt us from the pangs of sorrow, but will enable us to bear them with a noble grace and propriety, and will render the presence of our friends (which is the only remedy) a very effectual cure.

This is well explained by a philosopher, who is no less eloquent than he is profound. He justly observes, that we naturally, on all occasions, endeavour to bring down our own passions, to that pitch which those about us can correspond with. We view ourselves in the light in which we think they view us, and seek to suit our behaviour

to what we think their feelings can go along with. With an intimate friend, acquainted with every circumſtance of our ſituation, we can, in ſome meaſure, give way to our grief, but are more calm than when by ourſelves. Before a common acquaintance, we aſſume a greater ſedateneſs. Before a mixed aſſembly, we affect a ſtill more conſiderable degree of compoſure. Thus, by the company of our friends at firſt, and afterwards, by mingling with ſociety, we come to ſuit our deportment to what we think they will approve of; we gradually abate the violence of our paſſion, and reſtore our mind to its wonted tranquillity.

No. 28. SATURDAY, *May* 1, 1779.

Currit ad Indos
Pauperiem fugiens. HOR.

"AND did you not bluſh for our countrymen?" ſaid Mr. *Umphraville* to Colonel *Plum*, as the latter was deſcribing the ſack of an Indian city, and the plunder of its miſerable inhabitants, with the death of a *Rajah* who had gallantly defended it.

"Not at all, Sir," anſwered the Colonel coolly: "Our countrymem did no more than their duty; and, were we to decline performing it on ſuch occaſions, we ſhould be of little ſervice to our country in India."

Mr. *Umphraville* made no anſwer to this defence; but a ſilent indignation, which ſat upon his countenance, implied a ſtronger diſapprobation of it, than the moſt laboured reply he could have offered.

For the ſame reaſon which induced him to avoid any farther diſcuſſion of the ſubject, my friend endeavoured

deavoured to give the converſation a different turn. He led the Colonel into a deſcription of the country of India; and, as that gentleman deſcribed, in very lively colours, the beauty of its appearance, the number of its people, and the variety and richneſs of its productions, Mr. *Umphraville* liſtened to this part of his diſcourſe with an uncommon degree of pleaſure and attention.

But, after the Colonel's departure (for this converſation happened during one of my excurſions to Mr. *Umphraville*'s, where Colonel *Plum* had been on a viſit) the former part of the converſation recurred immediately to my friend's memory, and produced the following reflections.

"I know not," ſaid he, "a more mortifying proof of human weakneſs, than that power which ſituation and habit acquire over principle and feeling, even in men of the beſt natural diſpoſitions.

"The gentleman who has juſt left us, has derived from Nature a more than ordinary degree of good ſenſe. Nor does ſhe ſeem to have been leſs liberal to him in the affections of the heart, than in the powers of the underſtanding.

"Since his return to this country, Colonel *Plum* has acted the part of an affectionate and generous relation, of an attentive and uſeful friend; he has been an indulgent landlord, a patron of the induſtrious, and a ſupport to the indigent. In a word, he has proved a worthy and uſeful member of ſociety, on whom fortune ſeems not to have miſplaced her favours.

"Yet, with all the excellent diſpoſitions of which theſe are proofs, placed as a ſoldier of fortune in India; inflamed with the ambition of amaſſing wealth; corrupted by the contagious example of others governed by the ſame paſſion, and engaged in the ſame purſuit, Col. *Plum* appears to have been little

little under the influence either of juſtice or humanity; he ſeems to have viewed the unhappy people of that country merely as the inſtruments, which, in one way or other, were to furniſh himſelf and his countrymen with that wealth they had gone ſo far in queſt of.

"If theſe circumſtances could operate ſo ſtrongly on ſuch a man as Colonel *Plum*, we have little reaſon to wonder that they ſhould have carried others of our countrymen to ſtill more lamentable exceſſes; that they ſhould have filled that unhappy country with ſcenes of miſery and oppreſſion, of which the recital fills us with equal ſhame and indignation. Yet ſuch examples as that of the Colonel ſhould perhaps diſpoſe us, in place of violently declaiming againſt the conduct of individuals, to inveſtigate the cauſes by which it is produced.

"The conqueſts of a commercial people have always, I believe, proved uncommonly deſtructive; and this might naturally have been expected of thoſe made by our countrymen in India, under the direction of a mercantile ſociety, conducted by its members in a diſtant country, in a climate fatal to European conſtitutions, which they viſit only for the purpoſe of ſuddenly amaſſing riches, and from which they are anxious to return as ſoon as that purpoſe is accompliſhed.

"How far ſuch a company, whoſe original connection with India was merely the proſecution of their private commerce, ſhould have ever been allowed to aſſume, and ſhould ſtill continue to poſſeſs, the unnatural character of ſovereigns and conquerors; and to conduct the government of a great empire; is a point which may, perhaps, merit the attention of the legiſlature, as much as many of the more minute enquiries in which they have of late been engaged.

"I have

"I have often thought how much our superior knowledge in the art of government might enable us to change the condition of that unfortunate country for the better. I have pleased myself with fondly picturing out the progress of such a plan; with fancying I saw the followers of *Mahomet* lay aside their ferocity and ambition; the peaceful disciples of *Brahma*, happy in the security of a good government, and in the enjoyment of those innocent and simple manners which mark the influence of a fruitful climate and a beneficent religion.—But, alas!" continued Mr. *Umphraville*, with a sigh, "such reformations are more easily effected by me in my elbow-chair, than by those who conduct the great and complicated machine of government.

"I wish," added he, "it may be only the contracted view of things natural to a retired old man, which leads me to fear that, in this country, the period of such reformations is nearly past; when I observe that almost all men regulate their conduct, and form the minds of the rising generation, by this maxim,

Quærenda pecunia primum est,
Virtus post Nummos;

"I cannot but apprehend, from the prevalence of so mean and so corrupt a principle, the same national corruption which the *Roman* poet ascribes to it.

"In the lower ranks, the desire of gain, as it is the source of industry, may be held equally conducive to private happiness and publick prosperity: but those who, by birth or education, are destined for nobler pursuits, should be actuated by more generous passions. If from luxury, and the love of vain expense, they also shall give way to this desire of wealth; if it shall extinguish the sentiments

of

of public virtue, and the passion for true glory, natural to that order of the state; the spring of private and of national honour must have lost its force, and there will remain nothing to with stand the general corruption of manners, and the publick disorder and debility which are its inseparable attendants. If our country has not already reached this point of degeneracy, she seems, at least, as far as a spectator of his manners can judge, to be too fast approaching it."

Somewhat in this manner did Mr. *Umphraville* express himself. Living retired in the country, conversing with few, and ignorant of the opinions of the many; attached to ideas of *family*, and not very fond of the mercantile interests, disposed to give praise to former times, and not to think highly of the present; in his apprehension of facts he is often mistaken, and the conclusions he draws from those facts are often erroneous. In the present instance, the view which I have presented of his opinions, may throw further light upon his character; it gives a striking picture both of the candour of his mind, and of the generosity of his sentiments. His opinions, though erroneous, may be useful; they may remind those who, though endued, like Colonel *Plum*, with good dispositions, are in danger of being seduced by circumstances and situation, that our own interest or ambition is never to be pursued but in consistency with the sacred obligations of justice, humanity, and benevolence; and they may afford a very pleasing source of reflection to others, who, in trying situations, have maintained their virtue and their character untainted.

No.

No. 29. TUESDAY, *May* 4, 1779.

Conciliat animos comitas affabilitasque sermonis.
CIC. DE OFF.

POLITENESS, or the external shew of humanity, has been strongly recommended by some, and has been treated with excessive ridicule by others. It has sometimes been represented, very improperly, as constituting the sum of merit: And thus affectation and grimace have been substituted in place of virtue. There are, on the other hand, persons who cover their own rudeness, and justify gross rusticity, by calling their conduct honest bluntness, and by defaming complacent manners, as fawning or hypocritical. Shakespeare, in his *King Lear*, sketches this character with his usual ability:

This is some fellow
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A Saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth,
An' they will take it so; if not, he's plain.

To extol polished external manners as constituting the whole duty of man, or to declaim against them as utterly inconsistent with truth, and the respect we owe to ourselves, are extremes equally to be avoided. Let no one believe that the shew of humanity is equal to the reality: Nor let any one, from the desire of pleasing, depart from the line of truth, or stoop to mean condescension. But to presume favourably of all men; to consider them as worthy of our regard till we have evidence of the contrary; to be inclined to render them services; and to entertain confidence in their inclinations to follow a similar conduct; constitute a temper, which every

every man, for his own peace, and for the peace of ſociety, ought to improve and exhibit. Now, this is the temper eſſential to poliſhed manners; and the external ſhew of civilities is a banner held forth, announcing to all men, that we hold them in due reſpect, and are diſpoſed to oblige them. Beſides, it will often occur, that we may have the ſtrongeſt conviction of worth in another perſon; that we may be diſpoſed, from gratitude or eſteem, to render him ſuitable ſervices; and yet may have no opportunity of teſtifying, by thoſe actions which are their genuine expreſſions, either that conviction, or that diſpoſition. Hence external courteſies and civilities are ſubſtituted, with great propriety, as ſigns and repreſentatives of thoſe actions which we are deſirous, and have not the power of performing. They are to be held as pledges of our eſteem and affection.

"But the man of courtly manners often puts on a placid and ſmiling ſemblance, while his heart rankles with malignant paſſion."—When this is done with an intention to deceive or enſnare mankind, the conduct is perfidious, and ought to be branded with infamy. In that caſe, the law of courteſy is "more honoured in the breach, than in the obſervance." But there may be another ſituation, when the ſhew of courteſy aſſumed, while the heart is ſtill at eaſe, moved by diſagreeable unkindly feelings, would be unjuſtly cenſured.——From a feeble conſtitution of body, bad health, or ſome untoward accident or diſappointment, you loſe your wonted ſerenity. Influenced by your preſent humour, even to thoſe who have no concern in the accident that hath befallen you, and who would really be inclined to relieve you from your uneaſineſs, you become reſerved and ſplenetic. You know the impropriety of ſuch a demeanour, and endeavour to beget in your

your bosom a very different disposition. Your passions, however, are stubborn; images of wrong and of disappointment have taken strong hold of your fancy; and your present disagreeable and painful state of mind cannot easily be removed. Meanwhile, however, you disguise the appearance; you are careful to let no fretful expression be uttered, nor any malignant thought lour in your aspect; you perform external acts of civility, and assume the tones and the language of the most perfect composure. You thus war with your own spirit; and, by force of commanding the external symptoms, you will gain a complete victory. You will actually establish in your mind that good humour and humanity, which, a little before, were only yours in appearance. Now, in this discipline, there is nothing criminal. In this discipline, there is a great deal of merit. It will not only correct and alter our present humours, but may influence our habits and dispositions.

A contrary practice may be attended, if not with dangerous, at least with disagreeable consequences. —Sir *Gregory Blunt* was the eldest son of a respectable family. His fortune and his ancestry entitled him, as he and his friends apprehended, to appear in any shape that he pleased. He owed, and would owe no man a shilling; but other men might be indebted to him. He received from nature, and still possesses, good abilities and humane dispositions. He is a man, too, of inflexible honour. Yet Sir *Gregory* has an unbending cast of mind, that cannot easily be fashioned into soft compliance and condescension. He never, even at an early period, had any pretensions to winning ways, or agreeable assiduities; nor had he any talent for acquiring personal graces and accomplishments. In every thing that confers the easy and engaging air of a gentleman, he was excelled by his companions. Sir *Gregory* had sense

enough to perceive his own incapacity; vanity enough to be hurt with the preferences shown to young men less able or honest, but more complaisant than himself; and pride enough to cast away all pretensions to that smoothness of demeanour in which he could never excel. Thus he assumed a bluntness and roughness of manners, better suited to the natural cast of his temper. He would be plain; he hated all your smiling and fawning attentions: he would speak what he thought: he would praise no man, even though he thought him deserving, because he scorned to appear a flatterer; and he would promise no man good offices, not even though he meant to perform them, because he abhorred ostentation. Accordingly, in his address, he is often abrupt, with an approach to rudeness, which, if it does not offend, disconcerts: And he will not return a civility, because he is not in the humour. He thus indulges a propensity which he ought to have corrected; and, slave to a surly vanity, he thinks he acts upon principle.

Now, this habit not only renders him disagreeable to persons of polished manners, but may be attended with consequences of a more serious nature. Sir *Gregory* does not perceive, that while he thinks he is plain, he only *affects* to be plain; that he often stifles a kindly feeling, for fear of seeming complacent; that "he constrains the garb quite from his nature;" and that he disguises his appearance as much at least by *excessive* bluntness, as he would by shewing *some* complaisance. Thus he is hardly entitled, notwithstanding his pretensions, to the praise even of *honest* plainness. Besides, his character, in other respects, is so eminent, and his rank so distinguished, that, of course, he has many admirers: And thus all the young men of his neighbourhood are becoming as boisterous and as rough as himself.

Even

Even some of his female acquaintance are likely to suffer by the contagion of his example. Their desire of pleasing has taken as improper direction; they seem less studious of those delicate proprieties and observances so essential to female excellence; they also will not appear otherwise than what they are; and thus they will not only appear, but become a great deal worse. For, as the shew of humanity and good humour may, in some instances, promote a gentle temper, and render us good-humoured; so the affectation and shew of honest plainness may lead us to be plain without honesty, and sincere without good intention. Those who affect timidity, may, in time, become cowards; and those who affect roughness may, in time, grow inhuman.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I HAVE long had a *tendre* for a young lady, who is very beautiful, but a little capricious. I think myself unfortunate enough not to be in her good graces; but some of my friends tell me I am a simpleton and don't understand her. Pray be so kind as to inform me, Mr. MIRROR, what sort of rudeness amounts to encouragement? When a lady calls a man impertinent, does she wish him to be somewhat more assuming? When she never looks his way, may he reckon himself a favourite? Or, if she tells every body, that Mr. *Such-a-one* is her aversion, is Mr. *Such-a-one* to take it for granted, that she is downright fond of him?

Yours respectfully,

MODESTUS.

No.

No. 30. SATURDAY, *May* 8, 1779.

IT has ſometimes been matter of ſpeculation, whether or not there be a *ſex* in the *ſoul*: That there is one in *manners*, I never heard diſputed; the ſame applauſe which we involuntarily beſtow upon honour, courage, and ſpirit in *men*, we as naturally confer upon chaſtity, modeſty, and gentleneſs in *women*.

It was formerly one of thoſe national boaſts which are always allowable, and ſometimes uſeful, that the Ladies of *Scotland* poſſeſſed a purity of conduct, and delicacy of manners, beyond thoſe of moſt other countries. Free from the bad effects of overgrown fortunes, and of the diſſipated ſociety of an overgrown capital, their beauty was natural and their minds were uncorrupted.

Though I am inclined to believe, that this is ſtill the caſe in general; yet, from my own obſervation, and the complaints of ſeveral Correſpondents I am ſorry to be obliged to conclude, that there begins to appear among us a very different ſtyle of manners. Perhaps our frequent communication with the metropolis of our ſiſter kingdom, is one great cauſe of this. Formerly a *London* journey was attended with ſome difficulty and danger, and *poſting* thither was an atchievement as maſculine as a fox-chace. Now the goodneſs of the roads and the convenience of the vehicles, render it a matter of only a few days moderate exerciſe for a lady; "*Facilis deſcenſus Averni*;" our wives and daughters are carried thither to ſee the world; and we are not to wonder if ſome of them bring back only that knowledge of it, which the moſt ignorant can acquire, and the moſt forgetful retain. That knowl-

edge is communicated to a certain circle on their return; the imitation is as rapid as it is easy; they emulate the *English*, who before have copied the *French*; the dress, the phrase, and the *morale* of *Paris*, is transplanted first to *London*, and thence to *Edinburgh*; and even the sequestered regions of the country are sometimes visited in this northern progress of politeness.

And here I cannot help observing, that the imitation is often so clumsy, as to leave out all the *agreeable*, and retain all the *offensive*. In the *translation* of the *manners*, as in the *translation* of the *language*, of our neighbours, we are apt to lose the fineneſſes, the *petits ageémens*, which (I talk like a man of the world) give zest and value to the whole.

It will be said, perhaps, that there is often a levity of behaviour without any criminality of conduct; that the lady who talks always loud, and sometimes free, goes much abroad, or keeps a crowd of company at home, rattles in a public place with a circle of young fellows, or flirts in a corner with a single one, does all this without the smallest bad intention, merely as she puts on a cap, and sticks it with feathers, because she has seen it done by others whose rank and fashion entitle them to her imitation. Now, granting that most of those ladies have all the purity of heart that is contended for, are there no disagreeable consequences, I would ask, from the appearance of evil, exclusive of its reality? Decorum is at least the *ensign*, if not the *outgard*, of vitue; the want of it, if it does not weaken the garrison, will, at least, embolden the assailants; and a woman's virtue is of so delicate a nature, that to be impregnable is not enough, without the reputation of being so.

But, though female *virtue*, in the *singular*, means *chastity*, there are many other endowments, without

which a woman's character is reproachable, though it is not infamous. The mild demeanor, the modeſt deportment, are valued not only as they denote internal purity and innocence, but as forming in themſelves the moſt amiable and engaging part of the female character. There was, of old, a ſtiff conſtrained manner, which the moderns finding unpleaſant agreed to explode, and, in the common rage of reformation, ſubſtituted the very oppoſite extreme in its ſtead; to baniſh preciſeneſs, they called in levity, and ceremony gave way to ſomething like rudeneſs. But faſhion may alter the form, not the eſſence of things; and though we may lend our laugh, or even our applauſe, to the woman whoſe figure and converſation comes flying out upon us in this faſhionable forwardneſs of manner; yet, I believe, there is ſcarce a votary of the mode who would wiſh his ſiſter, his wife, or even his miſtreſs (I uſe the word in its modeſt ſenſe,) to poſſeſs it.

I have hitherto pointed my obſervations chiefly at the appearance of our ladies to the world, which, beſides its being more immediately the object of public cenſorſhip, a variety of ſtrictures lately ſent me by my Correſpondents naturally led me to conſider. I am afraid, however, the ſame innovation begins to appear in our domeſtic as in our public life, and that the caſe of my friend Mr. *Homeſpun* is far from being ſingular. Some of thoſe whoſe rank and ſtation are ſuch as to enforce example and regulate opinion, think it an honourable diſtinction to be able to lead, from the ſober track which the maxims of their mothers and grandmothers had marked out for them, ſuch young ladies, as chance, relationſhip, or neighbourhood, has placed within the reach of their influence. The ſtate of diffidence and dependance, in which a young woman uſed to find herſelf happy under the protection of her parents or guardians,

they

they teach their pupils to consider as incompatible with sense or spirit. With them obedience and subordination are terms of contempt; even the natural restraints of time are disregarded; childhood is immaturely forced into youth, and youth assumes the confidence and self-government of age; domestic duties are held to be slavish, and domestic enjoyments insipid.

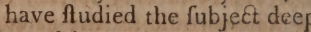
There is an appearance of brilliancy in the pleasures of high life and fashion, which naturally dazzles and seduces the young and inexperienced. But let them not believe that the scale of fortune is the standard of happiness, or the whirl of pleasure, which their patronesses describe, productive of the satisfaction which they affect to enjoy in it. Could they trace its course through a month, a week, or a day, of that life which they enjoy, they would find it commonly expire in languor, or end in disappointment. They would see the daughters of fashion in a state the most painful of any, obliged to cover hatred with the smile of friendship, and anguish with the appearance of gaiety; they would see the mistress of the feast, or the directress of the route, at the table, or in the drawing-room, in the very scene of her pride, torn with those jarring passions which——but I will not talk like a moralist ——which make duchesses mean, and the finest women in the world ugly. I do them no injustice; for I state this at the time of *possession*; its value in *reflection* I forbear to estimate.

If I dared to contrast this with a picture of domestic pleasure; were I to exhibit a family virtuous and happy, where affection takes place of duty, and obedience is enjoyed, not exacted; where the happiness of every individual is reflected upon the society, and a certain tender solicitude about each other, gives a more delicate sense of pleasure than

any

any enjoyment merely selfish can produce; could I paint them in their little circles of business or of amusement, of sentiment or of gaiety, I am persuaded the scene would be too venerable for the most irreverent to deride, and its happiness too apparent for the most dissipated to deny. Yet to be the child or mother of such a family, is often foregone for the miserable vanity of aping some woman, weak as she is worthless, despised in the midst of flattery, and wretched in the very centre of dissipation.

I have limited this remonstrance to motives merely *temporal*, because I am informed, some of our high-bred females deny the reality of any other. This refinement of infidelity is one of those new acquirements, which, till of late, were altogether unknown to the ladies of this country, and which I hope very few of them are yet possessed of. I mean not to dispute the solidity of their system, as I am persuaded they have studied the subject deeply, and under very able and learned masters. I would only take the liberty of hinting the purpose for which, I have been told by some fashionable men, such doctrines have frequently been taught. It seems, it is understood by the younger class of our philosophers, that a woman never thinks herself quite *alone*, till she has put *God* out of the way, as well as her *husband*.



No. 31. TUESDAY, *May* 11, 1779.

Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum. VIRG.

THERE is hardly any species of writing more difficult than that of drawing characters; and hence it is that so few authors have excelled in it. Among

Among those writers who have confined themselves merely to this sort of composition, *Theophrastus* holds the first place among the ancients, and *La Bruyere* among the moderns. But, beside those who have professedly confined themselves to the delineation of character, every historian who relates events, and who describes the disposition and qualities of the persons engaged in them, is to be considered as a writer of characters.

There are two methods by which a character may be delineated; and different authors have, more or less, adopted the one or the other. A character may either be given by describing the internal feelings of the mind, and by relating the qualities with which the person is endowed; or, without mentioning in general the internal qualities which he possesses, an account may be given of his external conduct, of his behaviour on this or that occasion, and how he was affected by this or that event.

An author who draws characters in the first manner, employs those words that denote the general qualities of the mind; and by means of these he gives a description and view of the character. He passes over the particular circumstances of behaviour and conduct which lead to the general conclusion with regard to the character, and gives the conclusion itself.

But an author who draws characters in the other manner above alluded to, instead of giving the general conclusion deduced from the observation of particular circumstances of conduct, gives a view of the particulars themselves, and of the external conduct of the person whose character he wishes to represent, leaving his readers to form their own conclusion from that view which he has given. Of the two authors I have mentioned, each excels in one of those opposite manners. In every instance

I can

I can recollect, excepting the extravagant picture of *the abſent man*, *La Bruyere* lays before his readers the internal feelings of the character he wiſhes to repreſent; while *Theophraſtus* gives the action which the internal feelings produce.

Of theſe different modes of delineating characters, each has its peculiar advantages. The beſt method of giving a full and comprehenſive view of the different parts of a character, may be by a general enumeration of the qualities of mind with which the perſon is endowed. At the ſame time, however, it is, perhaps impoſſible to mark the nice and delicate ſhades of character, without bringing the image more fully before the eye, and placing the perſon in that ſituation which calls him forth into action.

In theſe two different manners, there are faults into which authors, following the one or the other, are apt to fall, and which they ſhould ſtudiouſly endeavour to avoid. An author who gives the internal qualities of the character, ſhould guard againſt being too general; he who gives views of the conduct, and repreſents the actions themſelves, ſhould avoid being too particular. When the internal qualities of the mind are deſcribed, they may be expreſſed in ſuch vague and general terms, as to lay before the reader no marked diſtinguiſhing feature; when, again, in the views which are given of the conduct, the detail is too particular, the author is apt to tire by becoming tedious, or to diſguſt by being trifling or familiar, or by approaching to vulgarity. Some of our moſt celebrated hiſtorians have committed errors of the firſt ſort; when, at the end of a reign, or at the exit of a hero, they draw the character of a King, or great man, and tell their readers, that the perſon they are taking leave of, was *brave*, *generous*, *juſt*, *humane*; or the tyrant

rant they have been declaiming againſt, was *cruel*, *haughty*, *jealous*, *deceitful*; theſe general qualities are ſo little diſtinguiſhing, that they may be applied, almoſt, to any very good, or very bad man, in the hiſtory. When, on the other hand, an author, in order to give a particular view of the perſon of whom he writes, tells his readers, what ſuch perſon did before, and what after dinner; what before, and what after he ſlept; if his vivacity prevent him from appearing tedious, he will at leaſt be in danger of diſpleaſing by the appearance of vulgarity or affectation.

It may be proper here to obſerve, that, in making a right choice of the different manners in which a character may be drawn, much depends upon the ſubject, or deſign of the author; one method may be more ſuited to one kind of compoſition than to another. Thus the author who confines himſelf merely to drawing characters, the hiſtorian who draws a character ariſing only from, or illuſtrating the events he records, or the noveliſt who delineates characters by feigned circumſtances and ſituations, have each their ſeveral objects, and different manners may be properly adopted by each of them. Writers, ſuch as *Theophraſtus* and *La Bruyere*, take for their object a character governed by ſome one paſſion, abſorbing all others, and influencing the man in every thing; *the miſer*, *the epicure*, *the drunkard*, *&c.* The buſineſs of the hiſtorian is more difficult and more extenſive; he takes the complicated characters in real life; he muſt give a view of every diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the perſonage, the good and the bad, the fierce and the gentle, all the ſtrange diverſities which life preſents.

Novel-writers ought, like the profeſſed writers of character, to have it generally in view to illuſtrate ſome one diſtinguiſhing feature or paſſion of the mind;

mind; but then they have it in their power by the aſſiſtance of ſtory, and by inventing circumſtances and ſituation, to exhibit its leading features in every poſſible point of view. The great error, indeed, into which novel writers commonly fall, is, that they attend more to the ſtory and to the circumſtances they relate, than to giving new and juſt views of the character of the perſon they preſent. Their general method is to affix names to certain perſonages, whom they introduce to their readers, whom they lead through dangers and diſtreſſes, or exhibit in circumſtances of ridicule, without having it in view to illuſtrate any one predominant or leading principle of the human heart; without making their readers one bit better acquainted with the characteriſtic features of thoſe perſons at the end of the ſtory than at the beginning. Hence there are ſo few novels which give laſting pleaſure, or can bear to be peruſed oftener than once. From the ſurpriſe occaſioned by the novelty or nature of the events, they may carry their readers once through them; but, as they do not illuſtrate any of the principles of the mind, or give any intereſting views of character, they raiſe no deſire for a ſecond peruſal, and ever after lie neglected on the ſhelf.

How very different from theſe are the novels, which, in place of relying upon the mere force of incident, bring the characters of their perſonages fully before us, paint all their ſhades and attitudes, and by making us, as it were, intimately acquainted with them, deeply engage our hearts in every circumſtance which can affect them? This happy talent of delineating all the delicate features and nice tints of human character, never fails to delight, and will often atone for many defects. It is this which renders *Richardſon* ſo intereſting, in ſpite of his immeaſurable tedioufneſs; it is this which will render

er *Fielding* ever delightful, notwithstanding the indelicate coarseness with which he too often offends us.

No. 32. Saturday, *May* 15, 1779.

HAPPINESS has been compared, by one of my predecessors, to a *Game*; and he has prescribed certain rules to be followed by the players. These, indeed, are more necessary than one might suppose at first sight; this game, like most others, being as often lost by *bad play* as by *ill luck*. The circumstances I am placed in, some of which I communicated to my readers in my introductory paper, make me often a sort of looker-on at this game; and, like all lookers-on, I think I discover blunders in the play of my neighbours, who frequently lose the advantages their fortune lays open to them.

To chace the allusion a little farther, it is seldom that opportunities occur of *brilliant strokes* or *deep calculation*. With most of us, the ordinary little stake is all that is played for, and he who goes on observing the common rules of the game, and keeping his temper in the reverses of it, will find himself a gainer at last. In plainer language, *happiness*, with the bluk of men, may be said to consist in the power of enjoying the ordinary pleasures of life, and in not being too easily hurt by the little disquietudes of it. There is a certain fineness of soul, and delicacy of sentiment, with which few situations accord, to which many seeming harmless ones give the greatest uneasiness. The art "*desippere in loco*" (by which I understand being able not only to trifle, upon occasion, ourselves, but also

to bear the foolery of others) is a qualification extremely useful for smoothing a man's way through the world.

I have been led into this train of thinking, by some circumstances in a visit I had lately the pleasure of receiving from my friend Mr. *Umphraville*, with whom I made my readers acquainted in some former numbers. A particular piece of business occurred which made it expedient for him to come to town; and though he was, at first, extremely averse from the journey, having never liked great towns, and now relishing them less than ever, yet the remonstrances of his man of business, aided by very urgent requests from me, at length overcame him. He set out, therefore, attended by his old family-servant, *John*, whom I had not failed to remember in my invitation to his master.

At the first stage on the road, *John* told me, his master looked sad, eat little, and spoke less. Though the landlord ushered in dinner in person, and gave his guest a very minute description of his manner of *feeding his mutton*, Mr. *Umphraville* remained a hearer only, and shewed no inclination to have him sit down and partake of his own dishes; and, though he desired him, indeed, to taste the wine, of which he brought in a bottle after dinner, he told him, at the same time, to let the ostler know he should want his horses as soon as possible. The landlord left the room, and told *John*, who was eating his dinner somewhat more deliberately, in the kitchen, that his master seemed a melancholy kind of a gentleman, not half so good-humoured as his neighbour Mr. *Jolly*.

John, who is interested both in the happiness and honour of his master, endeavoured to mend matters in the evening, by introducing the *hostess* very particularly to Mr. *Umphraville*; and indeed, venturing

turing to invite her to ſup with him. *Umphraville* was too ſhy, or too civil, to decline the lady's company, and *John* valued himſelf on having procured him ſo agreeable a companion.—His maſter complained to me, ſince he came to town, of the oppreſſion of this landlady's company; and declared his reſolution of not ſtopping at the *George* on his way home.

The morning after his arrival at my houſe while we were ſitting together, talking of old ſtories, and old friends, with all the finer feelings afloat about us, *John* entered, with a look of much ſatisfaction, announcing the name of Mr. *Bearſkin*. This gentleman is a firſt couſin of *Umphraville*, who reſides in town, and whom he had not ſeen theſe ſix years. He was bred a *mercer*, but afterwards extended his dealings with his capital, and has been concerned in ſeveral great mercantile tranſactions. While *Umphraville*, with all his genius, and all his accompliſhments, was barely preſerving his eſtate from ruin at home, this man, by dint of induſtry and application, and partly from the want of genius and accompliſhments, has amaſſed a fortune greater than the richeſt of his couſin's anceſtors was ever poſſeſſed of. He holds *Umphraville* in ſome reſpect, however, as the repreſentative of his mother's family, from which he derives all his gentility, his father having ſprung nobody knows whence, and lived nobody knows how, till he appeared behind the counter of a woolen-draper, to whoſe ſhop and buſineſs he ſucceeded.

My friend, though he could have excuſed his viſit at this time, received him with politeneſs. He introduced him to me as his near relation; on which the other, who mixes the ſlippant civility of his former profeſſion with ſomewhat of the monied confidence of his preſent one, made me a handſome compliment,

compliment, and congratulated Mr. *Umphraville* on the poſſeſſion of ſuch a friend. He concluded, however, with a diſtant inſinuation of *his* houſe's being a more natural home for his *couſin* when in town, than that of any other perſon. This led to a deſcription of that houſe, its rooms and its furniture, in which he made no inconſiderable eulogium on his own taſte, the taſte of his wife, and the taſte of the times. *Umphraville* bluſhed, bit his lips, complained of the heat of the room, changed his ſeat, in ſhort ſuffered torture all the way from the *cellar* to the *garret*.

Mr. *Bearſkin* cloſed this deſcription of his houſe with an expreſſion of his and his wife's earneſt deſire to ſee their *couſin* there. *Umphraville* declared his intention of calling to enquire after Mrs. *Bearſkin* and the young folks, mentioning, at the ſame time, the ſhortneſs of his propoſed ſtay in town, and the hurry his buſineſs would neceſſarily keep him in while he remained. But this declaration by no means ſatisfied his kinſman; he inſiſted on his ſpending a day with them ſo warmly, that the other was at laſt overcome, and the third day after was fixed on for that purpoſe, which Mr. *Bearſkin* informed us would be the more agreeable to all parties, as he ſhould then have an opportunity of introducing us to his *London* correſpondent, a man of great fortune, who had juſt arrived here on a jaunt to ſee the country, and had promiſed him the favour of eating a bit of mutton with him on that day. I would have excuſed myſelf from being of the party; but not having, any more than *Umphraville*, a talent at refuſal, was, like him, overpowered by the ſolicitations of his couſin.

The hiſtory of that dinner I may poſſibly give my readers hereafter, in a ſeparate paper, a dinner, now-a-days, being a matter of conſequence, and not

to

to be managed in an *episode*. The time between was devoted by Mr. *Umphraville* to business, in which he was pleased commonly to ask my advice, and to communicate his opinions. The last I found generally unfavourable both of men and things; my friend carries the "*prisca fides*" too much about with him to be perfectly pleased in his dealings with people of business. When we returned home in the evening, he seemed to feel a relief in having got out of the reach of the world, and muttered expressions, not to mention the inflections of his countenance, which, if fairly set down on paper, would almost amount to calling his *banker* a Jew, his *lawyer* not a gentleman, and his *agent* a pettifogger. He was, however, very ready to clap up a truce with his ideas when in company with these several personages; and though he thought he saw them taking advantages, of which I am persuaded they were perfectly innocent, he was contented to turn his face another way, and pass on. A man of *Umphraville*'s disposition is willing to suffer all the penalties of silliness, but that of being thought silly.

No. 33. TUESDAY, *May* 18, 1779.

AMONG the many advantages arising from cultivated sentiment, one of the first and most truly valuable, is that delicate complacency of mind which leads us to consult the feelings of those with whom we live, by showing a disposition to gratify them as far as in our power, and by avoiding whatever has a contrary tendency.

They must, indeed, have attended little to what passes in the world, who do not know the import-

ance of this disposition; who have not observed, that the want of it often poisons the domestic happiness of families; whose felicity every other circumstance concurs to promote.

Among the letters lately received from my Correspondents, are two, which, as they afford a lively picture of the bad consequences resulting from the neglect of this complacency, I shall here lay before my readers. The first is from a lady, who writes as follows:

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MY father was a merchant of some eminence, who gave me a good education, and a fortune of several thousand pounds. With these advantages, a tolerable person, and I think not an unamiable temper, I was not long arrived at womanhood before I found myself possessed of many admirers. Among others was Mr. *Gold*, a gentleman of a very respectable character, who had some connections in trade with my father; to him, being a young man of a good figure, and of very open and obliging manners, I soon gave the preference, and we were accordingly married with the universal approbation of my friends.

We have now lived together above three years, and I have brought him two boys and a girl, all very fine children. I go little abroad, attend to nothing so much as the œconomy of our family, am as obliging as possible to all my husband's friends, and study in every particular to be a kind and dutiful wife. Mr. *Gold*'s reputation and success in business daily increases, and he is, in the main, a kind and attentive husband; yet I find him so particular in his temper, and so often out of humour about trifles, that,

that, in ſpite of all thoſe comfortable circumſtances, I am perfectly unhappy.

At one time he finds fault with the diſhes at table; at another, with the choice of my maid-ſervants; ſometimes he is diſpleaſed with the trimming of my gown, ſometimes with the ſhape of my cloak, or the figure of my head-dreſs; and, ſhould I chance to give an opinion on any ſubject which is not perfectly to his mind, he probably looks out of humour at the time, and he is ſure to chide me about it when we are by ourſelves.

It is of no conſequence whether I have been right or wrong in any of thoſe particulars. If I ſay a word in defence of my choice or opinion, it is ſure to make matters worſe, and I am only called a fool for my pains; or, if I expreſs my wonder that he ſhould give himſelf uneaſineſs about ſuch trifles, he anſwers, ſullenly, that, to be ſure, every thing is a *trifle* in which I chooſe to diſoblige him.

It was but the other day, as we were juſt going out to dine at a friend's houſe, he told me my *gown* was extremely ugly. I anſwered, his obſervation ſurprized me, for it was *garnet*, and I had taken it off on hearing him ſay he wondered I never choſe one of that colour. Upon this he got into a paſſion, ſaid it was very odd I ſhould charge my bad taſte upon him; he had never made any ſuch obſervation, for the colour was his averſion. The diſpute at laſt grew ſo warm, that I threw myſelf down on a ſettee, unable to continue it, while he flung out of the room, ordered away the coach from the door, and wrote an apology to his friend for our not waiting upon him.

We dined in our different apartments: and though, I believe, we were equally ſorry for what had paſſed, and Mr. *Gold*, when we met at ſupper, aſked my pardon for having contradicted me ſo roughly: yet we

we had not sat half an hour together, when he told me, that, after all, I was certainly mistaken, in saying he had recommended a *garnet colour*; and, when I very coolly assured him I was not, he renewed the dispute with as much keenness as ever. We parted in the same bad humour we had done before dinner, and I have hardly had a pleasant look from him since.

In a word, Mr. *Gold* will allow me to have no mind but his: and, unless I can see with his eyes, hear with his ears, and taste with his palate (none of which I can very easily bring myself to do, as you must know all of them are somewhat particular,) I see no prospect of our situation changing for the better; and what makes our present one doubly provoking is, that, but for this unfortunate weakness, Mr. *Gold*, who is, in other respects, a very worthy man, would make one of the best of husbands.

Pray tell me, Sir, what I should do in this situation, or take your own way of letting my husband see his weakness, the reformation of which would be the greatest of all earthly blessings to

Yours, &c.

SUSANNA GOLD.

I was thinking how I should answer this letter, or in what way I could be useful to my Correspondent when I received the following, the insertion of which is, I believe, the best reply I can make to it.

To

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I WAS bred a merchant; by my ſucceſs in trade I am now in affluent circumſtances, and I have reaſon to think that I am ſo with an unblemiſhed character.

Some years ago, I married the daughter of a reſpectable citizen, who brought a comfortable addition to my fortune; and, as ſhe had been virtuouſly educated, and ſeemed cheerful and good tempered, as I was myſelf naturally of a domeſtic turn, and reſolved to make a good huſband, I thought we bade fair for being happy in each other.

But, though I muſt do my ſpouſe the juſtice to ſay, that ſhe is diſcreet and prudent, attentive to the affairs of her family, a careful and fond mother to her children, and, in many reſpects, an affectionate and dutiful wife; yet one foible in her temper deſtroys the effect of all theſe good quaiities. She is ſo much attached to her own opinions in every trifle, ſo impatient of contradiction in them, and withal ſo ready to diſpute mine, that, if I diſapprove of her taſte or ſentiments, in any one particular, or ſeem diſſatisfied, when ſhe diſapproves of my taſte or ſentiments, it is the certain ſource of a quarrel; and, while we perfectly agree as to our general plan of life, and every eſſential circumſtance of our domeſtic œconomy, this ſilly fancy that I muſt eat, dreſs, think, and ſpeak, preciſely as ſhe would have me, while ſhe will not accommodate herſelf to me in the moſt trifling of theſe particulars, gives me perpetual uneaſineſs; and with almoſt every thing I could wiſh, a genteel income, a good reputation, promiſing children, and a virtuous wife, whom I ſincere-

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ly eſteem, I have the mortification to find myſelf abſolutely unhappy.

I am ſure this foible of my poor wife will appear to you Mr. MIRROR, in its proper light; your making it appear ſo to her, may be the means of alleviating our mutual diſtreſs; for, to tell you the truth, I believe ſhe is almoſt as great a ſufferer as I am. I hope you will gratify me in this deſire; by doing ſo you may be of general ſervice, and will particulary oblige

Your conſtant reader, and
Obedient humble ſervant,
NATHANIEL GOLD.

On comparing theſe two letters it is evident that, from the want of that *complacency* mentioned in the beginning of this paper, the very ſenſibility of temper, and ſtrength of affection, which, under its influence, would have made this good couple happy, has had a quite contrary effect. The ſource of the diſquiet they complain of, is nothing elſe than the want of that reſpect for the taſte, feelings, and opinions of each other, which conſtitutes the diſpoſition I have recommended above, and which, ſo far from being inconſiſtent with a reaſonable deſire of reforming each other in theſe particulars, is the moſt probable means of accompliſhing it.

Nor is the caſe of Mr. and Mrs. *Gold* ſingular in this reſpect. By much the greateſt part of domeſtic quarrels originate from the want of this pliancy of diſpoſition, which people ſeem, very abſurdly, to ſuppoſe may be diſpenſed with in trifles. I have known a man who would have parted with half

half his eſtate to ſerve a friend, to whom he would not have yielded a hair's breadth in an argument. But the leſſer virtues muſt be attended to as well as the greater; the manners as well as the duties of life. They form a ſort of *Pocket Coin*, which, though it does not enter into great and important tranſactions, is abſolutely neceſſary for common and ordinary intercourſe.

No. 34. SATURDAY, *May* 22, 1779.

IN compliance with a promiſe I made my readers at the cloſe of laſt *Saturday*'s paper (at leaſt it was that ſort of promiſe which a man keeps when the thing ſuits his inclination) I proceed to give them an account of that dinner to which my friend Mr. *Umphraville* and I were invited by his couſin Mr. *Bearſkin*.

On our way to the houſe, I perceived certain ſymptoms of diſſatisfaction, which my friend could not help bringing forth, though he durſt not impute them to the right cauſe, as I have heard of men beating their wives at home, to revenge themſelves for the croſſes they have met with abroad. He complained of the moiſtneſs of the weather, and the dirtineſs of the ſtreet; was quite fatigued with the length of the way (Mr. *Bearſkin*'s houſe being faſhionably eccentric) and almoſt curſed the taylor for the tightneſs of a ſuit of clothes, which he had beſpoke on his arrival in town, and had now put on for the firſt time. His chagrin, I believe, was increaſed by his having juſt learned from his lawyer, that the buſineſs he came to town about, could not

be finiſhed at the time he expected, but would probably laſt a week longer.

When we entered Mr. *Bearſkin's* drawing-room we found his wife ſitting with her three daughters ready to receive us. It was eaſy to ſee, by the air of the lady, that ſhe was perfectly miſtreſs of the houſe, and that her huſband was only a ſecondary perſon there. He ſeemed, however, contented with his ſituation, and an admirer of his wife; a ſort of lap-dog huſband (of whom I have ſeen many) who looks ſleek, runs about briſkly, and, though he now and then gets a kick from his miſtreſs, is as ready to play over his tricks again as ever.

Mr. *Bearſkin*, after many expreſſions of his happineſs in ſeeing his couſin in his new houſe, propoſed walking us down ſtairs again, to begin ſhowing it from the ground ſtory upwards. *Umphraville*, though I ſaw him ſweating at the idea, was ready to follow his conductor, when we were ſaved by the interpoſition of the lady, who uttered a "Pſha! Mr. *Bearſkin*," with ſo ſignificant a look, that her huſband inſtantly dropped his deſign, ſaying "to be ſure there was not much worth ſeeing, though he could have wiſhed to have ſhown his couſin his *ſtudy*, which he thought was tolerably clever." "I thought, Papa," ſaid the eldeſt of the Miſſes, "it was not quite in order yet."—"Why not altogether;" replied her father: "I have not been able to get up my *heads*, as *Pope* has loſt an ear, and *Homer* the left ſide of his beard, by the careleſſneſs of a packer; and I want about three feet and a half of folios for my loweſt ſhelf."—"I don't care if there was not a *folio* in the world," rejoined Miſs. "Child!" ſaid her mother, in a tone of rebuke—Miſs bridled up, and was ſilent;—I ſmiled;—*Umphraville* walked to the window, and wiped his forehead.

Bearſkin

Bearſkin now pulled out his watch, and telling the hour, ſaid, he wondered his friend Mr. *Blubber* was not come, as he was generally punctual to a minute. While he ſpoke, a loud rap at the door announced the expected company: and preſently Mr. *Blubber*, his wife, a ſon, and two daughters entered the room. The firſt had on an old-faſhioned *pompadour* coat, with gold buttons, and very voluminous ſleeves, his head adorned by a large *major* wig, with curls as white and as ſtiff as if they had been caſt in *plaſter of Paris*; but the females, and the heir of the family, were dreſſed in the very height of the mode. *Bearſkin* introduced the old gentleman to his couſin Mr. *Umphraville*:—"Mr. *Blubber*, Sir, a very particular friend of mine, and (turning to me with a whiſper) worth fourſcore thouſand pounds, if he's worth a farthing." *Blubber*, ſaid, he feared they had kept us waiting; but that his wife and daughters had got under the hands of the hair-dreſſer, and he verily thought would never have had done with him. The ladies were too buſy to reply to this accuſation; they had got into a committee of enquiry on Mr. *Edward Blubber's* waiſtcoat, which had been *tamboured*, it ſeems, by his ſiſters, and was univerſally declared to be *monſtrous handſome*. The young man himſelf ſeemed to be highly delighted with the reflection of it, in a mirror that ſtood oppoſite to him. "Iſn't it vaſtly pretty, Sir?" ſaid one of the young ladies to *Umphraville*. "Ma'am!" ſaid he, ſtarting from a reverie, in which I ſaw, by his countenance, he was meditating on the young gentleman and his waiſtcoat in no very favourable manner.—I read her countenance too; ſhe thought *Umphraville* juſt the fool he did her brother.

Dinner was now announced, and the company, after ſome ceremonial, got into their places at table,

in the centre of which ſtood a ſumptuous *epargne*, filled, as *Bearſkin* informed us, with the produce of his *farm*. This joke, which, I ſuppoſe, was as regular as the grace before dinner, was explained to the ignorant, to mean, that the ſweetmeats came from a plantation in one of the *Weſt-India* iſlands, in which he had a concern. The *epargne* itſelf now produced another diſſertation from the ladies, and, like the waiſtcoat, was alſo pronounced *monſtrous handſome*. *Blubber*, taking his eye half off a plate of ſalmon, to which he had juſt been helped, obſerved, that it would come to a handſome price too;—"Sixty ounces, I'll warrant it," ſaid he; "but as the *plate tax* is now repealed, it will coſt but the intereſt a-keeping."—"La Papa," ſaid Miſs *Blubber*, "you are always thinking of the money things coſt!"—"Yes," added her brother, "*Tables of intereſt* are an excellent accompaniment for a *deſſert*."—At this ſpeech all the ladies laughed very loud. *Blubber* ſaid, he was an impudent dog; but ſeemed to reliſh his ſon's wit notwithſtanding. *Umphraville* looked ſternly at him; and, had not a glance at his *waiſtcoat* ſet him down as ſomething beneath a man's anger, I don't know what conſequences might have followed. During the reſt of the entertainment, I could ſee the *fumet* of fool and coxcomb on every morſel that *Umphraville* ſwallowed, though Mrs. *Bearſkin*, next whom he ſat, was at great pains to help him to the nice bits of every thing within her reach.

When dinner was over, Mr. *Blubber* mentioned his deſign of making a tour through the *Highlands*, to viſit *Stirling*, *Taymouth*, and *Dunkeld*; and applying to our landlord for ſome deſcription of theſe places, was by him referred to Mr. *Umphraville* and me. Mr. *Umphraville* was not in a communicative mood; ſo I was obliged to aſſure Mr. *Blubber*, who talked

talked with much uncertainty and apprehenſion of theſe matters, that he would find *beds* and *bed-clothes*, *meat* for himſelf, and *corn* for his horſes, at the ſeveral places above-mentioned; that he had no *dangerous ſeas* to croſs, in getting at them; and that there were no *highwaymen* upon the road.

After this there was a conſiderable interval of ſilence, and we were in danger of getting once more upon Mr. *Edward*'s fine waiſtcoat, when Mr. *Bearſkin*, informing the company, that his couſin was a great lover of muſic, called on his daughter, Miſs *Polly*, for a *ſong*, with which, after ſome of the uſual apologies, ſhe complied; and, in compliment to Mr. *Umphraville*'s taſte, who ſhe was ſure muſt like *Italian* muſic, ſhe ſung, or rather *ſqualled*, a ſong of *Sacchini*'s, in which there was ſcarce one bar in tune from beginning to end. Miſs *Blubber* ſaid, in her uſual phraſeology, that it was *a monſtrous ſweet* air.—Her brother ſwore it was *divinely ſung*.—*Umphraville* gulped down a falſehood with a very bad grace, and ſaid, Miſs would be a good ſinger with a little more practice.—A compliment which was not more diſtant from truth on one ſide, than from Miſs's expectations on the other, and I could plainly perceive, did not ſet him forward in the favour of the family.

"My father is a judge of ſinging too," ſaid Mr. *Edward Blubber*; "what is your opinion of the ſong, Sir?"—"My opinion is," ſaid he, "that your *Italianos* always ſet me aſleep; Engliſh ears ſhould have Engliſh ſongs, I think."—"Then, ſuppoſe one of the ladies ſhould give us an Engliſh ſong," ſaid I. "'Tis a good motion," ſaid Mr. *Bearſkin*, "I ſecond it; Miſs *Betſy Blubber* ſings an excellent Engliſh ſong." Miſs *Betſy* denied ſtoutly that ſhe ever ſung at all; but evidence being produced againſt her, ſhe, at laſt, ſaid ſhe would try if ſhe could make out "*The Maid's*

Maid's Choice." "Ay, ay, *Betſy*," ſaid her father, "a very good ſong; I have heard it before.

"*If I could but find,*
"*I care not for fortune—Umh! a man to my mind.*"

Miſs *Betſy* began the ſong accordingly, and to make up for her want of *voice*, accompanied it with a great deal of *action*. Either from the accident of his being placed oppoſite to her, or from a ſly application to his ſtate as an *old bachelor*, ſhe choſe to perſonify the maid's choice in the figure of *Umphraville*, and pointed the deſcription of the ſong particularly at him. *Umphraville*, with all his dignity, his abilities, and his knowledge, felt himſelf uneaſy and ridiculous under this ſilly alluſion of a ballad: he bluſhed, attempted to laugh, bluſhed again, and ſtill looked with that awkward importance which only the more attracted the ridicule of the fools around him. Not long after the ladies retired; and no perſuaſion of his couſin could induce him to ſtay the evening, or even to enter the drawing-room where they were aſſembled at tea.

"Thank heaven," ſaid *Umphraville*, when the door was ſhut, and we had got fairly into the ſtreet. "Amen!" I replied, ſmiling, "for our good dinner and excellent wine!"—"How the devil, Charles," ſaid he, "do you contrive to bear all this nonſenſe with the compoſure you do?"—"Why, I have often told you, my friend, that our earth is not a planet fitted up only for the reception of wiſe men. Your *Blubbers* and *Bearſkins* are neceſſary parts of the ſyſtem; they deſerve the enjoyments they are capable of feeling: and I am not ſure if he who ſuffers from his own ſuperiority does not deſerve his ſufferings."

No.

No. 35. TUESDAY, *May* 25, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

TILL I arrived at the age of twenty, my time was divided between my books, and the society of a few friends, whom a similarity of pursuits and dispositions recommended to me. About that period, finding that the habits of reserve and retirement had acquired a power over me, which my situation, as heir to a considerable fortune, would render inconvenient, I was prevailed upon, partly by a sense of this, partly by the importunity of my relations, to make an effort for acquiring a more general acquaintance, and fashionable deportment. As I was conscious of an inclination to oblige, and a quick sense of propriety, two qualities which I esteemed the ground of good-breeding; as my wit was tolerably ready, and my figure not disadvantageous, I own to you that I entertained some hopes of success.

I was, however, unsuccessful. The novelty of the scenes in which I found myself engaged, the multiplicity of observances and attention requisite upon points which I had always regarded as below my notice, embarrassed and confounded me. The feelings to which I had trusted for my direction, served only to make me awkward, and fearful of offending. My obsequious services in the drawing-room passed unrewarded; and my observations, when I ventured to mingle, either in the chat of the women, or the politics of the men, being delivered with timidity and hesitation, were overlooked or neglected. Some of the more elderly and discreet

among the former seemed to pity me: and I could not help remarking, that they often, as if they had meant the hint for me, talked of the advantage to be derived from the perusal of Lord *Chesterfield's Letters*. To this author, then, as soon as I learned his subject, I had recourse, as to a guide that would point out my way, and support me in my journey. But, how much was I astonished, when, through a veil of wit, ridicule, elegant expression, and lively illustration, I discerned a studied system of frivolity, meanness, flattery, and dissimulation, inculcated as the surest and most eligible road to eminence and popularity?

Young as I am, Mr. MIRROR, and heedless as I may consequently be supposed, I cannot think that this work is a code proper for being held up to us as the regulator of our conduct. The talents insisted on with peculiar emphasis, the accomplishments most earnestly recommended, are such as, in our days, if they ought to be treated of at all, should be mentioned only to put us on our guard against them. If riches naturally tend to render trifles of importance; if they direct our attention too much toward exterior accomplishments; if they propagate the courtly and complying spirit too extensively at any rate, we certainly, in this country, so wealthy and luxurious, have no need of exhortations to cultivate or acquire those qualifications. The habits that may arrest for a little time the progress of this corruption, ought now to be insisted on. Independence, fortitude, stubborn integrity, and pride that disdains the shadow of servility; these are the virtues which a tutor should inculcate, these the blessings which a fond father should supplicate from heaven for his offspring.

It is, throughout, the error of his Lordship's system, to consider talents and accomplishments according

ing to the uſe that may be made of them, rather than their intrinſic worth. In this catechiſm, *applauſe* is *rectitude*, and *ſucceſs* is *morality*. That, in our days, a perſon may riſe to eminence by trivial accompliſhments, and become popular by flattery and diſſimulation, may, perhaps, be true. But from this it ſurely does not follow, that theſe are the means which an honourable character ſhould employ. There is a dignity in the mind which cultivates thoſe arts alone that are valuable, which courts thoſe characters alone that are worthy, which diſdains to conceal its own ſentiments, or miniſter to the foibles of others; there is, I ſay, a conſcious dignity and ſatisfaction in theſe feelings, which neither applauſe, nor power, nor popularity, without them, can ever beſtow.

Many of his Lordſhip's diſtinctions are too nice for my faculties. I cannot, for my part, diſcern the difference between feigned confidence and inſincerity; between the conduct that conveys the approbation of a ſentiment, or the flattery of a foible, and the words that declare it. I ſhould think the man whoſe countenance was open, and his thoughts concealed, a hypocrite; I ſhould term him who could treat his friends as if they were at the ſame time to be his enemies, a monſter of ingratitude and duplicity. It is dangerous to trifle thus upon the *borders of virtue*. By teaching us that it may inſenſibly be blended with vice, that their reſpective limits are not in every caſe, evident and certain, our veneration for it is diminiſhed. Its chief ſafeguard is a jealous ſenſibility, that ſtartles at the colour or ſhadow of deceit. When this barrier has been inſulted, can any other be oppoſed at which conſcience will ariſe and proclaim, Thus far, and no farther, ſhalt thou advance?

The love of general applauſe, recommended by his Lordſhip, as the great principle of conduct, is a folly

folly and a weakneſs. He that directs himſelf by this compaſs cannot hope to ſteer through life with ſteadineſs and conſiſtency. He muſt ſurrender his own character, and aſſume the hue of every company he enters. To court the approbation of any one, is, in a tacit manner, to do homage to his judgment or his feelings. He that extends his courtſhip of it beyond the praiſe-worthy, violates the excluſive privilege of virtue, and muſt ſeek it by unworthy arts.

On the other hand, though I am by no means a friend to raſh and unguarded cenſure, yet I cannot help conſidering the conduct of him who will cenſure nothing, who will ſpeak his ſentiments of no character with freedom, who palliates every error, and apologizes for every failing, as more nearly allied to meanneſs, timidity, and a time-ſerving temper, than it is connected with candour, or favourable to the cauſe of virtue.

Nor can I perſuade myſelf that his Lordſhip's ſyſtem will be attended with general ſucceſs. The real character is the only one that can be maintained at all times, and in all diſpoſitions. Profeſſions of friendſhip and regard will lead to expectations of ſervice that cannot be anſwered. The ſentiments delivered in one company, the manners aſſumed upon one occaſion, will be remembered, and contraſted with thoſe that are preſented on another. Suſpicion, once awakened, will penetrate the darkeſt cloud which art can throw around a perſon in the common intercourſe of life.

Let us conſider, too, were this ſyſtem generally adopted, what a dull inſipid ſcene muſt ſociety become! No diſtinction, no natural expreſſion of character; no confidence of profeſſions of any kind; no aſſurance of ſincerity; no ſecret ſympathy, nor delightful correſpondence of feeling. All the fal-

lies

lies of wit, all the graces of polite manners, would but ill supply the want of these pleasures, the purest and most elegant which human life affords.

EUGENIUS.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you treat much of politeness, I wish you would take notice of a particular sort of incivility from which one suffers, without being thought entitled to complain. I mean that of never contradicting one at all.

I have lately come from my father's in the country, where I was reckoned a girl of tolerable parts, to reside for some time at my aunt's in town. Here is a visitor, Mr. *Dapperwit*, a good-looking young man with white teeth, a fine complexion, his cheeks dimpled, and rather a little full and large at bottom; in short, the civilest, most complying sort of face you can imagine. As I have often taken notice of his behaviour, I was resolved to minute down his discourse the other evening at tea. The conversation began about the *weather*, my aunt observing, that the seasons were wonderfully altered in her memory. "Certainly, my lady," said Mr. *Dapperwit*, "amazingly altered indeed." "Now I have heard my father say (said I,) that is a vulgar error; for that it appears from registers kept for the purpose, that the state of the weather, though it may be different in certain seasons, months, or weeks, preserves a wonderful equilibrium in general." "Why, to be sure, Miss, I believe, in general, as you say; but, talking of the weather, I hope your ladyship caught no cold at the play t'other night; we were so

ſo awkwardly ſituated in getting out." "Not in the leaſt, Sir; I was greatly obliged to your ſervices there." "You were well entertained, I hope, my lady?" "Very well, indeed; I laughed exceedingly; there is a great deal of wit in *Shakeſpeare*'s comedies; 'tis pity there is ſo much of *low life* in them." "Your ladyſhip's criticiſm is extremely juſt; every body muſt be ſtruck with it."—"Why now I think (ſaid I again) that what you call *low life*, is *nature*, which I would not loſe for all the reſt of the play."—"Oh! doubtleſs, Miſs; for *nature Shakeſpeare* is inimitable; every body muſt allow that."—"What do you think, Sir (ſaid my couſin Betſy, who is a piece of a poeteſs herſelf) of that *monody* you were ſo kind as to ſend us yeſterday?" "I never deliver my opinion, Ma'am, before ſo able a judge, till I am firſt informed of hers."—"I think it the moſt beautiful poem, Sir, I have read of a great while."—"Your opinion, Ma'am, flatters me extremely, as it agrees exactly mith my own; they are, I think, inconteſtably the ſweeteſt lines"—"Sweet they may be (here I broke in:) I allow them merit in the *verſification*; but that is only one, and with me, by no means the chief requiſite in a poem; they want *force* altogether." "Nay, as to the matter of *force*, indeed, it muſt be owned—" "Yes, Sir, and *unity*, and *propriety*, and a thouſand other things; but, if my couſin will be kind enough to fetch the poem from her dreſſing-room, we will be judged by you, Mr. *Dapperwit*."—"Pardon me, ladies, you would not have me be ſo rude.

"*Who ſhall decide when Doctors diſagree?*"

And, with that, he made one of the fineſt *bows* in the world.

If all this, Sir, proceed from fillineſs, we muſt pity the man, and there's an end on't; if it ariſe from

from an idea of fillineſs in us, let ſuch gentlemen as Mr. *Dapperwit* know, that they are very much miſtaken. But if it be the effect of pure civility, pray inform them, Mr. MIRROR, that it is the moſt provoking piece of rudeneſs they can poſſibly commit. Your's, &c.

BRIDGET NETTLEWIT.

No. 36. SATURDAY, *May* 29, 1779.

Some mute inglorious Milton *here may reſt.*

GRAY.

NOTHING has a greater tendency to elevate and affect the heart than the reflection upon thoſe perſonages who have performed a diſtinguiſhed part on the theatre of life, whoſe actions were attended with important conſequences to the world around them, or whoſe writings have animated or inſtructed mankind. The thought that they are now no more, that their aſhes are mingled with thoſe of the meaneſt and moſt worthleſs, affords a ſubject of contemplation, which, however melancholy, the mind, in a moment of penſiveneſs, may feel a ſecret ſort of delight to indulge. "Tell her," ſays *Hamlet*, "that ſhe may paint an inch thick; yet to this ſhe muſt come at laſt."

When *Xerxes*, at the head of his numerous army, ſaw all his troops ranged in order before him, he burſt into tears at the thought, that, in a ſhort time, they would be ſweeped from the face of the earth, and be removed to give place to thoſe who would fill other armies, and rank under other generals.

Something

Something of what *Xerxes* felt, from the consideration that those who then were, should cease to be, it is equally natural to feel from the reflection, that all who have formerly lived have ceased to live, and that nothing more remains than the memory of a very few who have left some memorial which keeps alive their names, and the fame with which those names are accompanied.

But serious as this reflection may be, it is not so deep as the thought, that even of those persons who were possessed of talents for distinguishing themselves in the world, for having their memories handed down from age to age, much the greater part it is likely, from hard necessity, or by some of the various fatal accidents of life, have been excluded from the possibility of exerting themselves, or of being useful either to those who lived in the same age, or to posterity. Poverty in many, and "disastrous chance" in others, have "chill'd the genial current of the soul," and numbers have been cut off by premature death in the midst of project and ambition. How many have there been in the ages that are past, how many may exist at this very moment, who, with all the talents fitted to shine in the world, to guide or to instruct it, may by some secret misfortune, have had their minds depressed, or the fire of their genius extinguished!

I have been led into these reflections from the perusal of a small volume of poems which happens now to lie before me, which, though possessed of very considerable merit, and composed in this country, are, I believe, very little known. In a well written preface the reader is told, That most of them are the production of *Michael Bruce*: That this *Michael Bruce* was born in a remote village in *Kinross-shire*, and descended from parents remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives:

lives: That in the twenty-first year of his age, he was seized with a consumption, which put an end to his life.

Nothing, methinks, has more the power of awakening benevolence, than the consideration of genius thus depressed by situation, suffered to pine in obscurity, and sometimes as in the case of this unfortunate young man, to perish, it may be, for want of those comforts and conveniences which might have fostered a delicacy of frame or of mind, ill calculated to bear the hardships which poverty lays on both. For my own part, I never pass the place (a little hamlet skirted with a circle of old ash trees, about three miles on this side of *Kinross*) where *Michael Bruce* resided: I never look on his dwelling—a small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a *sashed window* at the end, instead of a *lattice*, fringed with a *honeysuckle* plant, which the poor youth had trained around it: I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily; and looking on the window, which the honey-suckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy. I cannot carry my readers thither; but, that they may share some of my feelings, I will present them with an extract from the last poem in the little volume before me, which, from its subject, and the manner in which it is written, cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it.

A young man of genius, in a deep consumption, at the age of twenty-one, feeling himself every moment going faster to decline, is an object sufficiently interesting; but how much must every feeling on

the occaſion be heightened, when we know that this perſon poſſeſſed ſo much dignity and compoſure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the ſubject!

In the *French* language there is a much admired poem of the *Abbé de Chaulieu*, written in expectation of his own death, to the *Marquis de la Farre*, lamenting his approaching ſeparation from his friend. *Michael Bruce*, who, it is probable, never heard of the *Abbé de Chaulieu*, has alſo written a poem on his own approaching death; with the latter part of which I ſhall conclude this paper.

Now ſpring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breaſt life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and ſhiv'ring in the unconſtant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghoſt of what I was,
Beneath ſome blaſted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the ſilent moments as they paſs:

The winged moments, whoſe unſtaying ſpeed
No art can ſtop, or in their courſe arreſt;
Whoſe flight ſhall ſhortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that reſt.

Oft morning dreams preſage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghoſts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpleſs wail, the ſhriek of woe;
I ſee the muddy wave, the dreary ſhore,
The ſluggiſh ſtreams that ſlowly creep below,
Which mortals viſit, and return no more.

Farewel, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where

Where melancholy with ſtill ſilence reigns,
And the rank graſs waves o'er the cheerleſs ground.

There let me wander at the cloſe of eve,
When ſleep ſits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its buſy follies leave,
And talk with wiſdom where my DAPHNIS lies.

There let me ſleep, forgotten in the clay,
When Death ſhall ſhut theſe weary aching eyes,
Reſt in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the laſt morn ariſe.

No. 37. TUESDAY, *June* 1, 1779.

——Credula vitam
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore ſemper ait.
TIBUL.

THE following eſſay I received ſome time ago from a Correſpondent, to whom, if I may judge from the hand-writing, I was once before indebted for an ingenious communication.

THE experience which every day affords, of the mortifying difference between thoſe ideal pleaſures which we conceive to flow from the poſſeſſion of certain objects of our wiſhes, and the feelings conſequent upon their actual attainment, has furniſhed to moſt moraliſts a text for declaiming on the vanity of human purſuits, the folly of covetouſneſs, the madneſs of ambition, and the only true wiſdom of being humbly ſatisfied with the lot and ſtation which Providence has aſſigned us.

It will not appear extraordinary, that thoſe moraliſts have hitherto laboured in vain, when it is conſidered that their doctrine, taken in the latitude in which they uſually preach it, would cut off the greateſt ſource of our happineſs, overthrow every ſocial eſtabliſhment, and is nothing leſs than an attempt to alter the nature of man. It may be a truth, that the balance of happineſs and miſery is much the ſame in moſt conditions of life, and conſequently that no change of circumſtances will either greatly enlarge the one, or diminiſh the other. But, while we know that, to attain an object of our wiſhes, or to change our condition, is not to increaſe our happineſs, we feel, at the ſame time, that the purſuit of this object, and the expectation of this change, can increaſe it in a very ſenſible degree. It is by hope that we truly exiſt; our only enjoyment is the expectation of ſomething which we do not poſſeſs: The recollection of the *paſt* ſerves us but to direct and regulate thoſe expectations; the *preſent* is employed in contemplating them: It is therefore only the *future* which we may be properly ſaid to enjoy.

A philoſopher who reaſons in this manner, has a much more powerful incentive to cheerfulneſs and contentment of mind, than what is furniſhed by that doctrine which inculcates a perpetual warfare with ourſelves, and a reſtraint upon the ſtrongeſt feelings of our nature. For, while he feels that the poſſeſſion of the object of his moſt earneſt deſires has given him far leſs pleaſure than was promiſed by a diſtant view of it, he is conſoled by reflecting that the expectation of this object, has, perhaps, brightened many years of his life, enabled him to toil for its attainment with vigour and alacrity, to diſcharge, with honour, his part in ſociety; in ſhort, has given him in reality as ſubſtantial happineſs as human nature is capable of enjoying.

Though

Though several years younger than *Euphanor*, I have been long acquainted with him. He is now in his fifty-second year; an age, when, with most men, the romantic spirit and enthusiasm of youth have long given place to the cool and steady maxims of business and the world. It is, however, a peculiarity of my friend's disposition, that the same sanguine temperament of mind which, from infancy, has attended him through life, still continues to actuate him as strongly as ever. As he discovered, very early, a fondness for classical learning, his father, at his own desire, advanced his patrimony for his education at the university. At the age of twenty he was left without a shilling, to make the best of his talents in any way he thought proper. Certain concurring circumstances, rather than choice, placed him as an under-clerk in a counting-house. His favourite studies were here totally useless; but while he gave to business the most scrupulous attention, they still, at the intervals of relaxation, furnished his chief amusement. It would be equally tedious and foreign to my purpose to mark minutely the steps by which *Euphanor*, in the course of thirty years application to business, rose to be master of the moderate fortune of fifteen thousand pounds. My friend always considered money not in the common light, as merely the *end* of labour, but as the *means* of purchasing certain enjoyments which his fancy had pictured as constituting the supreme happiness of life.

In the beginning of last spring I received from *Euphanor* the following letter:

"My dear SIR,

"YOU, who are familiar with my disposition, will not be surprized at a piece of information,

which, I doubt not, will occaſion ſome wonder in the general circle of my acquaintance. I have now fairly begun to execute that reſolution, of which you have long heard me talk, of entirely withdrawing myſelf from buſineſs. You know with what ardour I have longed for that period, when fortune ſhould bleſs me with a competence juſt ſufficient to proſecute my favourite ſcheme of retiring to the country. It was that darling proſpect which made the toils of buſineſs (for which, God knows, I never was intended by nature) light, and even pleaſant to me. I have acquired, by honeſt induſtry, a fortune equal to my wiſhes. Theſe were always moderate; for my aim was not wealth, but happineſs. Of that, indeed, I have been truly covetous; for I muſt confeſs, that, for theſe thirty years paſt, I have never laid my head to my pillow, without that ardent wiſh which my favourite Horace ſo beautifully expreſſes:

O rus! quando ego te aſpiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno et inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!

Or the ſame ſentiment in the words of the penſive moral Cowley:

"Oh fountains! when in you ſhall I
Myſelf eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts eſpy?
Oh fields! oh woods! when, when ſhall I be made
The happy tenant of your ſhade?"

That bliſsful period, my dear friend, is at length arrived. I yeſterday made a formal reſignation of all concern in the houſe in favour of my nephew, a deſerving young man, who, I doubt not, will have the entire benefit of thoſe numerous connections with perſons in trade, whoſe good opinion his uncle never, to his knowledge, forfeited.

"I have

"I have made a purchaſe of a ſmall eſtate in ——— ſhire, of about 200 acres. The ſituation is delightfully romantic;"

"*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata,*
——— hic nemus ———"

"My houſe is ſmall, but wonderfully commodious. It is emboſomed in a tall grove of oak and elm, which opens only to the ſouth. A green hill riſes behind the houſe, partly covered with furze, and ſeamed with a winding ſheep-path. On one ſide is an irregular garden, or rather border of ſhrubbery, adorning the ſloping bank of a rivulet but intermixed, without the ſmalleſt injury to its beauty, with all the variety of herbs for the kitchen. On the other ſide, a little more remote, but ſtill in the ſight of the houſe, is an orchard filled with excellent fruit-trees. The brook which runs through my garden retires into a hollow dell, ſhaded with birch and hazle copſe, and, after a winding courſe of half a mile, joins a large river. Theſe are the outlines of my little paradiſe. And now, my dear friend, what have I more to wiſh, but that you, and a very few others, whoſe ſouls are congenial to my own, ſhould witneſs my happineſs? In two days hence I bid adieu to the town, a long, a laſt adieu!

Farewel, thou buſy world! and may
We never meet again!———

"The remainder of my life I dedicate to thoſe purſuits in which the beſt and wiſeſt of men did not bluſh to employ themſelves; the delightful occupations of a country life, which *Cicero* well ſaid, and after him *Columella*, are next in kindred to true philoſophy. What charming ſchemes have I already formed; what luxurious plans of ſweet and rational entertainment! But theſe, my friend, you muſt approve and participate. I ſhall look for you about the

the beginning of May; when, if you can spare me a couple of months, I can venture to promise that time will not linger with us. I am, with much regard, yours," &c.

As I am, myself, very fond of the country, it was with considerable regret that I found it not in my power to accept of my friend's invitation, an unexpected piece of business having detained me in town during the greatest part of the summer. I heard nothing of *Euphanor* till about nine months after, when he again wrote me as follows:

"My dear Sir,

"It was a sensible mortification to me not to have the pleasure of seeing you last summer in ——— shire, when I should have been much the better for your advice in a disagreeable affair, which, I am afraid, will occasion my paying a visit to town much sooner than I expected. I have always had a horror at going to law, but now I find myself unavoidably compelled to it. Sir *Ralph Surly*, whose estate adjoins to my little property, has for the purpose of supplying a new barley-mill, turned aside the course of a small stream which ran through my garden and inclosures, and which formed, indeed, their greatest ornaments. In place of a beautiful winding rivulet, with a variety of fine natural falls, there is now nothing but a dry ditch or rather crooked gulph which is hedious to look at. The malice of this procedure is sufficiently conspicuous, when I tell you, that there is another, and a larger stream, in the same grounds, which I have offered to be at the sole expense of conducting to his mill. I think the law must do me justice. At any rate, it is impossible tamely to bear such an injury. I shall probably see you in a few days. To say the truth,

truth, my dear friend, even before this laſt mortification, I had begun to find, that the expectations I had formed of the pleaſures of a country-life were by far too ſanguine. I muſt confeſs, that, notwithſtanding the high reliſh I have for the beauties of nature, I have often felt, amidſt the moſt romantic ſcenes, that langour of ſpirit which nothing but ſociety can diſſipate. Even when occupied with my favourite ſtudies, I have ſometimes thought, with the *bard of Mantua*, that the eaſe and retirement which I courted were rather ignoble. I have ſuffered an additional diſappointment in the ideas I had formed of the characters of the country-people. It is but a treacherous picture, my friend, which the poets give us of their innocence and honeſt ſimplicity. I have met with ſome inſtances of inſincerity, chicane, and even downright knavery, in my ſhort acquaintance with them, that have quite ſhocked and mortified me.

"Whether I ſhall ever again enter into the buſy world (a ſmall concern in the houſe, without allowing my name to appear, would perhaps be ſome amuſement,) I have not yet determined. Of this, and other matters, we ſhall talk fully at meeting. Meantime believe me, dear Sir, yours,

"EUPHANOR."

Euphanor has been, for this month paſt, in town. I expected to have found him peeviſh, chagrined and out of humour with the world. But in this I was diſappointed. I have never ſeen my friend in better health, or higher ſpirits. I have been with him at ſeveral convivial meetings with our old acquaintances, who felt equal ſatisfaction with himſelf at what they term his *recovery*. He has actually reſumed a ſmall ſhare in trade, and purpoſes, for the future, to devote one half of the year to buſineſs. His counſel

have

have given him assurance of gaining his law-suit: He expects, in a few months, to return in triumph to ———shire, and has invited all his friends to be present at a *Fête Champêtre* he intends to celebrate, on the restoration of his beloved rivulet to its wonted channel.

The life of *Euphanor* must be a series of disappointments; but, on the whole, I must consider him as a HAPPY MAN.

No. 38. SATURDAY, *June 5*, 1779.

THE following letter I received only yesterday; but, as I am particularly interested in every project of ingenious men, I postponed another Essay which was ready for publication, and put my printer to considerable inconvenience to get it ready for this day's paper. I was the more solicitous, likewise, to give it a place as soon after my 35th Number as possible, in order to shew my impartiality. This paper (as the London *Gazetteer* says) *is open to all parties*; with this proviso, however, which is exactly the reverse of the terms of admission into the *Gazetteer*, that my Correspondents do *not* write politics.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN a late paper you shewed the necessity of accommodating ourselves to the temper of persons with whom we are particularly connected, by sometimes submitting our own taste, inclination, and opinions, to the taste, inclination and opinions

ions of thoſe perſons. I apprehend, Sir, you might have carried your idea a good deal farther, and have preſcribed to us the ſame receipt for happineſs in our intercourſe not only with our wives and children, but with our companions, our acquaintance, in ſhort, with all mankind.

But, as the diſpoſition to this is not always born with one, and as to form a temper is not ſo eaſy as to regulate a behaviour, it is the buſineſs of maſters in the art of *politeneſs*, to teach people, at leaſt the better ſort of them, to counterfeit as much of this complacency in their deportment as poſſible. In this, indeed, they begin at quite the different end of the matter from you, Sir; complacency to huſbands, wives, children, and relations, they leave people to teach themſelves; but the art of pleaſing every body elſe, as it is a thing of much greater importance, they take proportionably greater pains to inſtil into their diſciples.

I have, for ſome time paſt, been employed in reducing this art into a ſyſtem, and have ſome thoughts of opening a ſubſcription for a *courſe of lectures* on the ſubject. To qualify myſelf for the taſk, I have ſtudied, with unwearied attention, the letters of the immortal *Earl of Cheſterfield*, which I intend to uſe as my *text-book* on this occaſion, allowing only for the difference which even a few years produce in an art ſo fluctuating as this. Before I lodge my *ſubſcription-paper* with the bookſellers, I wiſh to give a ſpecimen of my abilities to the readers of the MIRROR; for which purpoſe I beg the favour of you to inſert in your next Number the following ſubſtance of a *lecture* on *Simulation*. Our noble author, indeed, extends his doctrine the length of *Diſſimulation* only, from which he diſtinguiſhes *Simulation* as ſomething not quite ſo fair and honeſt. But, for my part, I have not ſufficient nicety

of

of ideas to make the diſtinction, and would humbly recommend to every perſon who wiſhes to be thoroughly well bred, not to confuſe his head with it. Taking, therefore, the ſhorter word as the more gentlemanlike, I proceed to my ſubject of

"SIMULATION.

"SIMULATION is the great baſis of the art which I have the honour to teach. I ſhall humbly endeavour to treat this branch of my ſubject, though much leſs ably, yet more ſcientificially than my great maſter, by reducing it into a form like that adopted by the profeſſors of the other ſciences, and even borrowing from them ſome of the *terms* by which I mean to illuſtrate it.

"This *rule of falſe* (to adopt an algebraical term) I ſhall divide into two parts; that which regards the external figure of the man or woman; and that which is neceſſary in the accompliſhment of the mind, and its ſeeming developement to others.

"*Faſhion* may be termed the regulator of the firſt, *decorum* of the latter. But I muſt take this opportunity of informing my audience, that the ſignification of words, when applied to perſons of condition, is often quite different from that which they are underſtood to bear in the ordinary ſtandard of language. With ſuch perſons (if I may be allowed ſo bold an expreſſion) it may often be the *faſhion* to be *unfaſhionable*, and *decorum* to act againſt all propriety; *good breeding* may conſiſt in *rudeneſs*, and *politeneſs* in being very *impertinent*. This will hold in the *paſſive*, as well as in the *active* of our art; people of faſhion will be pleaſed with ſuch treatment from people of faſhion, the natural feelings in this, as in the other fine arts, giving way, amongſt connoiſſeurs, to knowledge and taſte.

"Having

"Having made this preliminary observation, I return to my subject of *simulation*.

"It will be found, that *appearing what one is not*, is, in both divisions of my subject, the criterion of politeness. The man who is rich enough to afford fine clothes, is, by this *rule of false*, intitled to wear very shabby ones; while he who has a narrow fortune is to be dressed in the *inverse ratio* to his finances. One *corollary* from this proposition is obvious: He who takes off his suit on *credit*, and has neither inclination nor ability to pay for it, is to be dressed the most expensively of the three. The same rule holds in houses, dinners, servants, horses, equipages, &c. and is to be followed, as far as the law will allow, even the length of bankruptcy, or, perhaps, a little beyond it.

"On the same principle, a simple *gentleman*, or *Esquire*, must, at all places of public resort, be apparelled like a *gentleman* or *Esquire*. A *Baronet* may take the liberty of a dirty shirt; a *Lord* need not shew any shirt at all, but wear a handkerchief round his neck in its stead; an *Earl* may add to all this a bunch of uncombed hair hanging down his back; and a *Duke*, over and above the privileges abovementioned, is intitled to appear in boots and buck-skin breeches.

"Following the same rule of inversion, the scholar of a provincial dancing-master must bow at coming into, and going out of, a drawing-room, and that pretty low too. The pupil of *Gallini* is to push forward with the rough stride of a porter, and make only a slight inclination of his head when he has got into the middle of the room. At going out of it, he is to take no notice of the company at all.

"In the externals of the female world, from the great complication of the machine, it is not easy to lay down precise regulations. Still, however, the

rule of falſe may be traced as the governing principle. It is very *feminine* to wear a riding-habit and a ſmart cocked hat one half of the day; becauſe that dreſs approaches nearer to the maſculine apparel than any other. It is very *modeſt* to lay open the greateſt part of the neck and boſom to the view of the beholders; and it is incumbent on thoſe ladies who occupy the front row of a box at a play, to wear high feathers, and to wave them more unceaſingly than any other ladies, becauſe otherwiſe the company who ſit behind might be ſuppoſed to have ſome deſire of ſeing the ſtage. Since I have mentioned the *theatre*, I may remark (though it is foreign to this part of my diſcourſe) that, in the moſt affecting ſcenes of a tragedy, it is polite to laugh; whereas, in the ordinary detail of the two firſt acts, it is not required that a lady ſhould make any greater noiſe than to talk aloud to every one around her.

"*Simulation of perſon*, which is only indeed, a ſort of dreſs, is alſo neceſſary among ladies of faſhion. Nature is to be *falſified*, as well in thoſe parts of the ſhape which ſhe has left ſmall, as in thoſe ſhe has made large.

"The *Simulation of Face*, I am happy to find from an examination of the books of ſome perfumers and colourmen of my acquaintance, is daily gaining ground among the politer females of this country. But it has hitherto been regulated by principles ſomewhat different from thoſe which govern other parts of external appearance, laid down in the beginning of this paper, as it is generally practiſed by thoſe who are moſt under the neceſſity of practiſing it. I would, therefore, humbly recommend to that beautiful young lady, whom I ſaw at the laſt aſſembly of the ſeaſon, with a coat of *rouge* on her cheeks, to lay it aſide for theſe three or four years at leaſt

leaſt: At preſent, it too much reſembles their natural colour to be proper for her to wear—though, on ſecond thoughts, I believe I may retract my advice, as the laying it on for a little while longer will reduce her ſkin to that dingy appearance which the *rule of falſe* allows to be converted, by paint, into the complexion of lilies and roſes."

The ſecond part of my obſervations on this ſubject I ſhall ſend you at ſome future period, if I find you ſo far approve of my deſign as to favour this with a ſpeedy inſertion.

I am, &c.

SIMULATOR.

No. 39. TUESDAY, *June* 8, 1779.

Non mihi res, ſed me rebus ſubmittere conor.

HOR.

AS it is the buſineſs of the politician to beſtow his chief attention on the encouragement and regulation of thoſe members of the community who contribute moſt to the ſtrength and permanency of the ſtate; ſo it is the duty of the moral writer to employ his principal endeavours to regulate and correct thoſe affections of the mind, which, when carried to exceſs, often obſcure the moſt deſerving characters, though they are ſeldom or never to be found among the worthleſs.

It is vain to think of reclaiming, by human means, thoſe rooted vices which proceed from a depraved or unfeeling heart. Avarice is not be overcome by a panegyric on generoſity, nor cruelty and oppreſſion

oppreſſion by the moſt eloquent diſplay of the beauties of compaſſion and humanity. The moraliſt ſpeaks to them a language they do not underſtand; it is not therefore ſurpriſing, that they ſhould neither be convinced nor reclaimed. I would not be underſtood to mean, that the enormity of a vice ſhould free it from cenſure: On the contrary, I hold ſuch glaring deviations from rectitude the moſt proper objects for the ſevereſt laſh of ſatire, and that they ſhould frequently be held up to public view, that, if the guilty cannot be reclaimed, the wavering may be confirmed, and the innocent warned to avoid the danger.

But it is a no leſs uſeful, and a much more pleaſing taſk, to endeavour to remove the veil that covers the luſtre of virtue, and to point out, for the purpoſe of amending, thoſe errors and imperfections which tarniſh deſerving characters, which render them uſeleſs, in ſome caſes hurtful, to ſociety.

An honeſt ambition for that fame which ought to follow ſuperior talents employed in the exerciſe of virtue, is one of the beſt and moſt uſeful paſſions that can take root in the mind of man; and, in the language of the *Roman* poet, "Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos;" "Heroes lifts to gods." But when this laudable ambition happens to be joined with great delicacy of taſte and ſentiment, it is often the ſource of much miſery and uneaſineſs. In the earlier periods of ſociety, before mankind are corrupted by the exceſſes of luxury and refinement, the candidates for fame enter the liſts upon equal terms, and with a reaſonable degree of confidence, that the judgment of their fellow-citizens will give the preference where it is due. In ſuch a conteſt, even the vanquiſhed have no inconſiderable ſhare of glory; and that virtue which they cultivate, forbids them to with-hold their reſpect and applauſe from the ſuperiority

periority by which they are overcome. Of this, the firſt ages of the Grecian and Roman republics are proper examples, when merit was the only road to fame, becauſe fame was the only reward of merit.

Though it were unjuſt to accuſe the preſent age of being totally regardleſs of merit, yet this will not be denied, that there are many other avenues which lead to diſtinction, many other qualities by which competitors carry away a prize, that, in leſs corrupted times, could have been attained only by a ſteady perſeverance in the paths of virtue.

When a man of acknowledged honour and abilities, not unconſcious of his worth, and poſſeſſed of thoſe delicate feelings I have mentioned, ſees himſelf ſet aſide, and obliged to give way to the worthleſs and contemptible, whoſe vices are ſometimes the means of their promotion, he is too apt to yield to diſguſt or deſpair; that ſenſibility which, with better fortune, and placed in a more favourable ſituation, would have afforded him the moſt elegant pleaſures, made him the delight of his friends, and an honour to his country, is in danger of changing him into a moroſe and ſurly miſanthrope, diſcontented with himſelf, the world, and all its enjoyments.

This weakneſs (and I think it a great one) of quarrelling with the world, would never have been carried the length I have lamented in ſome of my friends, had they allowed themſelves to reflect on the folly of ſuppoſing, that the opinions of the reſt of mankind are to be governed by the ſtandard which they have been pleaſed to erect, had they conſidered what a ſtate of langou and inſipidity would be produced, if every individual ſhould have marked out to him the rank he was to hold, and the line in which he was to move, without any danger of being joſtled in his progreſs.

The Author of Nature has diverſified the mind of man with different and contending paſſions, which

are brought into action as chance or circumstances direct, or as he is pleased to order in the wisdom of his providence. Our limited faculties, far from comprehending the universal scale of being, or taking in at one glance what is best and fittest for the purposes of creation, cannot even determine the best mode of governing the little spot that surrounds us.

I believe most men have, at times, wished to be creators, possessed of the power of moulding the world to their fancy; but they would act more wisely to mould their own prepossessions and prejudices to the standard of the world, which may be done, in every age and situation, without transgressing the bounds of the most rigid virtue. A distaste at mankind never fails to produce peevishness and discontent, the most unrelenting tyrants that ever swayed the human breast; that cloud which they cast upon the soul shuts out every ray that should warm to manly exertion, and hides, in the bosom of indolence and spleen, virtues formed to illumine the world.

I must, therefore, earnestly recommend to my readers to guard against the first approaches of misanthropy, by opposing reason to sentiment, and reflecting on the injury they do themselves and society, by tamely retreating from injustice. The passive virtues only are fit to be buried in a cloister; the firm and active mind disdains to recede, and rises upon opposition.

The cultivation of cheerfulness and good-humour will be found another sovereign antidote to this mental disorder. They are the harbingers of virtue, and produce that serenity which disposes the mind to friendship, love, gratitude, and every other social affection; they make us contented with ourselves, our friends, and our situation, and expand the heart to all the interests of humanity.

No.

No. 40. SATURDAY, *June* 12, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

ACCORDING to my promiſe, I ſend you the ſecond diviſion of my lecture on SIMULATION, as it reſpects the *internal* part of the ſcience of politeneſs.

"AMONG barbarous nations, it has been obſerved, the emotions of the mind are not more violently felt than ſtrongly expreſſed. *Grief*, *anger*, and *jealouſy*, not only tear the heart, but diſfigure the countenance; while *love*, *joy*, and *mirth*, have their oppoſite effects on the ſoul, and are viſibly, by oppoſite appearances, in the aſpect. Now, as a very refined people are in a ſtate exactly the reverſe of a very rude one, it follows, that, inſtead of allowing the paſſions thus to lord it over their minds and faces, it behoves them to mitigate and reſtrain thoſe violent emotions, both in feeling and appearance; the latter, at leaſt, is within the power of art and education, and to regulate it is the duty of a well-bred perſon. On this truly philoſophical principle is founded that eaſe, indifference, or *nonchalance*, which is the great mark of a modern man of faſhion.

"That inſtance of politeneſs which I mentioned (ſomewhat out of the place indeed) in the firſt part of this diſcourſe, the conduct of a fine lady at a tragedy, is to be carried into ſituations of real ſorrow as much as poſſible. Indeed, though it may ſeem a bold aſſertion, I believe the art of putting on indifference, about the real object, is not a whit more difficult than that of aſſuming it about the theatrical. I have known ſeveral ladies and gentlemen who had

acquired

acquired the first in perfection, without being able to execute the latter, at least to execute it in that masterly manner which marks the performances of an adept. One night, last winter, I heard *Bob Bustle* talking from a front-box, to an acquaintance in the pit, about the death of their late friend *Jack Riot*. "*Riot* is dead, *Tom*; kick'd this morning, egad!" "*Riot* dead! poor *Jack!* what did he die of?" "One off of your damnation apoplectics kill'd him in the chucking of a bumper; you could scarce have heard him wheazle!" "Damn'd bad that! *Jack* was an honest fellow!—What becomes of his grey poney?" "The poney is mine." "Yours!" "Why, yes; I staked my white and liver-colour'd bitch *Phillis* against the grey poney, *Jack*'s life to mine for the season." At that instant, a lady entering the box (it was about the middle of the fourth act) obliged *Bob* to shift his place; he sat out of earshot of his friend in the pit, biting his nails, and looking towards the stage, in a sort of *nothing-to-do-ish* way, just as the last parting scene between *Jaffier* and *Belvidera* was going on there. I observed (I confess, with regret, for he is one of my favourite pupils) the progress of its victory over *Bob*'s politeness. He first grew attentive, then humm'd a tune, then grew attentive again, then took out his tooth-pick case, then look'd at the players in spite of him, then grew serious, then agitated, till, at last, he was fairly beat out of his ground, and obliged to take shelter behind Lady *Cockatoo*'s head, to prevent the disgrace of being absolutely seen weeping.

"But, to return from this digression.—The *Simulation* of indifference in affliction is equally a female as a male accomplishment. On the death of a very, very near relation, a *husband*, for instance, custom has established a practice, which polite people have not yet been able to overcome; a lady must stay

ſtay at home, and play cards for a week or two. But the deceaſe of any one more diſtant, ſhe is to talk of as a matter of very little moment, except when it happens on the eve of an aſſembly, a ball, or a ridotto; at ſuch ſeaſons ſhe is allowed to regret it as a very unfortunate accident. This rule of deportment extends to diſtreſſes poignant indeed; as, in perfect good-breeding, the fall of a ſet of *Dreſden*, the ſpilling of a plate of ſoup on a new *brocade*, or even a *bad run of cards*, is to be borne with as equal a countenance as may be.

"*Anger*, the ſecond paſſion above enumerated, is to be covered with the ſame cloak of eaſe and good manners; injury, if of a deep kind, with profeſſions eſteem and friendſhip. Thus, though it would be improper to ſqueeze a gentleman's hand, and call him *my dear Sir*, or *my beſt friend*, when we mean to hit him a ſlap on the face, or to throw a bottle at his head; yet it is perfectly conſiſtent with politeneſs, to ſhew him all thoſe marks of civility and kindneſs, when we intend to ſtrip him of his fortune at play, to counterplot him at an election, or to ſeduce his wife. The laſt-mentioned particular ſhould naturally lead to the conſideration of *jealouſy*; but on this it is needleſs to inſiſt, as, among well-bred people, the feeling itſelf is quite in diſuſe.

"*Love* is one of thoſe paſſions which politeneſs lays us under a particular obligation to diſguiſe, as the diſcovery of it to third perſons is peculiarly offenſive and diſagreeable. Therefore, when a man happens to ſit by a tolerably handſome girl, for whom he does not care a farthing, he is at liberty to kiſs her hand, call her an angel, and tell her he dies for her; but, if he has a real *tendre* for her, he is to ſtare in her face with a broad unfeeling look, tell her ſhe looks monſtrous ill this evening, and that her *coiffeuſe* has pinned her cap ſhockingly awry.

wry. From not attending to the practice of this rule amongſt people of faſhion, the inferior world has been led to imagine, that matrimony with them is a ſtate of indifference or averſion; whereas, in truth, the appearances from which that judgment is formed, are the ſtrongeſt indications of connubial happineſs and affection.

"On the ſubject of *joy*, or at leaſt of *mirth*, that great maſter of our art, my Lord *Cheſterfield*, has been preciſe in his directions. He does not allow of *laughter* at all; by which, however, he is to be underſtood as only precluding that exerciſe as a ſign, common with the vulgar, of internal ſatisfaction; it is by no means to be reprobated as a diſguiſe for chagrin, or an engine of wit; it is, indeed, the readieſt of all repartees, and will often give a man of faſhion the victory over an inferior, with every talent, but that of aſſurance, on his ſide.

"As the paſſions and affections, ſo are the *virtues* of a polite man to be carefully concealed or diſguiſed. In this particular, our art goes far beyond the rules of philoſophers, or the precepts of the bible; they enjoined men not to boaſt of their virtues; we teach them to brag of their vices, which is certainly a much ſublimer pitch of ſelf-denial. Beſides, the merit of diſintereſtedneſs lies altogether on our ſide, the diſciples of thoſe antiquated teachers expecting, as they confeſs, a reward ſomewhere; our conduct has only the pure conſciouſneſs of acting like a man of faſhion for its recompence, as we evidently profit nothing by it at preſent, and the idea of future retribution, were we ever to admit of it, is rather againſt us."

Such, Mr. *Mirror*, is the ſubſtance of one of my lectures which, I think promiſe ſo much edification to our country (yet only in an improving ſtate with regard to the higher and more refined parts of politeneſs,) that

that it muſt be impoſſible for your patriotiſm to refuſe their encouragement. If you inſert this in your next paper (if accompanied with ſome commendatory paragraphs of your own, ſo much the better,) I ſhall take care to preſent you with a dozen admiſſion tickets, as ſoon as the number of my ſubſcribers enables me to begin my courſe.

I have the honour to be, &c.
SIMULATOR.

No. 41. TUESDAY, *June* 15, 1779.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui. VIRG.

PASSING the Exchange a few days ago, I perceived a little before me a ſhort plump-looking man, ſeeming to ſet his watch by *St. Giles*'s clock, which had juſt then ſtruck two. On obſerving him a little more cloſely, I recognized Mr. *Blubber*, with whom I had become acquainted at the houſe of my friend *Umphraville*'s couſin, Mr. *Bearſkin*. He alſo recollected me, and ſhaking me cordially by the hand, told me he was juſt returned ſafe from his journey to the *Highlands*, and had been regulating his watch by our town-clock, as he found the ſun did not go exactly in the Highlands as it did in the Low-country. He added, that, if I would come and eat a Welſh-rabbit, and drink a glaſs of punch with him and his family that evening, at their lodgings hard by, they would give me an account of their expedition. He ſaid, they found my deſcription of things a very juſt one; and was pleaſed to add, that his wife and daughters had taken a great liking to me

me ever since the day we met at his friend *Bear-skin*'s. After this, it was impossible to resist his invitation, and I went to his lodgings in the evening accordingly, where I found all the family assembled, except Mr. *Edward*, whom they accounted for in the history of their expedition.

I could not help making one preliminary observation, that it was much too early in the season for viewing the country to advantage; but to this Mr. *Blubber* had a very satisfactory answer; they were resolved to complete their tour before the new tax upon *post-horses* should be put in execution.

The first place they visited after they left *Edinburgh* was *Carron*, which Mr. *Blubber* seemed to prefer to any place he had seen; but the ladies did not appear to have relished it much. The mother said, "She had like to have fell into a fit at the noise of the great *bellows*." Miss *Blubber* agreed, that it was *monstrous* frightful indeed. Miss *Betsy* had spoiled her petticoat in getting in, and said it was a nasty place, not fit for genteel people, in her opinion. *Blubber* put on his wisest face, and observed, that women did not know the use of them things. There was much the same difference in their sentiments with regard to the *Great Canal*; Mr. *Blubber* took out a bit of paper, on which he had marked down the *lockage duty* received in a week there; he shook his head, however, and said, he was sorry to find the shares were *below par*.

Of *Stirling*, the young ladies remarked, that the view from the castle was very fine, and the windings of the river very curious. But neither of them had ever been at *Richmond*. Mrs. *Blubber*, who had been oftener than once there, told us, "that from the *hill* was a much grander prospect; that the river *Thames* made two twists for one that the *Forth* made at *Stirling*; besides, there was a wood so charming

charming thick, that, unleſs when you got to a riſing ground, like what the *Star* and *Garter* ſtands on, you could ſcarce ſee a hundred yards before you."

Taymouth ſeemed to ſtrike the whole family. The number and beauty of the *temples* were taken particular notice of; nor was the trimneſs of the walks and hedges without commendation. Miſs *Betſy Blubber* declared herſelf charmed with the ſhady walk by the ſide of the *Tay*, and remarked, what an excellent fancy it was to ſhut out the view of the river, ſo that you might hear the ſtream without ſeeing it. Mr. *Blubber*, however, objected to the vicinity of the *hills*, and Mrs. *Blubber* to that of the *lake* which ſhe was ſure muſt be extremely unwholeſome. To this circumſtance ſhe imputed her rheumatiſm, which ſhe told us, "had been very troubleſome to her the firſt night ſhe lay'd there; but that ſhe had always the precaution of carrying a bottle of *Beaume de Vie* in the chaiſe, and that a doſe of it had effectually cured her."

The ladies were delighted with the *Hermitage*. Mrs. *Blubber* confeſſed, "ſhe was ſomewhat afeard at firſt to truſt herſelf with the guide, down a dark narrow path, to the Lord knows where; but then it was ſo charming when he let in the light upon them." "Yes, and ſo natural," ſaid her eldeſt daughter, "with the flowers growing out of the wall and the *Bear-ſkins* ſo pure ſoft for the *Hermit* to ſleep on." "And their *garter-blue* colour ſo lively and ſo pretty," ſaid Miſs *Betſy*: "I vow I could have ſtaid there for ever. You wa'n't there, Papa." "No," replied he, rather ſullenly, "but I ſaw one of them ſame things at *Dunkeld*, next day." The young ladies declared they were quite different things, and that no judgment could be formed of the one from the other; upon which Mr. *Blubber* began to grow angry; and Mrs. *Blubber* interpoſing,

put an end to the queſtion; whiſpering me, at the ſame time, that her huſband had fallen aſleep, after a hearty dinner at the inn near *Taymour*, and that ſhe and her children had gone to ſee the *Hermitage* without him. I was farther informed, that Mr. *Edward Blubber* had left their party at this place, having gone along with two *Engliſh* gentlemen whom he met there, to ſee a great many curioſities farther off in the *Highlands*. "For my part," ſaid *Blubber*, "though I was told it was a great way off, and over terrible mountains, as indeed we could perceive them to be from the windows, I did not care to hinder his going, as I like to ſee ſpirit in a young man."

The reſt of the family returned by the way of *Dunkeld*, which the ladies likewiſe commended as a *monſtrous* pleaſant place. Mr. *Blubber* diſſented a little, ſaying, "he could not ſee the pleaſure of always looking at the ſame things; hills, and wood, and water, over and over again. The river here, he owned, was a pretty rural thing enough; but, for his part, he ſhould think it much more lively if it had a few *ſhips* and *lighters* on it." Miſs *Blubber* did not agree with him as to the ſhips and lighters; but ſhe confeſſed, ſhe thought a little *company* would improve it a good deal. Miſs *Betſy* differed from both, and declared, ſhe reliſhed nothing ſo much as ſolitude and retirement. This led to a deſcription of a ſecond *hermitage* they had viſited at this place, from which, and ſome of the grottos adjoining, Miſs *Betſy* had taken down ſome *ſweet copies of verſes*, as ſhe called them, in her memorandum-book. The fall of water here had ſtruck the family much. Mrs. *Blubber* obſerved, how like it was to the *caſcade* at *Vauxhall*; her eldeſt daughter remarked, however, that the fancy of looking at it through panes of different coloured glaſs in the

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Hermitage-room, was an improvement on that at *Spring-gardens*.

The bridge at *Perth* was the laſt ſection of the family journal that we diſcourſed on. The ladies had inadvertently croſſed it in the carriage to ſee the palace at *Scone*, at which they complained there was nothing to be ſeen, and Mr. *Blubber* complained of the extravagance of the *Toll* on the bridge, which he declared was higher than at *Blackfriars*. He was aſſured, however, that he had paid no more than the legal charge, by his landlord, Mr. *Marſhall*, at whoſe houſe he received ſome conſolation from an excellent dinner, and a bed, he ſaid, which the *Lord Mayor of London* might have laid on. "I hope there is no offence (continued Mr. *Blubber*, very politely;) as I underſtand the landlord is an *Engliſhman*; but, at the *King's Arms*, I met with the only real good *buttered toaſt* that I have ſeen in *Scotland*."

But however various were the remarks of the family on the particulars of their journey in detail, I found they had perfectly ſettled their reſpective opinions of travelling in general. The ladies had formed their concluſion, that it was *monſtrous pleaſant*, and the gentleman his, that it was *monſtrous dear*.

No. 42. SATURDAY, *June* 19, 1779.

WHEN I firſt undertook this publication, it was ſuggeſted by ſome of my friends, and, indeed, accorded entirely with my own ideas, that there ſhould be nothing of religion in it. There is a ſacrednels

a sacredness in the subject that might seem profaned by its introduction into a work, which, to be extensively read, must sometimes be ludicrous, and often ironical. This consideration will apply, in the strongest manner, to any thing mystic or controversial; but it may, perhaps, admit of an exception, when religion is only introduced as a feeling, not a system, as appealing to the sentiments of the heart, not to the disquisitions of the head. The following story holds it up in that light, and is therefore, I think, admissible into the MIRROR. It was sent to my editor as a *translation from the French*. Of this my readers will judge. Perhaps they might be apt to suspect, without any suggestion from me, that it is an original, not a translation. Indeed I cannot help thinking, that it contains in it much of that picturesque description, and that power of awakening the tender feelings, which so remarkably distinguish the composition of a gentleman whose writings I have often read with pleasure. But, be that as it may, as I felt myself interested in the narrative, and believed that it would affect my readers in the like manner, I have ventured to give it entire as I received it, though it will take up the room of three successive papers.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MORE than forty years ago, an *English* philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all *Europe*, resided at a little town in *France*. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation

tion and language were avoided, a perfect ſecluſion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abſtract ſubjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the ſtructure of ſuch a mind as Mr. ———'s, the finer and more delicate ſenſibilities are ſeldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great meaſure extinguiſhed by the exertions of intenſe ſtudy and profound inveſtigation. Hence the idea of philoſophy and unfeelingneſs being united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often uſed to expreſs the latter. Our philoſopher has been cenſured by ſome, as deficient in warmth and feeling: But the mildneſs of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that, if he was not eaſily melted into compaſſion, it was, at leaſt, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he ſat buſied in thoſe ſpeculations which afterwards aſtoniſhed the world, an old female domeſtic, who ſerved him for a houſekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to ſome diſtant country, and that the father had been ſuddenly ſeized in the night with a dangerous diſorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: That ſhe had been ſent for, as having ſome knowledge in medicine, the village-ſurgeon being then abſent; and that it was truly piteous to ſee the good old man, who ſeemed not ſo much afflicted by his own diſtreſs, as by that which it cauſed to his daughter. Her maſter laid aſide the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inſpired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the ſick man's apartment.

'Twas the beſt in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithſtanding. Mr. ——— was obliged to ſtoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joiſts not plaſtered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to viſit; at the foot of it ſat his daughter. She was dreſſed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung looſely over it as ſhe bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. —— and his houſekeeper had ſtood ſome moments in the room without the young lady's being ſenſible of their entering it. "Mademoiſelle!" ſaid the old woman at laſt, in a ſoft tone. She turned and ſhowed one of the fineſt faces in the world. It was touched, not ſpoiled with ſorrow; and when ſhe perceived a ſtranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a bluſh at firſt, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeneſs, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguiſh, croſſed it for a moment, and changed its expreſſion. 'Twas ſweetneſs all, however, and our philoſopher felt it ſtrongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his ſervices in a few ſincere ones. "Monſieur lies miſerably ill here," ſaid the gouvernante; "if he could poſſibly be moved any where." "If he could be moved to our houſe," ſaid her maſter. He had a ſpare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The ſcruples of the ſtranger, who could look ſcruples, though he could not ſpeak them were overcome, and the baſhful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its uſe to her father. The ſick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried acroſs the ſtreet to the *Engliſh* gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurſe him there. The ſurgeon, who arrived ſoon after, pre-

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ſcribed a little, and nature did much for him: in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his hoſt had learned the name and character of his gueſt. He was a Proteſtant clergyman of *Switzerland*, called *La Roche*, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illneſs, for which travelling had been preſcribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its aſperity; I mean that aſperity which men, called devout, ſometimes indulge in. Mr. ——, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His governante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thankſgivings which they put up on his recovery: for ſhe, too, was a heretic, in the phraſe of the village. The philoſopher walked out, with his long ſtaff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thankſgivings. "My maſter," ſaid the old woman, "alas! he is not a Chriſtian; but he is the beſt of unbelievers." "Not a Chriſtian!" exclaimed Mademoiſelle *La Roche*, "yet he ſaved my father! Heaven bleſs him for't; I would he were a Chriſtian!" "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," ſaid her father, "which often blinds men to the ſublime truths of revelation; hence oppoſers of Chriſtianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among thoſe of diſſipated and licentious characters. Nay, ſometimes, I have known the latter more eaſily converted to the true faith than the former, becauſe the fume of paſſion is more eaſily diſſipated than the miſt of falſe theory and deluſive ſpeculation." "But Mr. ——," ſaid his daughter, "alas! my father, he ſhall be a Chriſtian.

ian before he dies." She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindneſs: She drew it away from him in ſilence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. "I have been thanking God," ſaid the good *La Roche*, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his landlord—"I would not wiſh," continued the old man, heſitatingly, "to think otherwiſe; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I ſhould barely be ſatisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good: Alas! I may live to wiſh I had died, that you had left me to die, Sir, inſtead of kindly relieving me (he claſped Mr. ——'s hand;) but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different ſentiment; my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him: it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty but as a pleaſure, and regards every breach of it, not with diſapprobation, but with horror." "You ſay right, my dear Sir," replied the philoſopher; "but you are not yet re-eſtabliſhed enough to talk much; you muſt take care of your health, and neither ſtudy nor preach for ſome time. I have been thinking over a ſcheme that ſtruck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in *Switzerland*; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your firſt phyſician, I hold myſelf reſponſible for your cure." *La Roche*'s eyes gliſtened at the propoſal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleaſed with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the leſs for his infidelity; at leaſt that circumſtance mixed a ſort of pity with their regard for him—their ſouls were not of a mould for harſher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

No.

No. 43. TUESDAY, *June* 22, 1779.

Continuation of the Story of LA ROCHE.

THEY travelled by ſhort ſtages; for the philoſopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man ſhould not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendſhip was increaſed by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of ſimplicity and gentleneſs in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wiſe man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that ſelf-importance which ſuperior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philoſophy or religion; he ſeemed to enjoy every pleaſure and amuſement of ordinary life, and to be intereſted in the moſt common topics of diſcourſe; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmoſt plainneſs, and without the leaſt ſhadow of dogmatiſm.

On his part, he was charmed with the ſociety of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileleſs manner of the earlieſt times, with the culture and accompliſhment of the moſt refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repreſſed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himſelf happy in being the friend of *Mademoiſelle La Roche*, and ſometimes envied her father the poſſeſſion of ſuch a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was ſituated in one of thoſe valleys

valleys of the canton of *Berne*, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of *La Roche*'s church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. —— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobb'd and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of *La Roche*'s parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but *La Roche* took it in good part. "It has pleased God," said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise

ercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us;—if you chuse rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within." "By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions." "She is our organist," said *La Roche*; "our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing." "'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by *La Roche*; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. ——— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing, immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm; it paused, it ceased; and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle *La Roche* was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the

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ardour of the good old man; even the philoſopher felt himſelf moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he ſhould not.

La Roche's religion was that of ſentiment, not theory, and his gueſt was averſe from diſputation; their diſcourſe, therefore, did not lead to queſtions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man ſometimes ſpeak of his, from the fulneſs of a heart impreſſed with its force, and wiſhing to ſpread the pleaſure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were ſo congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philoſopher might have called him an enthuſiaſt; but, if he poſſeſſed the fervour of enthuſiaſts, he was guiltleſs of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man ſay—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," ſaid he to Mr. ———, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquiſite pleaſure derived from muſic, you regret your want of muſical powers and muſical feelings; it is a department of ſoul, you ſay, which nature has almoſt denied you, which, from the effects you ſee it have on others, you are ſure muſt be highly delightful.—Why ſhould not the ſame thing be ſaid of religion? Truſt me, I feel it in the ſame way, an energy, an inſpiration, which I would not loſe for all the bleſſings of ſenſe, or enjoyments of the world; yet, ſo far from leſſening my reliſh of the pleaſures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the bleſſing of ſentiment to that of ſenſation in every good thing I poſſeſs; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my ſhare—it confers a dignity on my affliction—ſo lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm—yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!"—

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It would have been inhuman in our philoſopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the ſunſhine of this belief.

His diſcourſe, indeed, was very remote from metaphyſical diſquiſition, or religious controverſy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary converſation was the leaſt tinctured with pedantry, or liable to diſſertation. With *La Roche* and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the compariſon of both with thoſe of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the ſentiments they conveyed, and the paſſions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the ſpeakers, were the ſubjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr.——, as a ſtranger, was ſhewn the remarkable ſcenes and curioſities of the country. They would ſometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, thoſe aſtoniſhing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal ſnows, and ſometimes ſhooting into fantaſtic ſhapes, form the termination of moſt of the Swiſs proſpects. Our philoſopher aſked many queſtions as to their natural hiſtory and productions. *La Roche* obſerved the ſublimity of the ideas which the view of their ſtupendous ſummits, inacceſſible to mortal foot, was calculated to inſpire, which naturally, ſaid he, leads the mind to that being by whom their foundations were laid. "They are not ſeen in Flanders!" ſaid Ma'moiſelle with a ſigh. "That's an odd remark," ſaid Mr. ———, ſmiling.——She bluſhed, and he enquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a ſociety in which he found himſelf ſo happy; but he ſettled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correſpondence;

and they took his promiſe, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he ſhould travel thoſe fifty leagues to viſit them.

No. 44. SATURDAY, *June* 26, 1779.

Concluſion of the Story of LA ROCHE.

ABOUT three years after, our philoſopher was on a viſit at *Geneva*; the promiſe he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former viſit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for ſeveral months paſt. The truth was, that indolence was the habit moſt natural to him, from which he was not eaſily rouſed by the claims of correſpondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controverſy, they were often unanſwered as well as the former. While he was heſitating about a viſit to *La Roche*, which he wiſhed to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from *Paris*, where he had then his fixed reſidence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ———'s want of punctuality, but an aſſurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer conſidered intereſted in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiſelle *La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father, of the moſt amiable diſpoſitions, and reſpecta-

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ble character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle *La Roche*'s marriage, as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's forever, that struck him, he knew not why, like disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of *La Roche*'s dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he

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was a good deal ſhocked, on approaching the ſpot, to find it proceed from the torch of a perſon clothed in the dreſs of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by ſeveral others, who, like him, ſeemed to have been employed in the rites of ſepulture.

On Mr. ———'s making inquiry who was the perſon they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profeſſion, anſwered, "Then you knew not Mademoiſelle, Sir!—you never beheld a lovlier"—"*La Roche!*" exclaimed he in reply—"Alas! it was ſhe indeed!"—The appearance of ſurpriſe and grief which his countenance aſſumed, attracted the notice of the peaſant with whom he talked.—He came up cloſer to Mr. ———; "I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiſelle *La Roche.*"—"Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—how—where did ſhe die?—Where is her father?"—"She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom ſhe was ſoon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greateſt favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Chriſtian ſhould; he is even ſo compoſed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his pariſhioners, as is the cuſtom with us on ſuch occaſions:—Follow me, Sir, and you ſhall hear him."—He followed the man without anſwering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable *La Roche* was ſeated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a pſalm to that Being whom their paſtor had taught them ever to bleſs and to revere. *La Roche* ſat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-cloſed, lifted up in ſilent devotion. A lamp placed near him

him threw its light ſtrong on his head, and marked the ſhadowy lines of age acroſs the paleneſs of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The muſic ceaſed ;—*La Roche* ſat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. —— was not leſs affected than they.—*La Roche* aroſe.—"Father of mercies!" ſaid he, "forgive theſe tears ; aſſiſt thy ſervant to lift up his ſoul to thee ; to lift to thee the ſouls of thy people!—My friends! it is good ſo to do ; at all ſeaſons it is good ; but, in the days of our diſtreſs, what a privilege it is! Well ſaith the ſacred book, "Truſt in the Lord ; at all times truſt in the Lord." When every other ſupport fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then ſeek thoſe living waters which flow from the throne of God.—'Tis only from the belief of the goodneſs and wiſdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wiſdom is here of little uſe ; for, in proportion as it beſtows comfort, it repreſſes feeling, without which we may ceaſe to be hurt by calamity, but we ſhall alſo ceaſe to enjoy happineſs. I will not bid you be inſenſible, my friends ; I cannot, I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afreſh)—I feel too much myſelf, and I am not aſhamed of my feelings ; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard ; therefore have I prayed God to give me ſtrength to ſpeak to you ; to direct you to him not with empty words but with theſe tears ; not from ſpeculation, but from experience—that while you ſee me ſuffer, you may know alſo my conſolation.

"You behold the mourner of his only child, the laſt earthly ſtay and bleſſing of his declining years! Such a child too!—It becomes not me to ſpeak of her virtues ; yet it is but gratitude

itude to mention them, becauſe they were exerted towards myſelf.——Not many days ago you ſaw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy;—ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who ſtruck me; I ſee the hand of a father amidſt the chaſtenings of my God.——Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is preſſed down with many ſorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whoſe hands are life and death, on whoſe power awaits all that the firſt enjoys, and in contemplation of whom diſappears all that the laſt can inflict! For we are not as thoſe who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth, that we ſhall live with him, with our friends his ſervants, in that bleſſed land where ſorrow is unknown, and happineſs is endleſs as it is perfect. Go then, mourn not for me; I have not loſt my child: But a little while, and we ſhall meet again, never to be ſeparated. But ye are alſo my children: Would ye that I ſhould not grieve without comfort? So live as ſhe lived; that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of *La Roche*; his audience anſwered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had loſt its ſadneſs, and aſſumed the glow of faith and of hope. Mr. —— followed him into his houſe. The inſpiration of the pulpit was paſt; at ſight of him the ſcenes they had laſt met in, ruſhed again on his mind; *La Roche* threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in ſilence, into the parlour where the evening ſervice was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; *La Roche* ſtarted back at the ſight.

ſight. "Oh! my friend!" ſaid he, and his tears burſt forth again. Mr. —— had now recollected himſelf; he ſtept forward and drew the curtains cloſe—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, "You ſee my weakneſs," ſaid he, "'tis the weakneſs of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore loſt." "I heard you," ſaid the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that ſuch conſolation is yours." "It is, my friend," ſaid he, "and I truſt I ſhall ever hold it faſt; if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot reſtore our happineſs, let them not take away the ſolace of our affliction."

Mr. ——'s heart was ſmitten; and I have heard him, long after, confeſs that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakneſs; when, amidſt all the pleaſures of philoſophical diſcovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good *La Roche*, and wiſhed that he had never doubted.

No. 45. TUESDAY, *June* 29, 1779.

IS he a *man of faſhion?* Is the uſual queſtion on the appearance of a ſtranger, or the mention of a perſon with whom we are unacquainted. But, though this phraſe be in the mouth of every body, I have often found people puzzled when they attempted to give an idea of what they meant by it; and, indeed, ſo many and ſo various are the qualities that enter into the compoſition of a modern *man of faſhion*, that it is difficult to give an accurate definition

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or a juſt deſcription of him. Perhaps he may, in the general, be defined, a being who poſſeſſes ſome quality or talent which intitles him to be received into every company; to make one in all parties, and to aſſociate with perſons of the higheſt rank and the firſt diſtinction.

If this definition be juſt, it may be amuſing to conſider the different ideas that have prevailed, at different times, with regard to the qualities requiſite to conſtitute a *man of faſhion*. Not to go farther back, we are told by Lord *Clarendon*, that, in the beginning of the laſt century, the men of rank were diſtinguiſhed by a ſtately deportment, a dignified manner, and a certain ſtiffneſs of ceremonial, admirably calculated to keep their inferiors at a proper diſtance. In thoſe days, when pride of family prevailed ſo univerſally, it is to be preſumed, that no circumſtance could atone for the want of birth. Neither riches nor genius, knowledge nor ability, could then have intitled their poſſeſſor to hold the rank of a *man of faſhion*, unleſs he fortunately had ſprung from an ancient and honourable family. The immenſe fortunes which we are now accuſtomed to ſee acquired, almoſt inſtantaneouſly, were then unknown. In imagination, however, we may fancy what an awkward appearance a modern *nabob*, or *contractor*, would have made in a circle of theſe proud and high-minded nobles. With all his wealth, he would have been treated as a being of a different ſpecies; and any attempt to imitate the manners of the *great*, or to rival them in expenſe and ſplendour, would only have ſerved to expoſe him the more to ridicule and contempt.

As riches, however, increaſed in the nation, men became more and more ſenſible of the ſolid advantages they brought along with them; and the pride of birth gradually relaxing, *monied* men roſe proportionally

portionally into eſtimation. The haughty lord, or proud country-gentleman, no longer ſcrupled to give his daughter in marriage to an opulent citizen, or to repair his ruined fortune by uniting the heir of his title or family with a rich heireſs, though of plebian extraction. Theſe connections daily becoming more common, removed, in ſome meaſure, the diſtinction of rank; and every man, poſſeſſed of a certain fortune, came to think himſelf intitled to be treated as a gentleman, and received as a *man of faſhion*. Above all, the happy expedient of purchaſing *Seats in Parliament*, tended to add weight and conſideration to what came to be called the *Monied Intereſt*. When a perſon, who had ſuddenly acquired an enormous fortune, could find eight or ten proper, well-dreſſed, gentleman-like figures ready to vote for him, as his proxies, in the Houſe of Commons, it it not ſurpriſing, that, in his turn, he ſhould come to look down on the heirs of old eſtabliſhed families, who could neither cope with him in influence at court, nor vie with him in ſhow and oſtentation.

About the beginning of this century, there ſeems to have been an intermediate, though ſhort interval, when genius, knowledge, talents, and elegant accompliſhments, intitled their poſſeſſor to hold the rank of a *man of faſhion*, and were even deemed eſſentially requiſite to form that character. The ſociety of *Swift*, *Pope*, *Gay* and *Prior*, was courted by all; and, without the advantages of high birth, or great fortune, an *Addiſon* and a *Craggs* attained the firſt offices in the ſtate.

In the preſent happy and enlightened age, neither birth nor fortune, ſuperior talents, nor ſuperior abilities, are requiſite to form a *man of faſhion*. On the contrary, all theſe advantages united are inſufficient to entitle their owners to hold that rank, while

while we daily see numbers received as *men of fashion*, though sprung from the meanest of the people, and though destitute of every grace, of every polite accomplishment, and of all pretensions to genius or ability.

This, I confess, I have often considered as one of the greatest and most important improvements, in modern manners. Formerly it behoved every person born in obscurity, who wished to rise into eminence, either to acquire wealth by industry or frugality, or, following a still more laborious and difficult pursuit, to distinguish himself by the exertion of superior talents in the field or in the senate. But now nothing of all this is necessary. A certain degree of knowledge the *man of fashion* must indeed possess. He must be master of the principles contained in the celebrated treatise of Mr. *Hoyle*; he must know the chances of *Hazard*; he must be able to decide on any dispute with regard to the form of a *hat*, or the fashion of a *buckle*; and he must be able to tell my Lady Duchess, whether *Mareschalle powder* suits best a brown or a fair complexion.

From the equipage, the dress, the external show of a modern *man of fashion*, a superficial observer might be apt to think that *fortune*, at least, is a necessary article; but a proper knowledge of the world teaches us the contrary. A *man of fashion* must, indeed, live as if he were a man of *fortune*. He must rival the wealthiest in expense of every kind; he must push to excess every species of extravagant dissipation; and he must game for more money than he can pay. But all these things a *man of fashion* can do, without possessing any visible revenue whatever. This, though perhaps the most important, is not the only advantage which the *man of fashion* enjoys over the rest of mankind. Not to mention that he may seduce the daughter, and corrupt the

wife

wife, of his friend, he may alſo, with perfect honour, rob the ſon of that friend of his whole fortune in an evening; and it is altogether immaterial that the one party was intoxicated, and the other ſober; that the one was ſkilled in the game, and the other ignorant of it; for, if a young man will inſiſt upon playing in ſuch circumſtances, who but himſelf can be blamed for the conſequences?

The ſuperiority enjoyed by a *man of faſhion*, in his ordinary dealings and intercourſe with mankind, is ſtill more marked. He may, without any impeachment on his *character*, and with the niceſt regard to his *honour*, do things which, in a common man, would be deemed *infamous*. Thus the *man of faſhion* may live in luxury and ſplendor, while his creditors are ſtarving in the ſtreets, or rotting in a jail; and, ſhould they attempt to enforce the laws of their country againſt him, he would be intitled to complain of it as a groſs violation of the reſpect that is due to his perſon and character.

The laſt time my friend Mr. *Umphraville* was in town, I was not a little amuſed with his remarks on the *men of faſhion* about this city, and on the change that had taken place in our manners ſince the time he had retired from the world. When we met a young man gaily dreſſed, lolling in his chariot, he ſeldom failed to aſk, "What young lord is that?" One day we were invited to dine with an old acquaintance, who had married a lady paſſionately fond of the *ton*, and of every thing that had the appearance of faſhion. We went at the common hour of dining, and, after waiting ſome time, our hoſt (who had informed us that he would invite nobody elſe, that we might talk over old ſtories without interruption) propoſed to order dinner; on which his lady, after chiding his impatience, and obſerving that nobody kept ſuch unfaſhionable hours,

hours, ſaid, ſhe expected Mr. ———, and another friend, whom ſhe had met at the play the evening before, and had engaged to dine with her that day. After waiting a full hour longer, the noiſe of a carriage, and a loud rap at the door, announced the arrival of the expected gueſts. They entered, dreſſed in the very *pink* of the mode; and neither my friend's dreſs nor mine being calculated to inſpire them with reſpect, they bruſhed paſt us, and addreſſed the lady of the houſe, and two young ladies who were with her, in a ſtrain of coarſe familiarity, ſo different from the diſtant and reſpectful manner to which Mr. *Umphraville* had been accuſtomed, that I could plainly diſcover he was greatly ſhocked with it. When we were called to dinner, the two young gentlemen ſeated themſelves on each hand of the lady of the houſe, and there engroſſed the whole converſation, if a recital of the particulars of their adventures at the tavern the evening before deſerved that name. For a long time, every attempt made by our landlord to enter into diſcourſe with Mr. *Umphraville* and me, proved abortive. At laſt, taking advantage of an accidental pauſe, he congratulated my friend on the conqueſt of *Pondicherry*. The latter, drawing his brows together, and ſhaking his head with an expreſſion of diſſent, obſerved, that, although he was always pleaſed with the exertions of our countrymen and the bravery of our troops, he could not receive any ſatisfaction from an *Indian* conqueſt. He then began an harangue on the corruption of manners—the evils of luxury—the fatal conſequences of a ſudden influx of wealth—and would I am perſuaded, ere he had done, have traced the loſs of liberty in *Greece* and the fall of *Rome* to *Aſiatic* connections, had he not been, all at once, cut ſhort with the exclamation of "Damn it, *Jack*, how does the old boy do to-day: I hope

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he begins to get better. Nay, pr'ythee don't look grave: you know I am too much your friend to wish him to hold out long; but if he tip before *Tuesday* at twelve o'clock, I shall lose a hundred to *Dick Hazard*. After that time as soon as you please. Don't you think, Madam," (addressing himself to one of the young ladies) "that when an old fellow has been scraping money together with both hands for forty years, the civilest thing he can do is to die, and leave it to a son who has spirit to spend it?" Without uttering a word, the lady gave one look, that, had he been able to translate it into language, must, for a time, at least, have checked his vivacity. But the rebuke being too delicate to make any impression on our hero, he ran on in the same strain; and being properly supported by his companion, effectually excluded the discourse of every body else. *Umphraville* did not once again attempt to open his mouth; and, for my own part, as I had heard enough of the conversation, his countenance served as a sufficient fund of entertainment for me. A painter, who wished to express indignation, contempt, and pity, blended together, could not have found a finer *study*.

At length we withdrew; and we had no sooner got fairly out of the house, than *Umphraville* began to interrogate me with regard to the gentlemen who had dined with us. "They are *men of fashion*," said I. "But who are they? of what families are they descended?" "As to that," replied I, "you know I am not skilled in the science of *genealogy*; but, though I were, it would not enable me to answer your present enquiries; for I believe, were you to put the question to the gentlemen themselves, it would puzzle either of them to tell you who his grandfather was." "What then," said he, in an elevated tone of voice, "entitles them to be receiv-

-ed into company as *men of fashion?* Is it extent of ability, superiority of genius, refinement of taste, elegant accomplishments, or polite conversation? I admit, that where these are to be found in an eminent degree, they may make up for the want of birth; but where a person can neither talk like a man of sense, nor behave like a gentleman, I must own I cannot easily pardon our men of rank for allowing every barrier to be removed, and every frivolous, insignificant fellow, who can adopt the reigning vices of the age, to be received on an equal footing with themselves. But after all," continued he, in a calm tone, "if such be the manners of our men of rank, it may be doubted whether they, or their imitators, are the greatest objects of contempt."

No. 46. SATURDAY, *July* 3, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I HAPPENED lately to dine in a large company where I was, in a great measure, *unknowing* and *unknown*. To enter into farther particulars, would be to tell yon more than is necessary to my story.

The conversation, after dinner, turned on that common-place question, "Whether a parent ought to chuse a profession for his child, or leave him to chuse for himself?"

Many remarks and examples were produced on both sides of the question; and the argument hung *in equilibrio*, as is often the case, when all the speak-

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ers are moderately well informed, and none of them are very eager to convince, or unwilling to be convinced.

At length an elderly gentleman began to give his opinion. He was a ſtranger to moſt of the company; had been ſilent, but not ſullen; of a ſteady, but not voracious appetite; and one rather civil than polite.

"In my younger days," ſaid he, "nothing would ſerve me but I muſt needs make a campaign againſt the *Turks* in *Hungary*." At mention of the *Turks* in *Hungary*, I perceived a general impatience to ſeize the company.

"I rejoice exceedingly, Sir," ſaid a young phyſician, "that fortune has placed me near one of your character, Sir, from whom I may be informed with preciſion, whether *lavemens* of *ol. amygd.* did indeed prove a ſpecific in the *Hungarian dyſenteria*, which deſolated the *German* army?"

"Ipecacuanha in ſmall doſes," added another gentleman of the faculty, "is an excellent *recipe*, and was generally preſcribed at our hoſpitals in *Weſtphalia*, with great, although not infallible ſucceſs; but that method was not known in the laſt wars between the *Ottomans*, vulgarly termed *Turks*, and the *Imperialiſts*, whom, through an error exceedingly common, my good friend has denominated *Germans*."

"You muſt pardon me, Doctor," ſaid a third, "ipecacuanha, in ſmall doſes, was adminiſtered at the ſiege of *Limerick*, ſoon after the Revolution; and if you will be pleaſed to add *ſeventy-nine*, the years of *this* century, to *ten* or *eleven*, which carries us back to the ſiege of *Limerick* in the laſt, you will find, if I miſtake not, that this *recipe* has been uſed for fourſcore and nine, or for ninety years."

"Twice the years of *the longeſt preſcription*, "Doctor," cried a pert barriſter from the other end

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of the table, "even after making a reasonable allowance for minorities."

"You mean if *that* were necessary," said a thoughtful aged person who sat next him.

"As I was saying," continued the third physician, "ipecacuanha was administered in small doses at the siege of *Limerick:* for it is a certain fact, that a surgeon in King *William's* army communicated the receipt of that preparation to a friend of his, and that friend communicated it to the father, or rather, as I incline to believe, to the grandfather, of a friend of mine. I am peculiarly attentive to the exactitude of my facts; for, indeed, it is by facts alone that we can proceed to reason with assurance. It was the *great Bacon's* method."

A grave personage in black then spoke: "There is another circumstance respecting the last wars in *Hungary*, which, I must confess, does exceedingly interest my curiosity; and that is, Whether General *Doxat* was justly condemned for yielding up a fortified city to the infidels; or whether, being an innocent man, and a *Protestant*, he was persecuted unto death by the intrigues, of the Jesuits at the court of *Vienna?*"

"I know nothing of General *Doxy*," said the stranger, who had hitherto listened attentively "but if he was persecuted by the Jesuits, I should suppose him to have been a very honest gentleman; for I never heard any thing but ill of the people of that religion."

"You forget," said the first physician, "the *Quinquina*, that celebrated febrifuge, which was brought into *Europe* by a father of that order, or, as you are pleased to express it in a *French* idiom, of that *religon*."

"*That* of the introduction of the *Quinquina* into *Europe* by the Jesuits is a vulgar error," said the second

second physician: "the truth is, that the secret was communicated by the natives of *South America* to a humane *Spanish* Governor whom they loved. He told his chaplain of it; the chaplain, a *German* Jesuit, gave some of the bark to Dr. *Helvetius*, of *Amsterdam*, father of that *Helvetius*, who, having composed a book concerning *matter*, gave it the title of *Spirit*."

"What!" cried the third physician, "was *that* Dr. *Helvetius* who cured the Queen of *France* of an intermittent, the father of *Helvetius* the renowned philosopher? The fact is exceedingly curious; and I wonder whether it has come to the knowledge of my correspondent Dr. *B*——."

"As the gentleman speaks of his campaigns," said an officer of the army, "he will probably be in a condition to inform us, whether Marshal *Saxe* is to be credited when he tells us, in his *Reveries*, that the *Turkish* horse, after having drawn out their fire, mowed down the Imperial infantry?"

"Perhaps we shall have some account of *Petronius* found at *Belgrade*," said another of the company; "but I suspend my enquiries until the gentleman has finished his story."

"I have listened with great pleasure," said the stranger, "and, though I cannot say that I understand all the ingenious things spoken, I can see the truth of what I have often been told, that the *Scots*, with all their faults, are a learned nation.

"In my younger days, it is true, that nothing would serve me but I must needs make a campaign against the *Turks*, or the *Hotmen* in *Hungary*; but my father could not afford to breed me like a gentleman, which was my own wish, and so he bound me for seven years to a ship-chandler in *Wapping*. Just as my time was out, my master died, and I married the widow. What by marriages, and what by purchasing

chasing damaged stores, I got together a pretty capital. I then dealt in sailors' tickets, and I *peculated*, as they call it, in divers things. I am now well known about 'Change, aye, and somewhere else too," said he with a significant nod.

"Now, Gentlemen, you will judge whether my father did not chuse better for me than I should have done for myself. Had I gone to the wars, I might have lost some of my precious limbs, or have had my tongue cut out by the *Turks*. But suppose that I had returned safe to *Old England*, I might indeed have been able to brag, that I was acquainted with the *laughing man* of *Hungary*, and with *Peter*, *o*—I can't hit on his name; and I might have learned the way of curing *Great Bacon*, and known whether a *Turkish* horse mowed down *Imperial Infants*; but my pockets would have been empty all the while, and I should have been put to hard shifts for a dinner. And so you will see that my father did well in binding me apprentice to a ship-chandler. Here is to his memory in a bumper of port; and success to *omnium*, and the *Irish Tong-teing!*"

I am, Sir, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

Though I early signified my resolution of declining to take any public notice of communications or letters sent me; yet there is a set of Correspondents whose favours, lately received, I think myself bound to acknowledge and this I do the more willingly, as it shows the fame of my predecessors to have extended farther than even I had been apt to imagine.

The *Spectator's Club* is well known to the literary and the fashionable of both sexes; but I confess I

was

was not less surprised than pleased to find it familiar (much to the credit of the gentlemen who frequent such places (to the very *tavern keepers* of this city; the greatest part of whom, not doubting that I was to follow so illustrious an example, in the institution of a Convivial Society, have severally applied to me, through the channel of my Editor, to beg that they may be honoured with the reception of the *Mirror Club*.

Like all other candidates for employment, none of them has been at a loss for reasons why his proposal should have the preference. One describes his house as in the most *public*, another recommends his as in the most *private* part of the town. One says, his tavern is resorted to by the politest company; another, that he only receives gentlemen of the most regular and respectable characters. One offers me the largest room of its kind; another the most quiet and commodious. I am particularly pleased with the attention of one of these gentlemen, who tells me he has provided an excellent *elbow-chair* for Mr. *Umphraville*; and that he shall take care to have no *children* in his house to disturb Mr. *Fleetwood*.

I am sorry to keep these good people in suspense; but I must inform them, for many obvious reasons, that though my friends and I visit them oftener perhaps than they are aware of, it may be a considerable time before we find it convenient to constitute a regular Club, or to make known, even to the master of the house which has the honour of receiving us, where we have fixed the place of our convention.

Mean time, as all of them rest their chief pretensions on the character of the clubs who already favour them with their countenance, and as the names of most of these clubs excite my curiosity to be acquainted

quainted with their history and constitution, I must hereby request the landlords who entertain the respective societies of the *Capillaire*, the *Whin-bush*, the *Knights of the Cap and Feather*, the *Tabernacle*, the *Stoic*, the *Poker*, the *Hum-Drum*, and the *Antemanum*, to transmit me a short account of the origin and nature of these societies;—I say the landlords, because I do not think myself entitled to desire such an account from the clubs themselves; and because it is probable that the most material transactions carried on at their meetings are perfectly well known, and, indeed, may be said to come through the hands of the hosts and their deputies.

No. 47. TUESDAY, *July* 6, 1779.

Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum.
HOR.

THAT false refinement and mistaken delicacy I have formerly described in my friend Mr. *Fleetwood*, a constant indulgence in which has rendered all his feelings so acute, as to make him be disguised with the ordinary societies of men, not only attends him when in company, or engaged in conversation, but sometimes disturbs those pleasures, from which a mind like his ought to receive the highest enjoyment. Though endowed with the most excellent taste, and though his mind be fitted for relishing all the beauties of good composition; yet, such is the effect of that excess of sensibility he has indulged, that he hardly ever receives pleasure from any of these, which is not mixed with some degree

gree of pain. In reading, though he can feel all the excellencies of the author, and enter into his ſentiments with warmth, yet he generally meets with ſomething to offend him. If a poem, he complains that, with all its merits, it is, in ſome places, turgid, in others languid; if a proſe compoſition, that the ſtyle is laboured or careleſs, ſtiff or familiar, and the matter is either trite or obſcure. In his remarks, there is always ſome foundation of truth; but that exquiſite ſenſibility which leads to the too nice perception of blemiſhes, is apt to carry him away from the contemplation of the beauties of the author, and gives him a degree of uneaſineſs which is not always compenſated by the pleaſure he receives.

Very different from this turn of mind is that of *Robert Morley*, Eſq. He is a man of very conſiderable abilities. His father (poſſeſſed of a conſiderable fortune) ſent him, when a boy, to an *Engliſh* academy. He contracted, from the example of his teachers, an attachment to ancient learning; and he was led to think that he felt and reliſhed the claſſics, and underſtood the merits of their compoſition. From theſe circumſtances, he began to fancy himſelf a man of fine taſte, qualified to decide with authority upon every ſubject of polite literature. But, in reality, Mr. *Morley* poſſeſſes as little taſte as any one I ever knew of his talents and learning. Endowed, by Nature, with great ſtrength of mind, and ignorant of the feebleneſs and weakneſs of human character, he is a ſtranger to all thoſe finer delicacies of feeling and perception which conſtitute the man of genuine taſte. But, this notwithſtanding, from the perſuaſion that he is a perſon of *fine taſte*, he reads and talks, with fancied rapture, of a poem, or a poetical deſcription. All his remarks, however, diſcover that he knows nothing of what he talks

talks about; and almoſt every opinion which he gives differs from the moſt approved upon the ſubject. Catched by that ſpirit which *Homer*'s heroes are poſſeſſed of, he agrees with the greateſt part of the world in thinking that author the firſt of all Poets; but *Virgil* he conſiders as a poet of very little merit. To him he prefers *Lucan*; but thinks there are ſome paſſages in *Statius* ſuperior to either. He ſays *Ovid* gives a better picture of love than *Tibullus*; and he prefers *Quintus Curtius*, as an hiſtorian, to *Livy*. The modern writers, particularly the *French*, he generally ſpeaks of with contempt. Amongſt the *Engliſh*, he likes the ſtyle of the *Rambler* better than that of Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Spectator*; and he prefers *Gordon* and *Macpherſon* to *Hume* and *Robertſon*. I have ſometimes heard him repeat an hundred lines at a ſtretch, from one of the moſt bombaſt of our *Engliſh* poets, and have ſeen him in apparent rapture at the high-ſounding words, and ſwell of the lines, though I am pretty certain that he could not have a diſtinct picture or idea of any one thing the poet meant. Though he has no ear, I have heard him talk with enthuſiaſm in praiſe of muſic, and lecture, with an air of ſuperiority, upon the different qualities of the greateſt maſters in the art.

Thus, while Mr. *Fleetwood*, is often a prey to diſappointment, and rendered uneaſy by exceſſive refinement and ſenſibility, Mr. *Morley*, without any taſte at all, receives gratification unmixed and unalloyed.

The character of *Morley* is not more different from *Fleetwood*'s, than that of *Tom Dacres* is from both. *Tom* is a young man of ſix-and-twenty, and being owner of an eſtate of about five hundred pounds a-year, he reſides conſtantly in the country. He is not a man of parts; nor is he poſſeſſed of the leaſt

leaſt degree of taſte; but *Tom* lives eaſy, contented and happy. He is one of the greateſt talkers I ever knew; he rambles, with great volubility, from ſubject to ſubject; but he never ſays any thing that is worth being heard. He is every where the ſame; and he runs on with the like undiſtinguiſhing eaſe, whether in company with men in high or in low rank, with the knowing or the ignorant. The morning, if the weather be good, he employs in traverſing the fields, dreſſed in a ſhort coat, and an old flouched hat with a tarniſhed gold binding. He is expert at all exerciſes; and he paſſes much of his time in ſhooting, playing at cricket, or at nine-pins. If the weather be rainy, he moves from the farm-yard to the ſtable, or from the ſtable to the farm-yard. He walks from one end of the parlour to the other, humming a tune, or whiſtling to himſelf; ſometimes he plays on the fiddle, or takes a hit at back-gammon. *Tom*'s ſiſters, who are very accompliſhed girls, now and then put into his hands any new book with which they are pleaſed; but he always returns it, ſays he does not ſee the uſe of reading, that the book may be good, is well pleaſed that they like it, but *that it is not a thing of his ſort*. Even in the preſence of ladies, he often indulges in jokes coarſe and indecent, which could not be heard without a bluſh from any other perſon; but from *Tom, for his way is known*, they are heard without offence. *Tom* is pleaſed with himſelf, and with every thing around him, and wiſhes for nothing that he is not poſſeſſed of. He ſays he is much happier than your wiſer and graver gentlemen. *Tom* will never be reſpected or admired; but he is diſliked by none, and made welcome wherever he goes.

In reflecting upon theſe characters, I have ſometimes been almoſt tempted to think, that *taſte* is an acquiſition to be avoided. I have been apt to make this

this concluſion, when I conſidered the many undeſcribable uneaſineſſes, which Mr. *Fleetwood* is expoſed to, and the many unalloyed enjoyments of *Marley* and *Dacres*; the one without taſte, but believing himſelf poſſeſſed of it; the other without taſte, and without thinking that he has any. But I have always been withdrawn from every ſuch reflection, by the contemplation of the character of my much-valued friend Mr. *Sidney*.

Mr. *Sidney* is a man of the beſt underſtanding, and of the moſt correct and elegant taſte; but he is not more remarkable for thoſe qualities, than for that uncommon goodneſs and benevolence which preſides in all he ſays and does. To this it is owing that his refined taſte has never been attended with any other conſequence than to add to his own happineſs, and to that of every perſon with whom he has any connection. Mr. *Sidney* never unboſoms the ſecrets of his heart, except to a very few particular friends; but he is polite and complaiſant to all. It is not, however, that politeneſs which ariſes from a deſire to comply with the rules of the world; it is politeneſs dictated by the heart, and which, therefore, ſits always eaſy upon him. At peace with his own mind, he is pleaſed with every one about him; and he receives the moſt ſenſible gratification from the thought, that the little attentions which he beſtows upon others, contribute to their happineſs. No perſon ever knew better how to eſtimate the different pleaſures of life; but none ever entered with more eaſe into the enjoyments of others, though not ſuited to his own taſte. This flows from the natural benevolence of his heart; and I know he has received more delight from taking a ſhare in the pleaſures of others, than in cultivating his own. In reading, no man has a nicer diſcernment of the faults of an author; but he always contrives to overlook

them

them; and says, that he hardly ever read any book from which he did not receive some pleasure or instruction.

Mr. *Sidney* has, in the course of his life, met with disappointments and misfortunes, though few of them are known, except to his most particular friends. While the impression of those misfortunes was strongest on his mind, his outward conduct in the world remained invariably the same; and those few friends whom he honoured by making partners of his sorrows, know that one great source of his consolation was the consciousness that, under the pressure of calamity, his behaviour remained unaltered, and that he was able to go through the duties of life with becoming dignity and ease. Instead of being peevish and discontented with the world, the disappointments he has met with have only taught him to become more detached from those enjoyments of life which are beyond his power, and have made him value more highly those which he possesses. Mr. *Sidney* has, for a long time past, been engaged in business of a very difficult and laborious nature; but he conducts it with equal ease and spirit. Far from, the elegance and sensibility of his mind unfitting him for the management of those transactioins which require great firmness and perseverance, I believe it is his good taste and elegant refinement of mind, which enable him to support that load of business; because he knows that, when it is finished, he has pleasure in store. He is married to a very amiable and beautiful woman, by whom he has four fine children. He says that, when he thinks it is for them, all toil is easy, and all labour light.

The intimate knowledge I have of Mr. *Sidney*, has taught me, that refinement and delicacy of mind, when kept within proper bounds, contribute to happiness

pineſs; and that their natural effect, inſtead of producing uneaſineſs and chagrin, is to add to the enjoyments of life. In comparing the two characters of *Fleetwood* and *Sidney*, which Nature ſeems to have caſt in the ſame mould, I have been ſtruck with the fatal conſequences to *Fleetwood*, of indulging his ſpleen at thoſe little rubs in life which a juſter ſenſe of human imperfection would make him conſider equally unavoidable, and to be regarded with the ſame indifference, as a rainy day, a duſty road, or any the like trifling inconvenience. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable which may not become of importance, when made an object of ſerious attention. *Sidney* never repines like *Fleetwood*; and, as he is much more reſpected, ſo he has much more real happineſs than either *Morley* or *Dacres*. *Fleetwood's* weakneſſes are amiable; and, though we pity, we muſt love him; but there is a complacent dignity in the character of *Sidney*, which excites at once our love, reſpect, and admiration.

No. 48. SATURDAY, *July* 10, 1779.

THE following paper was lately received from a Correſpondent, who accompanied it with a promiſe of carrying his idea through ſome of the other fine arts. I have ſince been endeavouring to make it a little leſs *technical*, in order to fit it more for general peruſal; but, finding I could not accompliſh this, without hurting the illuſtrations of the writer, I have given it to my readers in the terms in which I received it.

THE perceptions of different men, ariſing from the impreſſions of the ſame object, are very often

often different. Of these we always suppose one to be just and true; all the others to be false. But which is the true, and which the false, we are often at a loss to determine; as the poet has said,

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. POPE.

With regard to our external senses, this diversity of feeling, as far as it occurs, is of little consequence; but the truth of perception, in our internal senses, employed in morals and criticism, is more interesting and important.

In the judgments we form concerning the beauty and excellency of the several imitative arts, this difference of feeling is very conspicuous; and 'tis difficult to say why each man may not believe his own, or how a standard may be established, by which the truth of different judgments may be compared and tried. Whether there is, or is not, a standard of taste, I shall not attempt to determine; but there is a question connected with that, which, properly answered, may have some effect in the decision: Whether in the imitative arts, a person exercised in the practice of the art, or in the frequent contemplation of its productions, be better qualified to judge of these, than a person who only feels the direct and immediate effects of it? In the words of an ancient critic, *An docti, qui rationem operis intelligunt, an qui voluptatem tantum percipiunt, optimè dijudicant?* Or, as I may express it in English, Whether the artist or *connoisseur* have any advantage over other persons of common sense or common feeling?

This question shall be considered at present with regard to one art only, to wit, that of *painting*; but some of the principles which I shall endeavour to illustrate, will have a general tendency to establish a decision

a decision in all. In the *first* place it is proper to mention the chief sources of the pleasure we receive in viewing pictures. One arises from the perception of imitation, however produced; a second from the art displayed in producing such imitation; and a third, from the beauty, grace, agreeableness, and propriety of the object imitated. These may all occur in the imitation of one single object; but a much higher pleasure arises from several objects combined together in such a manner, that, while each of them singly affords the several sources of pleasure already mentioned, they all unite in producing one effect, one particular emotion in the spectator, and an impression much stronger than could have been raise by one object alone.

These seem to be the chief sources of the pleasure we receive from pictures; and, with regard to the true and accurate perceptions of each, let us consider who is most likely to form them, the painter and *connoisseur*, or the unexperienced spectator.

In viewing imitation, we are more or less pleased according to the degree of exactness with which the object is expressed; and, supposing the object to be a common one, it might be imagined, that every person would be equally a judge of the exactness of the imitation; but, in truth, it is otherwise. Our recollection of an object does not depend upon any secret remembrance of the several parts of which it consists, of the exact position of these, or of the dimensions of the whole. A very inaccurate resemblance serves the purpose of memory, and will often pass with us for a true representation, even of the subjects that we fancy ourselves very well acquainted with.

The self-applause of *Zeuxis* was not well founded when he valued himself on having painted grapes, that so far deceived the birds as to bring them to peck

peck at his picture. Birds are no judges of an accurate resemblance, when they often mistake a scarecrow for a man. Nor had *Parrhasius* much reason to boast of his deceiving even *Zeuxis*, who, viewing it hastily, and from a distance, mistook the picture of a linen cloth for a real one. It always requires study to perceive the exactness of imitation; and most persons may find, by daily experience, that, when they would examine the accuracy of any representation, they can hardly do it properly, but by bringing together the picture and its archetype, so that they may quickly pass from the one to the other, and thereby compare the form, size, and proportions of all the different parts. Without such study of objects as the painter employs to imitate them, or the *connoisseur* employs in comparing them with their imitations, there is no person can be a judge of the exactness of the representation. The painters, therefore, or the *connoisseurs*, are the persons who will best perceive the truth of imitation, and best judge of its merit. It is true, some persons may be acquainted with certain objects, even better than the painters themselves, as the shoemaker was with the shoe in the picture of *Apelles*; but most persons, like the same shoemaker, are unfit to extend their judgment beyond their *last*; and must, in other parts, yield to the more general knowledge of the painter.

As we are, in the first place, pleased with viewing imitation; so we are, in the second place, with considering the art by which the imitation is performed. The pleasure we derive from this, is in proportion to the difficulty we apprehend in the the execution, and the degree of genius necessary to the performance of it. But this difficulty, and the degree of genius exerted in surmounting it, can only be well known to the persons exercised in the practice of the art.

When a person has acquired an exact idea of an object, there is still a great difficulty in expressing that correctedly upon his canvas. With regard to objects of a steady figure, they may perhaps be imitated by an ordinary artist; but transient objects, of a momentary appearance, require still a nicer hand. To catch the more delicate expressions of the human soul, requires an art of which few are possessed, and none can sufficiently admire, but those who have themselves attempted it. These are the difficulties of painting, in forming even a correct outline; and the painter has yet more to struggle with. To represent a solid upon a plain surface, by the position and size of the several parts; to be exact in the perspective; by these, and by the distribution of light and shade, to make every figure stand out from the canvas; and lastly, by natural and glowing colours to animate and give life to the whole: These are parts of the painter's art, from which chiefly the pleasure of the spectator, arising from his consciousness of the imitation, is derived, but, at the same time, such as the uninformed spectator has but an imperfect notion of, and, therefore, must feel an inferior degree of pleasure in contemplating.

The next source of the pleasures derived from painting, above taken notice of, is that arising from the beauty, the grace, the elegance of the objects imitated. When a painter is happy enough to make such a choice, he does it by a constitutional taste that may be common to all. *Raphael* could not learn it from his master *Pietro Perugino*; *Rubens*, though conversant with the best models of antiquity, could never acquire it. In judging, therefore, of this part of painting, the artist has scarcely any advantage above the common spectator. But it is to be observed, that a person of the finest natural taste cannot become suddenly an *elegans formarum spectator*,

tator, an expreſſion which it is ſcarce poſſible to tranſlate. It is only by compariſon that we arrive at the knowledge of what is moſt perfect in its kind. The *Madonas* of *Carlo Maratt* appear exquiſitely beautiful; and it is only when we ſee thoſe of *Raphael* that we diſcern their imperfections. A perſon may even be ſenſible of the imperfections of forms; but, at the ſame time, may find it impoſſible to conceive, with preciſion, an idea of the moſt perfect. Thus *Raphael* could not form an idea of the Divine Majeſty, till he ſaw it ſo forcibly expreſſed in the paintings of *Michael Angelo*. As our judgment, therefore, of beauty, grace, and elegance, though founded in perception, becomes accurate only by compariſon and experience, ſo the painter, exerciſed in the contemplation of forms, is likely to be a better judge of beauty than any perſon leſs experienced.

The laſt and moſt conſiderable pleaſure received from painting, is that ariſing from *compoſition*. This is properly diſtinguiſhed into two kinds, the picturesque and the poetical. To the firſt belongs the diſtribution of the ſeveral figures, ſo that they may all be united and conſpire in one ſingle effect; while each is ſo placed, as to preſent itſelf in proportion to its importance in the action repreſented. To this alſo belongs the diverſifying and contraſting the attitudes of different figures, as well as the ſeveral members of each. Above all, the picturesque compoſition has belonging to it the diſtribution of light and ſhade, while every ſingle figure has its proper ſhare of each. One maſs of light, and its proportionable ſhade, ſhould unite the whole piece, and make every part of it conſpire in one ſingle effect. To this alſo belongs the harmony, as well as the contraſt, of colours. Now, in all this *ordonnance pictureſque*, there appears an exquiſite art only

to

to be acquired by cuſtom and habit; and of the merit of the execution, no perſon can be a judge but one who has been in ſome meaſure in the practice of it. It is enough to ſay, that hardly any body will doubt, that *Paulo Veroneſe* was a better judge of the diſpoſition of figures than *Michael Angelo*; and that *Caravaggio* was a better judge of the diſtribution of light and ſhade than *Raphael*; ſo, in ſome meaſure, every painter, in proportion to his knowledge, muſt be a better judge of the merit of pictureſque compoſition, than any perſon who judges from the effects only.

With regard to poetical compoſition, it comprehends the choice of the action to be repreſented, and of the point of time at which the perſons are to be introduced, the invention of circumſtances to be employed, the expreſſion to be given to every actor; and, *laſtly*, the obſervance of the *coſtume*, that is, giving to each perſon an air ſuitable to his rank, repreſenting the complexion and features that expreſs his temperament, his age, and the climate of his country, and dreſſing him in the habit of the time in which he lived, and of the nation to which he belongs.

From this enumeration of the ſeveral conſiderations that employ the hiſtory-painter, it will immediately appear, why this department of painting is called poetical compoſition; for here, in truth, it is the imagination of a poet that employs the hand of a painter. This imagination is nowiſe neceſſarily connected with the imitative hand. *Lucas* of *Lyden* painted more correctly, that is, imitated more exactly, than *Salvator Roſa*; but the former did not chuſe ſubjects of ſo much grace and dignity, nor compoſed with ſo much force and ſpirit, becauſe he was not a poet like the latter. *Salvator Roſa* has given us elegant verſes full of pictureſque deſcription;

tion; and, in every one of his pictures, he strikes us by those circumstances which his poetical imagination had suggested. Now it is plain, that a poetical imagination must be derived from nature, and can arise neither from the practice of painting, nor even from the study of pictures. The painter, therefore, and even the *connoisseur*, in judging of the merit of poetical composition, can have little advantage above other spectators; but even here it must be allowed, that if the painter has an equal degree of taste, he must, from the more frequent exercise of it, have great advantages in judging above any other person less experienced.

I have thus endeavoured to shew, that, in judging of painting, the painter himself, and even the *connoisseur*, much engaged and exercised in the study of pictures, that is, *illi qui rationem operis intelligunt*, have advantages above the common spectators, *qui voluptatem tantum precipiunt*. But, as a caution to the former, it may not be improper to conclude with observing, that the painter and *connoisseur* are often in danger of having their sensibility deadened, or their natural taste corrupted, by a knowledge of the technical *minutiæ* of the art, so far as to throw the balance towards the side of the common spectator.

No. 49. TUESDAY, *July* 13, 1779.

AS I walked one evening, about a fortnight ago, through *St. Andrew's Square*, I observed a girl, meanly dressed, coming along the pavement at a slow pace. When I passed her, she turned a little towards me, and made a sort of halt; but said nothing,

ing. I am ill at looking any body full in the face; so I went on a few steps before I turned my eye to observe her. She had, by this time, resumed her former pace. I remarked a certain elegance in her form, which the poorness of her garb could not altogether overcome: Her person was thin and genteel, and there was something not ungraceful in the stoop of her head, and the seeming feebleness with which she walked. I could not resist the desire, which her appearance gave me, of knowing somewhat of her situation and circumstances: I therefore walked back, and repassed her with such a look (for I could bring myself to nothing more) as might induce her to speak what she seemed desirous to say at first. This had the effect I wished.—"Pity a poor orphan!" said she, in a voice tremulous and weak. I stopped, and put my hand in my pocket: I had now a better opportunity of observing her. Her face was thin and pale; part of it was shaded by her hair, of a light brown colour, which was parted, in a disordered manner, at her forehead, and hung loose upon her shoulders; round them was cast a piece of tattered cloak, which with one hand she held across her bosom, while the other was half out-stretched to receive the bounty I intended for her. Her large blue eyes were cast on the ground: She was drawing back her hand as I put a trifle into it; on receiving which she turned them up to me, muttered something which I could not hear, and then, letting go her cloak, and pressing her hands together, burst into tears.

It was not the action of an ordinary beggar, and my curiosity was strongly excited by it. I desired her to follow me to the house of a friend hard by, whose beneficence I have often had occasion to know. When she arrived there, she was so fatigued and worn out, that it was not till after some means used to restore her, that she was able to give us an account of her misfortunes. Her

Her name, she told us, was *Collins*; the place of her birth one of the northern counties of *England*. Her father, who had died several years ago, left her remaining parent with the charge of her, then a child, and one brother, a lad of seventeen. By his industry, however, joined to that of her mother, they were tolerably supported, their father having died possessed of a small farm, with the right of pasturage on an adjoining common, from which they obtained a decent livelihood; that last summer, her brother having become acquainted with a recruiting serjeant, who was quartered in a neighbouring village, was by him enticed to enlist as a soldier, and soon after was marched off, along with some other recruits, to join his regiment; that this, she believed, broke her mother's heart, for that she had never afterwards had a day's health, and, at length, had died about three weeks ago: That, immediately after her death, the steward employed by the 'squire of whom their farm was held, took possession of every thing for the arears of their rent: That as she had heard her brother's regiment was in *Scotland* when he enlisted, she had wandered hither in quest of him, as she had no other relation in the world to own her! But she found, on arriving here, that the regiment had been embarked several months before, and was gone a great way off, she could not tell whither.

"This news," said she, "laid hold of my heart; and I have had something wrong here," putting her hand to her bosom, "ever since. I got a bed and some victuals in the house of a woman here in town, to whom I told my story, and who seemed to pity me. I had then a little bundle of things, which I had been allowed to take with me after my mother's death; but the night before last, somebody stole it from me while I slept; and so the woman said she would keep me no longer, and turned me out into the street,

ſtreet, where I have ſince remained, and am almoſt famiſhed for want."

She was now in better hands; but our aſſiſtance had come too late. A frame, naturally delicate, had yielded to the fatigues of her journey and the hardſhips of her ſituation. She declined by ſlow, but uninterrupted degrees, and yeſterday breathed her laſt. A ſhort while before ſhe expired, ſhe aſked to ſee me; and taking from her boſom a little ſilver *locket* which ſhe told me had been her mother's, and which all her diſtreſſes could not make her part with, begged I would keep it for her dear brother, and give it him, if ever he ſhould return home, as a token of her remembrance.

I felt this poor girl's fate ſtrongly; but I tell not her ſtory merely to indulge my feelings; I would make the reflections it may excite in my readers, uſeful to others who may ſuffer from ſimilar cauſes. There are many, I fear, from whom their country has called brothers, ſons, or fathers, to bleed in her ſervice, forlorn, like poor *Nancy Collins*, with "no relation in the world to own them." Their ſufferings are often unknown, when they are ſuch as moſt demand compaſſion. The mind that cannot obtrude its diſtreſſes on the ear of pity, is formed to feel their poignancy the deepeſt.

In our idea of military operations, we are too apt to forget the misfortunes of the *people*. In defeat, we think of the fall, and in victory, of the glory of *Commanders*; we ſeldom allow ourſeves to conſider how many, in a lower rank, both events make wretched: How many, amiſt the acclamations of national triumph, are left to the helpleſs miſery of the widowed and the orphan, and, while victory celebrates her feſtival, feel, in their diſtant hovels, the extremities of want and wretchedneſs!

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It was with pleaſure I ſaw, among the reſolutions of a late patriotic aſſembly in this city, an agreement to aſſiſt the poor families of our abſent ſoldiers and ſeamen. With no leſs ſatisfaction I read in ſome late newſpapers, a benevolent advertiſement for a meeting of gentlemen, to conſider of a ſubſcription for the ſame purpoſe. At this ſeaſon of general and laudable exertion, I am perſuaded ſuch a ſcheme cannot fail of patronage and ſucceſs. The benevolence of this country requires not argument to awaken it; yet the pleaſures of its exertion muſt be increaſed by the thought, that pity to ſuch objects is patriotiſm; that, here, private compaſſion becomes public virtue. Bounties for the encouragement of recruits to our fleets and armies, are highly meritorious donations. Theſe, however, may ſometimes bribe the covetous, and allure the needy; but that charity which gives ſupport and protection to the families they leave behind, addreſſes more generous feelings; feelings which have always been held congenial to bravery and to heroiſm. It endears to them that home which their ſwords are to defend, and ſtrengthens thoſe ties which ſhould ever bind the ſoldier of a free ſtate to his country.

Nor will ſuch a proviſion be of leſs advantage to poſterity than to the preſent times. It will ſave to the ſtate many uſeful ſubjects which thoſe families thus ſupported may produce, whoſe lives have formerly been often nurtured by penury to vice, and rendered not only uſeleſs, but baneful to the community; that community which, under a more kindly influence, they might, like their fathers, have enriched by their induſtry, and protected by their valour.

No. 50. SATURDAY, *July* 17, 1779.

THOUGH the following letter has been pretty much anticipated by a former paper, yet it poſſeſſes too much merit to be refuſed inſertion.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

ACTIVITY is one of thoſe virtues indiſpenſably requiſite for the happineſs and welfare of mankind, which nature appears to have diſtributed to them with a parſimonious hand. All men ſeem naturally averſe, not only to thoſe exertions that ſharpen and improve the mental powers, but even to ſuch as are neceſſary for maintaining the health, or ſtrenghening the organs of the body. Whatever induſtry and enterpriſe the ſpecies have at any time diſplayed, originated in the boſom of pain, of want, or of neceſſity; or, in the abſence of theſe cauſes, from the experience of that liſtleſſneſs and langour which attend a ſtate of total inaction. But with how great a number does this experience lead to no higher object than the care of external appearances, or to the proſtitution of their time in trivial purſuits, or in licentious pleaſures? The ſureſt, the moſt permanent remedy, and, in the end too, the moſt delightful, which is to be found in unremitted ſtudy, or in the labours of a profeſſion, is, unhappily, the laſt we recur to. Of all who have riſen to eminence in the paths of literature or ambition, how few are there who at firſt enjoyed the means of pleaſure, or the liberty of being idle? And how many could every one enumerate, within the circle of his acquaintance, poſſeſſed of excellent abilities, and

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even anxious for reputation, whom the fatal inheritance of a bare competency has doomed to obscurity through life, and quiet oblivion when dead?

Let no man confide entirely in his resolutions of activity, in his love of fame, or in his taste for literature. All these principles, even where they are strongest, unless supported by habits of industry, and roused by the immediate presence of some great object to which their exertion leads, gradually lose, and at last resign their influence. The smallest particle of natural indolence, like the principle of gravitation in matter, unless counterbalanced by continual impulse from some active cause, will insensibly lower, and at last overcome the flight of the sublimest genius. In computing it, we ought to recollect, that it is a cause for ever present with us, in all moods, in every disposition; and that, from the weakness of our nature, we are willing, at any rate, to relinquish distant prospects of happiness and advantage, for a much smaller portion of present indulgence.

I have been led into these reflections by a visit which I lately paid to my friend *Mordaunt*, in whom they are, unhappily, too well exemplified. I have known him from his infancy, and always admired the extent of his genius, as much as I respected the integrity of his principles, or loved him for the warmth and benevolence of his heart. But, since the time when he began to contemplate his own character, he has often confessed to me, and feelingly complained, that nature had infused into it a large portion of indolence, an inclination to despondency, and a delicacy of feeling, which disqualified him for the drudgery of business, or the bustle of public life. Frequently, in those tedious hours, when his melancholy claimed the attendance and support of a friend, have I seen a conscious blush of shame and self-reproach mingle with the secret sigh, extorted

extorted from him by the ſenſe of this defect. His ſituation, however, as ſecond ſon of a family, which, though old and honorable, poſſeſſed but a ſmall fortune, and no intereſt, abſolutely required that he ſhould adopt a profeſſion. The law was his choice; and ſuch is the power of habit and neceſſity, that, after four years ſpent in the ſtudy of that ſcience, though at firſt it had impaired his health, and even ſoured his temper, he was more ſanguine in his expectation of ſucceſs, and enjoyed a more conſtant flow of ſpirits, than I had ever known him to do at any former period. The law, unfortunately, ſeldom beſtows its honours or emoluments upon the young; and my friend, too reſerved, or too indifferent, to court a ſet of men on whoſe good-will the attainment of practice, in ſome degree, depends, found himſelf, at the end of two years cloſe attendance at the bar, though high in the eſteem of all that knew him well, as poor, and as diſtant from preferment, as when he firſt engaged in it. All my aſſurances, that better days would ſoon ſhine upon him, and that his preſent ſituation had, at firſt, been the lot of many now raiſed to fame and diſtinction, were inſufficient to ſupport him. A deep gloom ſettled on his ſpirits, and he had already reſolved to relinquiſh this line of life, though he knew not what other to enter upon, when the death of a diſtant relation unexpectedly put him in poſſeſſion of an eſtate, which, though of ſmall extent, was opulence to one that wiſhed for nothing more than independence, and the diſpoſal of his own time.

After many uſeleſs remonſtrances upon my part, he ſet out for his manſion in the country, with his mother, and a nephew of eight years old, reſolved, as he ſaid, to engage immediately in ſome work to be laid before the public; and having previouſly given me his word that he would annually dedicate a portion

a portion of his time to the society of his friends in town. In the course of eighteen months, however, I did not see him; and finding that his letters, which had at first been full of his happiness, his occupations, and the progress of his work, were daily becoming shorter, and somewhat mysterious on the two last of these points, I resolved to satisfy myself by my own remarks with regard to his situation.

I arrived in the evening, and was shown into the parlour; where the first objects that caught my attention, were a fishing-rod, and two fowling-pieces, in a corner of the room, and a brace of pointers stretched upon the hearth. On a table lay a German flute, some music, a pair of shuttle-cocks, and a volume of the *Annual Register*. Looking from the window I discovered my friend in his waistcoat, with a spade in his hand, most diligently cultivating a spot of ground in the kitchen-garden. Our mutual joy and congratulations at meeting, it is needless to trouble you with. In point of figure I could not help remarking, that *Mordaunt*, though most negligently apparelled, was altered much for the better, being now plump, rosy, and robust, instead of pale and slender as formerly. Before returning to the house, he insisted that I should survey his *grounds*, which, in his own opinion, he said, he had rendered a paradise, by modestly seconding and bringing forth the intentions of nature. I was conducted to a young grove, which he had planted himself, rested in a hut which he had built, and drank from a rivulet for which he had tracked a channel with his own hands. During the course of this walk, we were attended by a flock of tame pigeons, which he fed with grain from his pocket, and had much conversation with a ragged family of little boys and girls, all of whom seemed to be his intimate acquaintance. Near a village in our way

homewards, we met a set of countrymen, engaged at cricket, and soon after a marriage company, dancing the bride's dance upon the green. My friend, with a degree of gaiety and alacrity which I had never before seen him display, not only engaged himself, but compelled me likewise to engage, in the exercise of the one, and the merriment of the other. In a field before his door, an old horse, blind of one eye, came up to us at his call, and eat the remainder of the grain from his hand.

Our conversation for that evening, relating chiefly to the situation of our common friends, in the memory of former scenes in which we had both been engaged, and other such subjects as friends naturally converse about after a long absence, afforded me little opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. Next morning I arose at my wonted early hour, and stepping into his study, found it unoccupied. Upon examining a heap of books and papers that lay confusedly mingled on the table and the floor, I was surprised to find, that by much the greater part of them, instead of politics, metaphysics, and morals (the sciences connected with his scheme of writing) treated of *Belles Lettres*, or were calculated merely for amusement. The *Tale of a Tub* lay open on the table, and seemed to have concluded the studies of the day before. The letters of *Junius*, *Brydon's* Travels, the *World*, *Tristram Shandy*, and two or three volumes of the *British Poets*, much used, and very dirty, lay scattered above a heap of quartos, which, after blowing the dust from them, I found to be an *Essay on the Wealth of Nations*, *Helvetius de l'Esprit*, *Hume's Essays*, *the Spirit of Laws*, *Bayle*, and a commonplace-book. The last contained a great deal of paper, and an excellent arrangement, under the heads of which, excepting those of anecdote and criticism, hardly any thing

was

was collected. The papers in his own hand writing were, a parallel between Mr. *Gray's Elegy*, and *Parnell's Night-Piece on Death*; some detached thoughts on propriety of conduct and behaviour; a Fairy Tale in verse; and several letters to the Author of the MIRROR, all of them blotted and unfinished. There was besides a journal of his occupations for several weeks, from which, as it affords a picture of his situation, I transcribe a part.

Thursday, eleven at night, went to bed: Ordered my servant to wake me at six, resolving to be busy all next day.

Friday morning: Waked a quarter before six; fell asleep again, and did not wake till eight.

Till nine, read the first act of Voltaire's Mahomet, *as it was too late to begin serious business.*

Ten: Having swallowed a short breakfast, went out for a moment in my slippers—The wind having left the east, am engaged, by the beauty of the day, to continue my walk—Find a situation by the river, where the sound of my flute produced a very singular and beautiful echo—make a stanza and a half by way of address to it—visit the shepherd lying ill of a low fever—find him somewhat better (Mem. to send him some wine)—meet the parson, and cannot avoid asking him to dinner—returning home, find my reapers at work—superintend them in the absence of John *whom I send to inform the house of the parson's visit—read, in the mean time, part of* Thomson's Seasons, *which I had with me from one to six, plagued with the parson's news and stories—take up* Mahomet *to put me in good humour—finish it, the time allotted for serious study being elapsed—at eight, applied to for advice by a poor countryman, who had been oppressed—cannot say as to the law: Give him some money walk out at sun-set, to consider the causes of the pleasure arising from it—at nine, sup, and sit till eleven, hearing*

hearing my nephew read, and converſing with my mother, who was remarkably well and cheerful—go to bed.

Saturday: Some company arrived—to be filled up to-morrow— (for that and the two ſucceeding days, there was no further entry in the journal.) *Tueſday, waked at ſeven; but the weather being rainy, and threatening to confine me all day, lay till after nine—Ten, breakfaſted and read the newſpapers—very dull and drowſy—Eleven, day clears up, and I reſolve on a ſhort ride to clear my head.*

A few days reſidence with him ſhowed me that his life was in reality, as it is here repreſented, a medley of feeble exertions, indolent pleaſures, ſecret benevolence, and broken reſolutions. Nor did he pretend to conceal from me, that his activity was not now ſo conſtant as it had been; but he inſiſted that he ſtill could, when he thought proper, apply with his former vigour, and flattered himſelf, that theſe frequent deviations from his plan of employment, which, in reality, were the fruit of indolence and weakneſs, aroſe from reaſon and conviction. *After all*, ſaid he to me one day, when I was endeavouring to undeceive him, *after all, granting what you allege, if I be happy, and I really am ſo, what more could activity, fame, or preferment, beſtow upon me?*——After a ſtay of ſome weeks, I departed, convinced that his malady was paſt a cure, and lamenting, that ſo much real excellence and ability ſhould be thus, in a great meaſure, loſt to the world, as well as to their poſſeſſor, by the attendance of a ſingle fault.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

No. 51. TUESDAY, *July* 20, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Mr. MIRROR,

I AM the daughter of a gentleman of eafy, though moderate fortune. My mother died a few weeks after I was born; and before I could be fenfible of the lofs, a fifter of her's, the widow of an *Engliſh* gentleman, carried me to *London*, where ſhe reſided. As my aunt had no children, I became the chief object of her affections; and her favourite amuſement conſiſted in ſuperintending my education. As I grew up, I was attended by the beſt maſters; and every new accompliſhment I acquired, gave freſh pleaſure to my kind benefactreſs. But her own converſation tended more than any thing elſe to form and to improve my mind. Well acquainted herſelf with the beſt authors in the *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Italian* languages, ſhe was careful to put into my hands ſuch books as were beſt calculated to cultivate my underſtanding, and to regulate my taſte.

But, though fond of reading and retirement, my aunt thought it her duty to mingle in ſociety, as much as her rank and condition required. Her houſe was frequented by many perſons of both ſexes, diſtinguiſhed for elegance of manners, and politeneſs of converſation. Her tenderneſs made her deſirous to find out companions for me of my own age; and far from being diſſatisfied with our youthful ſallies, ſhe ſeemed never better pleaſed than when ſhe could add to our amuſement and happineſs.

In this manner I had paſſed my time, and had entered my ſeventeenth year, when my aunt was ſeized with an indiſpoſition which alarmed me much although

although her phyſicians aſſured me it was by no means dangerous. My fears increaſed, on obſerving, that ſhe herſelf thought it ſerious. Her tenderneſs ſeemed, if poſſible, to increaſe; and though ſhe was deſirous to conceal her apprehenſions, I have ſometimes, when ſhe imagined I did not obſerve it, found her eyes fixed on me with a mixture of ſolicitude and compaſſion, that never failed to overpower me.

One day ſhe called me into her cloſet, and, after embracing me tenderly, "My dear *Harriet*," ſaid ſhe, "it is vain to diſſemble longer: I feel my ſtrength decay ſo faſt, that I know we ſoon muſt part. As to myſelf, the approach of death gives me little uneaſineſs; and I thank Almighty God that I can look forward to that awful change, without dread, and without anxiety. But when I think my child, of the condition in which I ſhall leave you, my heart ſwells with anguiſh!—You know my ſituation; poſſeſſed of no fortune, the little I have ſaved from my jointure, will be altogether inadequate to ſupport you in that ſociety in which you have hitherto lived. When I look back on my conduct towards you, I am not ſure that it has been altogether prudent. I thought it impoſſible to beſtow too much on your education, or to render you too accompliſhed. I fondly hoped to live to ſee you happily eſtabliſhed in life, united to a man who could diſcern your merit, who could put a juſt value on all your acquirements. Theſe hopes are at an end; all, however, that can now be done, I have done.—Here are two papers; by the one you will ſucceed to the little I ſhall leave; the other is a letter to your father, in which I have recommended you in the moſt earneſt manner to his protection, and intreated him to come to town as ſoon as he hears of my death, and conduct you to *Scotland*. He is

a man

a man of virtue; and I hope you will live happily in his family. One only fear I have, and that proceeds from the extreme sensibility of your mind, and gentleness of your disposition; little formed by nature to struggle with the hardships and the difficulties of life, perhaps the engaging softness of your temper has rather been increased by the education you have received. I trust, however, that your good sense will prevent you from being hurt by any little cross untoward accidents you may meet with, and that it will enable you to make the most of that situation in which it may be the will of heaven to place you."

To all this I could only answer with my tears; and, during the short time that my aunt survived, she engrossed my attention so entirely, that I never once bestowed a thought on myself. As soon after her death as I could command myself sufficiently, I wrote to my father; and, agreeably to my aunt's instructions, inclosed her letter for him; in consequence of which he came to town in a few weeks. Meeting with a father, to whose person I was a perfect stranger, and on whom I was ever after entirely to depend, was to me a most interesting event. My aunt had taught me to entertain for him the highest reverence and respect; but, though I had been in use to write, from time to time, both to him, and to a lady he had married not long after my mother's death, I had never been able to draw either the one or the other into any thing like a regular correspondence; so that I was equally a stranger to their sentiments and dispositions as to their persons.

On my father's arrival, I could not help feeling, that he did not return my fond caresses with that warmth with which I had made my account; and, afterwards, it was impossible not to remark, that he was altogether deficient in those common attentions which, in polite society every woman is accustomed

ed to receive, even from thoſe with whom ſhe is moſt nearly connected. My aunt had made it a rule to conſider her domeſtics as humble friends, and to treat them as ſuch; but my father addreſſed them with a roughneſs of voice and of manner that diſguſted them, and was extremely unpleaſant to me. I was ſtill more hurt with his minute and anxious enquiries about the fortune my aunt had died poſſeſſed of; and, when he found how inconſiderable it was, he ſwore a great oath, that, if he had thought ſhe was to breed me a fine lady, and leave me a beggar, I never ſhould have entered her houſe. "But don't cry, *Harriet*," added he, "it was not your fault; be a good girl, and you ſhall never want while I have."

On our journey to *Scotland*, I ſometimes attempted to amuſe my father by engaging him in converſation; but I never was lucky enough to hit on any ſubject on which he wiſhed to talk. After a journey, which many circumſtances concurred to render rather unpleaſant, we arrived at my father's houſe. I had been told that it was ſituated in a remote part of *Scotland*, and thence I concluded the ſcene around it to be of that wild romantic kind, of all others the beſt ſuited to my inclination. But inſtead of the rocks, the woods, the water-falls I had fancied to myſelf, I found an open, bleak, barren moor, covered with heath, except a few patches round the houſe, which my father, by his ſkill in agriculture, had brought to bear graſs and corn.

My mother-in-law, a good-looking woman, about forty, with a countenance that beſpoke frankneſs and good-humour, rather than ſenſibility or delicacy, received me with much kindneſs; and, after giving me a hearty welcome to ——, preſented me to her two daughters, girls about fourteen or fifteen, with ruddy complexions, and every appearance of health and contentment. We found with them a Mr. *Ploughſhare*,

Ploughshare, a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, who, I afterwards learned, farmed his own estate, and was considered by my father as the most respectable man in the county. They immediately got into a dissertation on farming, and the different modes of agriculture practised in the different parts of the country, which continued almost without interruption till some time after dinner, when my father fell fast asleep. But this made no material alteration in the discourse; for Mr. *Ploughshare* and the ladies then entered into a discussion of the most approved methods of feeding poultry, and fattening pigs, which lasted till the evening was pretty far advanced. It is now some months since I arrived at my father's, during all which time I have scarcely ever heard any other conversation. You may easily conceive, Sir, the figure I make on such occasions. Though the good-nature of my mother-in-law prevents her from saying so, I can plainly perceive that she, as well as my sisters, consider me as one who has been extremely ill educated, and as ignorant of every thing that a young woman ought to know.

When I came to the country, I proposed to pass great part of my time in my favourite amusement of reading; but, on enquiry, I found that my father's library consisted of a large family Bible, *Dickson's Agriculture*, and a treatise on *Farriery*; and that the only books my mother was possessed of, were, the *Domestic Medicine*, and the *Complete Housewife*.

In short, Sir, in the midst of a family, happy in themselves and desirous to make me so, I find myself wretched. My mind preys upon itself. When I look forward, I can discover no prospect of any period to my sorrows. At times I am disposed to envy the happiness of my sisters, and to wish that I had never acquired those accomplishments from which I formerly received so

much pleasure. Is it vanity that checks this wish, and leads me, at other times to think, that even happiness may be purchased at too dear a rate?

Some time ago I accidentally met with your paper, and at length resolved to describe my situation to you, partly to fill up one of my tedious hours, and partly in hopes of being favoured with your sentiments on a species of distress, which is perhaps more poignant than many other kinds of affliction that figure more in the eyes of mankind.

I am, &c. H. B.

No. 52. SATURDAY, *July* 24, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. HOR.

SIR,

IT has always been a favourite opinion with me, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." Possessed with this idea, I have long bent my thoughts and study towards those enquiries which conduce to the melioration of the earth's productions, and to increase the fertility of my native country. I shall not at present tire you with an account of the various projects I have devised, the sundry experiments I have made, and the many miscarriages

miſcarriages I have met with. Suffice it to ſay, that I have now in my brain a ſcheme, the ſucceſs of which, I am confident, can ſcarcely fail. The frequent diſappointments, however, I have formerly experienced, induce me to conſult you about my plan, before I take any farher ſteps towards carrying it into execution. You are an author, Sir, and muſt conſequently be a man of learning: You informed us you had travelled, and you muſt of courſe be a much wiſer man than I, who never was an hundred miles from the place where I now write: For theſe reaſons, I am induced to lay my preſent ſcheme before you, and to intreat your opinion of it.

In the introduction to the Tales of *Guillaume Vadé*, publiſhed by the celebrated *Voltaire*, is the following paſſage, given as part of the ſpeech of *Vadé* to his couſin *Catharine Vadé*, when ſhe aſked him where he would be buried? After cenſuring the practice of burying in towns and churches, and commending the better cuſtom of the Greeks and Romans, who were interred in the country, "What pleaſure," ſays he, "would it afford to a good citizen to be ſent to fatten, for example, the barren plain of *Sablons*, and to contribute to raiſe plentiful harveſts there? By this prudent eſtabliſhment, one generation would be uſeful to another, towns would be more wholeſome, and the country more fruitful. In truth, I cannot help ſaying that we want police in that matter, on account both of the living and the dead."

To me, Sir, who now and then join the amuſement of reading to the employment of agriculture, the above paſſage has always appeared particularly deſerving of attention; and I have, at laſt, formed a ſort of computation of the advantages, which would accrue to the country from the general adoption of ſuch a plan as that ſuggeſtion by Monſieur *Vadé*.

Vadé. If the mannagers of the public burying-grounds were, at certain intervals, and for certain valuable conſiderations, to lend their aſſiſtance to the proprietors of the fields and meadows, how many beneficial conſequences would reſult to the public? How many of the honeſt folks, who now lie uſeleſsly mouldering in our church-yards, and never did the ſmalleſt good while alive, would thus be rendered after death, of the moſt eſſential ſervice to the community? How many who ſeemed brought into the world merely "*Fruges conſumere nati*," might thus, by a proper and juſt retribution, be employed to produce *fruges* ſimilar to thoſe which they conſumed while in life? What a pleaſant and equitable kind of retaliation would it be for a borough or corporation to obtain, from the bodies of a parcel of fat magiſtrates, ſwelled up with city-feaſts and rich wines, a ſum of money that might in ſome degree compenſate for the expenſe which the capacious bellies of their owners one day coſt the town-revenue?

The general effects of this plan, and the particular attention it would neceſſarily produce in the œconomy of ſepulture, would remove the complaints I have often heard made, in various cities, of the want of ſpace and ſize in their burying-grounds. Thoſe young men who die of old age at thirty, and and the whole body of the magiſtrates and council of ſome towns, who are in ſuch a ſtate of *corruption*, during their lives, might very ſoon be made uſeful after their death. It has been often ſaid, that a living man is more uſeful than a dead one; but I deny it; for it will be found, if ever my propoſal takes place, that one dead man, at leaſt of the ſpecies above mentioned, will be of more uſe than fifty living ones.

I am well aware that moſt of the fair ſex, and ſome ſuch odd mortals as your Mr. *Wentworth* or Mr.

Mr. *Fleetwood*, may poſſibly be ſhocked at this plan, and may cry out, That it would be a great indelicacy done to the remains of our friends. I do not, however, imagine this ought to have much weight, when the good of one's country is concerned. Theſe very people, Mr. MIRROR, would not, I dare ſay, for the world, cut the throat of a ſheep, or pull the neck of a hen off joint; yet when they are at table, they make no ſcruple to eat a bit of mutton, or the wing of a pullet, without allowing a thought of the butcher or the cook to have a place at the entertainment. In like manner, when theſe delicate kind of people happen to ſee a very beautiful field of wheat, which is a ſight every way as pleaſant as a leg of good mutton, or a fine fowl, let them never diſtreſs themſelves by inveſtigating, whether the field owes its peculiar excellence to the church-yard or the ſtable. As the ladies, however, are of very great importance in this country, I think it is proper that their good will be gained over, if poſſible. I would, therefore, humbly propoſe, in compliment to the delicay of their ſenſations, that their purer aſhes never be employed in the culture of oats, to fill the bellies of vulgar ploughmen and coach-horſes. No! Very far be it from me to entertain any ſuch coarſe idea. Let them be ſet apart, and ſolely appropriated to the uſe of parterres and flower-gardens. A philoſopher in ancient times, I forget who, has defined a lady to be "an animal that delights in finery;" and other philoſophers have imagined, that the ſoul, after death, takes pleaſure in the ſame purſuits it was fond of while united to the body. What a heavenly gratification, then, will it prove to the ſoul of a toaſt, while "ſhe rides in her cloud, on the wings of the roaring wind," to look down and view her remains upon earth, of as beautiful a complexion, and as gai-

ly and gaudily decorated, as ever herself was while alive?

One of your predecessors, *Isaac Bickerstaffe*, I think, tells us, that in a bed of fine tulips he found the most remarkable flowers named after celebrated heroes and kings. He speaks of the beauty and vivid colouring of the *Black Prince*, and the *Duke of Vendome*, of *Alexander the Great*, and the *Emperor of Germany*, the *Duke of Marlborough*, and many others. How much more natural, as well as more proper, would it be, to have our flowers christened after those beautiful females, to whom, in all probability, they really *owned their peculiar beauty?* We might have *Lady Flora*, *Lady Violet*, *Miss Lily*, and *Miss Rose*, and all the beauties of our remembrance renovated to our admiring eyes.

I am much inclined to believe, that the improvement I am here suggesting was known to, and practised by, the ancients, particularly by the Greeks and Romans; for we read in their poets of *Narcissus*, *Cyax*, *Smilax*, and *Crocus*, *Hyacinthus*, *Adonis*, and *Minthe*, being after their deaths metamorphosed into flowers; and of the sisters of *Phæton*, *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, *Baucis* and *Philemon*, *Daphne*, *Cyparissus*, and *Myrrha*, and many more, being converted into trees. Now these stories, Mr. MIRROR, when stripped of their poetical ornaments, can, in my opinion, bear no other interpretation than that the ashes of those people were applied to such useful purposes as I am now proposing.

You will here observe, Mr. MIRROR, that besides the great utility of the scheme, there will be much room for the immagintion to delight itself, in tracing out analogies, and refining upon the general hint I have thrown out. Your *Bath Toyman* would have many very ingenious conceits upon the occasion, and would exercise his genius in devising fanciful

ciful applications of the different manures he would make it his buſineſs to procure. He would have a plot of *rue* and *wormwood* raiſed by old maidens; he would apply the aſhes of martyrs in love to his *pine-trees*; the duſt of aldermen and rich citizens might be uſed in the culture of *plums* and *gooſeberries*; a ſet of fine gentleman would be laid aſide for the culture of *cocks-combs*, *none-ſo prettys*, and *narciſſuſes*; the clergy and church-officers would be manure for the *holy* and *elder*; and the *poſthumous productions* of poets would furniſh *bays* and *laurels* for their ſucceſſors: But I tire you Mr. MIRROR, with theſe trifling fancies; the utility of my plan is what I value myſelf upon, and deſire your opinion of.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

POSTHUMUS AGRICOLA.

No. 53. TUESDAY, *July* 26, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of the young women mentioned in two letters which you publiſhed in your 12th and 25th Numbers, though I did not know till very lately that our family had been put into print in the MIRROR. Since it is ſo, I think I too may venture to write you a letter, which, if it be not quite ſo well written as my father's (though I am no great admirer of his ſtyle neither,) will at leaſt be as true.

Soon after my Lady ———'s viſit at our houſe, of which the laſt of my father's letters informed you,

a ſiſter

a ſiſter of his, who is married to a man of buſineſs here in Edinburgh, came with her huſband to ſee us in the country; and, though my ſiſter *Mary* and I ſoon diſcovered many vulgar things about them, yet, as they were both very good-humoured ſort of people, and took great pains to make themſelves agreeable, we could not help looking with regret to the time of their departure. When that drew near, they ſurpriſed us, by an invitation to me, to come and ſpend ſome months with my couſins in town, ſaying, that my mother could not miſs my company at home, while ſhe had ſo good a companion and aſſiſtant in the family as her daughter *Mary*.

To me there were not ſo many allurements in this journey as might have been imagined. I had lately been taught to look on *London* as the only capital worth viſiting; beſides that, I did not expect the higheſt ſatisfaction from the ſociety I ſhould meet with at my aunt's, which, I confeſs, I was apt to ſuppoſe none of the moſt genteel. I contrived to keep the matter in ſuſpenſe (for it was left entirely to my own determination,) till I ſhould write for the opinion of my friend Lady ——— on the ſubject; for, ever ſince our firſt acquaintance, we had kept up a conſtant and regular correſpondence. In our letters, which were always written in a ſtyle of the warmeſt affection, we were in the way of talking with the greateſt freedom of every body of our acquaintance. It was delightful, as her ladyſhip expreſſed it, "to unfold one's feelings in the boſom of friendſhip;" and ſhe accordingly was wont to ſend me the moſt natural and lively pictures of the company who reſorted to ———; and I, in return, tranſmitted her many anecdotes of thoſe perſons which chance, or a greater intimacy, gave me an opportunity of learning. To prevent diſcovery, we correſponded under the ſignatures of *Hortenſia* and *Leonora*;

Leonora; and some very particular intelligence her ladyship taught me not to commit to ink, but to set down in *lemon juice*. I wander from my story, Mr. MIRROR; "but I cannot help fondly recalling (as *Emilia* in the novel says) those halcyon days of friendship and felicity."

When her Ladyship's answer arrived, I found her clearly of opinion that I ought to accept of my aunt's invitation. She was very jocular on the manners which she supposed I should find in that lady's family; but she said I might take the opportunity of making some acquirements, which, though *London* alone could perfect, *Edinburgh* might, in some degree, communicate. She concluded her letter with requesting the continuation of my correspondence, and a narrative of every thing that was passing in town, especially with regard to some ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, whom she pointed out to my particular observation.

To *Edinburgh*, therefore, I accompanied my aunt, and found a family very much disposed to make me happy. In this they might, perhaps, have succeeded more completely, had I not acquired, from the instruction of Lady ———, and the company I saw at her house, certain notions of polite life with which I did not find any thing at Mr. ———'s correspond. It was often, indeed, their good-humour which offended me as coarse, and their happiness that struck me as vulgar. There was not such a thing as *hip* or *low spirits* among them, a sort of finery which, at ———, I found a person of fashion could not possibly be without.

They were at great pains to shew me any *sights* that were to be seen, with some of which I was really little pleased, and with others I thought it would look like ignorance to seem pleased. They took me to the *play-house*, where there was little compa-

ny,

ny, and very little attention. I was carried to the *concert*, where the caſe was exactly the ſame. I found great fault with both; for though I had not much ſkill, I had got *words* enough for finding fault from my friend Lady ——: Upon which they made an apology for our entertainment, by telling me, that the *play-houſe* was, at that time, managed by a *fiddler*, and the *concert* was allowed to manage itſelf.

Our parties at home were agreeable enough. I found Mr. ——'s and my aunt's viſitors very different from what I had been made to expect, and not at all the *cocknies* my Lady ——, and ſome of her humourous gueſts, uſed to deſcribe. They were not, indeed, ſo *polite* as the faſhionable company I had met at her Ladyſhip's; but they were much more *civil*. Among the reſt was my uncle-in-law's partner, a good-looking young man, who, from the firſt, was ſo particularly attentive to me that my couſins, jokingly, called him my lover; and even my aunt ſometimes told me ſhe believed he had a ſerious attachment to me; but I took care not to give him any encouragement, as I had always heard my friend Lady —— talk of the wife of a *burgeois* as the moſt contemptible creature in the world.

The ſeaſon at laſt arrived, in which, I was told, the town would appear in its gaiety, a great deal of good company being expected at the *Races*. For the Races I looked with anxiety, for another reaſon; my dear Lady —— was to be here at that period. Of this I was informed by a letter from my ſiſter. From her Ladyſhip I had not heard for a conſiderable time, as ſhe had been engaged in a round of viſits to her acquaintance in the country.

The very morning after her arrival (for I was on the watch to get intelligence of her,) I called at her lodgings. When the ſervant appeared, he ſeemed doubtful

doubtful about letting me in; at last he ushered me into a little darkish parlour, where, after waiting about half an hour, he brought me word, that his Lady could not try on the gown I had brought then, but desired me to fetch it next day at eleven. I now perceived there had been a mistake as to my person; and telling the fellow, somewhat angrily, that I was no mantua-maker, desired him to carry to his Lady a slip of paper, on which I wrote with a pencil the well-known name of *Leonora*. On his going up stairs, I heard a loud peal of laughter above, and soon after he returned with a message, that Lady ——— was sorry she was particularly engaged at present, and could not possibly see me. Think, Sir, with what astonishment I heard this message from *Hortensia*. I left the house, I know not whether most ashamed or angry; but afterwards I began to persuade myself, that there might be some particular reasons for Lady ———'s not seeing me at that time, which she might explain at meeting; and I imputed the terms of the message to the rudeness or simplicity of the footman. All that day, and the next, I waited impatiently for some note of explanation or enquiry from her Ladyship, and was a good deal disappointed when I found the second evening arrive, without having received any such token of her remembrance. I went, rather in *low spirits*, to the play. I had not been long in the house, when I saw Lady ——— enter the next box. My heart fluttered at the sight; and I watched her eyes, that I might take the first opportunity of presenting myself to her notice. I saw them, soon after, turned towards me, and immediately curtsied, with a significant smile, to my noble friend, who being short-sighted, it would seem, which, however, I had never remarked before, stared at me for some moments, without taking notice of my salute, and at last was just putting up a glass

to

to her eye, to point it at me, when a lady pulled her by the sleeve, and made her take notice of somebody on the opposite side of the house. She never afterwards happened to look to that quarter where I was seated.

Still, however, I was not quite discouraged, and, on an accidental change of places in our box, contrived to place myself at the end of the bench next her Ladyship's, so that there was only a piece of thin board between us. At the end of the act, I ventured to ask her how she did, and to express my happiness at seeing her in town, adding, that I had called the day before, but had found her particularly engaged. "Why, yes," said she, "*Miss Homespun*, I am always extremely hurried in town, and have time to receive only a very few visits; but I will be glad if you will come some morning and breakfast with me—but not to-morrow, for there is a morning concert; nor next day, for I have a musical party at home. In short, you may come some morning next week, when the hurry will be over, and, if I am not gone out of town, I will be happy to see you." I don't know what answer I should have made; but she did not give me an opportunity; for a gentleman in a green uniform coming into the box, she immediately made room for him to sit between us. He, after a broad stare full in my face, turned his back my way, and sat in that posture all the rest of the evening.

I am not so silly, Mr. MIRROR, but I can understand the meaning of all this. My Lady, it seems, is contented to have some humble friends in the country, whom she does not think worthy of her notice in town; but I am determined to shew her, that I have a prouder spirit than she imagines, and shall not go near her, either in town or country. What is more, my father shan't vote for her friend at next election, if I can help it. What

What vexes me beyond every thing elſe is, that I had been often telling my aunt and her daughters of the intimate footing I was on with Lady ——, and what a violent friendſhip we had for each other; and ſo, from envy, perhaps, they uſed to nick-name me *the Counteſs*, and *Lady Leonora*. Now that they had got this ſtory of the mantua-maker and the play-houſe (for I was ſo angry I could not conceal it,) I am aſhamed to hear the name of a lady of quality mentioned, even if it be only in a book from the *circulating library*. Do write a paper, Sir, againſt pride and haughtineſs, and people forgetting their country friends and acquaintance, and you will very much oblige

Your's, &c.

ELIZABETH HOMESPUN.

P. S. My uncle's partner, the young gentleman I mentioned above, takes my part when my couſins joke upon intimacies with great folks; I think he is a much genteeler and better bred man than I took him for at firſt.

No. 54. SATURDAY, *July* 31, 1779.

AMONG the letters of my Correſpondents, I have been favoured with ſeveral containing obſervations on the conduct and ſucceſs of my paper. Of theſe, ſome recommend ſubjects of *criticiſm* as of a kind that has been extremely popular in ſimilar periodical publications, and on which, according to them, I have dwelt too little. Others complain, that the critical papers I have publiſhed

were written in a style and manner too abstruse and technical for the bulk of my readers, and desire me to remember, that in a performance addressed to the world, only the language of the world should be used.

I was last night in a company where a piece of *conversation-criticism* took place, which, as the speakers were well-bred persons of both sexes, was necessarily of the familiar kind. As an endeavour, therefore, to please both the above-mentioned Correspondents, I shall set down, as nearly as I can recollect, the discourse of the company. It turned on the tragedy of *Zara*, at the representation of which all of them had been present a few evenings ago.

"It is remarkable, said Mr. ——, "what an æra of improvement in the French drama may be marked from the writings of M. de Voltaire. The cold and tedious declamation of the former French tragedians he had taste enough to see was not the language of passion, and genius enough to execute his pieces in a different manner. He retained the eloquence of *Corneille*, and the tenderness of *Racine*; but he never suffered the first to swell into bombast, nor the other to sink into languor. He accompanied them with the force and energy of our *Shakespeare*, whom he had the boldness to follow;" "and the meanness to decry," said the lady of the house. "He has been unjust to *Shakespeare*, I confess," replied Sir H—— (who had been a considerable time abroad, and has brought home, somewhat more than the language and dress of our neighbours) "yet I think I have observed our partiality for that exalted poet carry us as unreasonable lengths on the other side. When we ascribe to *Shakespeare* innumerable beauties, we do him but justice; but, when we will not allow that he has faults, we give him a degree of praise to which no writer is entitled, and which he, of all men, expected the least. It was impossible

impoſſible that, writing in the ſituation he did, he ſhould have eſcaped inaccuracies; ſuffice it to ſay, they always aroſe from the exuberance of fancy, not the ſterility of dulneſs."

"There is much truth in what you ſay," anſwered Mr. ——; "but *Voltaire* was unjuſt when, not ſatisfied with pointing out blemiſhes in *Shakeſpeare*, he cenſured a whole nation as barbarous for admiring his works. He muſt, himſelf, have felt the excellence of a poet, whom, in this very tragedy of *Zara*, he has not diſdained to imitate, and to imitate very cloſely too. The ſpeech of *Oraſmane* (or *Oſman*, as the *Engliſh* tranſlation calls him) beginning,

J' aurois d'un oeil ſerene, d'une front inalterable,

is almoſt a literal copy of the complaint of *Othello*:

——————Had it rain'd
All ſorts of curſes on me, &c.

which is perhaps, the reaſon why our tranſlator has omitted it." "I do not pretend to juſtify *Voltaire*," returned Sir H ——; yet it muſt be remembered, in alleviation, that the *French* have formed a ſort of national taſte in their theatre, correct, perhaps, almoſt to coldneſs. In *Britain*, I am afraid, we are apt to err on the other ſide; to miſtake rhapſody for fire, and to applaud a forced metaphor for a bold one. I do not cite *Dryden*, *Lee*, or the other poets of their age; for that might be thought unfair; but, even in the preſent ſtate of the *Engliſh* ſtage, is not my idea warranted by the practice of poets, and the applauſe of the audience? A poet of this country, who, in other paſſages, has often touched the tender feelings with a maſterly hand, gives to the hero of one of his lateſt tragedies, the following ſpeech:

Had

Had I a voice like Ætna when it roars,
For in my breaſt is pent as fierce a fire,
I'd ſpeak in flames.

That a man, in the fervour and hurry of compoſition, ſhould ſet down ſuch an idea, is nothing; that it ſhould be pardoned by the audience, is little; but that it ſhould always produce a *clap*, is ſtrange indeed!"

"And is there nothing like this in *French* tragedies?" ſaid the Lady of the houſe; "for there is, I think, abundance of it in ſome of our late imitations of them." "Nay, in the tranſlation of *Zayre*, Madam," returned the Baronet, "*Hill* has ſometimes departed from the original, to ſubſtitute a ſwelling and elaborate diction. He forgets the plain ſoldierly character of the Sultan's favourite *Oraſmin*, when he makes him ſay,

——Silent and dark
Th' unbreathing world is huſh'd, as if it heard
And liſten'd to your ſorrows.

The original is ſimple deſcription;

Tout dort, tout eſt tranquille, et l'ombre de la nuit.——

And when the ſlave, in the fourth act, brings the fatal *letter* to the Sultan, and mentions the circumſtances of its interception, the tranſlator makes *Oſman* ſtay to utter a ſentiment, which is always applauded on the *Engliſh* ſtage, but is certainly however noble in itſelf, very ill-placed here:

——Approach me like a ſubject,
That ſerves the *Prince*, yet not forgets the *man*.

Oſman had no breath for *words*: *Voltaire* gives him but five hurried ones:

Donne—qui la portait?—donne.

"I am

"I am quite of your opinion, Sir H ——," said Mr. ——; "and I may add, that even *Voltaire* seems to me too profuse of sentiments in *Zara*, which, beautiful as they are, and though expressed with infinite delicacy, are yet somewhat foreign to that native language which feeling dictates, and by which it is moved. I weep at a few simple words expressive of distress; I pause to admire a sentiment and my pity is forgotten. The single line uttered by *Lusignan*, at the close of his description of the massacre of his wife and children,

Helas! et j'etais pere, et je ne pus mourir,

moves me more than a thousand sentiments how just or eloquent soever."

"If we think of the noblest use of tragedy," said Mrs. ——, "we shall, perhaps, Sir, not be quite of your opinion. I, who am a mother, wish my children to learn some other virtues, beside compassion at a play; it is certainly of greater consequence to improve the mind than to melt it." "I am sure, Mamma," said a young lady, her daughter, "the sentiments of tragedy affect me as much as the most piteous description. When I hear an exalted sentiment, I feel my heart, as it were swell in my bosom, and it is always followed by a gush of tears from my eyes." "You tell us the effects of your feelings, child; but you don't distinguish the feelings themselves. I would have, Gentlemen," continued she, "a play to be virtuous in its sentiments, and also natural in its events. The want of the latter quality, as well as of the former, has a bad effect on young persons; it leads them to suppose, that such a conduct is natural and allowable in common life, and encourages that romantic deception which is too apt to grow up in minds of sensibility. Don't you think, that the sudden con-

verſion of *Zara* to Chriſtianity, unſupported by argument, or conviction of its truth, is highly unnatural, and may have ſuch a tendency as I have mentioned?" "I confeſs," ſaid Mr. ——, "that has always appeared to me an exceptionable paſſage." I do not believe, Mamma," ſaid the young lady, "that ſhe was really converted in opinion; but I don't wonder at her crying out ſhe was a Chriſtian, after ſuch a ſpeech as that of her father *Luſignan*. I know my heart was ſo wrung with the ſcene, that I could, at that moment, have almoſt become *Mahometan*, to have comforted the good old man." Her mother ſmiled; for this was exactly a confirmation of her remark.

"*Voltaire*," ſaid Sir H——, "has, like many other authors, introduced a *dark* ſcene into the laſt act of this tragedy; yet it appears to me, that ſuch a ſcene goes beyond the power of ſtage-deception, and always hurts the piece. We cannot poſſibly ſuppoſe, that two perſons walking upon the ſame board do not ſee each other, while we, ſitting in a diſtant part of the houſe, ſee both perfectly well." "I do recollect ſaid the young lady, at firſt, wondering how *Zara* could fail to ſee *Oſman*; but I ſoon forgot it." "Thus it always is," replied Mr. M——, "in ſuch a caſe; if a poet has eloquence or genius enough to command the paſſions, he eaſily gets the better of thoſe ſtage improbabilities. In truth, the *ſcenic deception* is of a very ſingular nature. It is impoſſible we ſhould imagine ourſelves ſpectators of the real ſcene, of which the ſtage one is an imitation; the utmoſt length we are, in reality, carried, is to deliver over our minds to that ſympathy, which a proper and ſtriking repreſentation of grief, rage, or any other paſſion, produces. You deſtroy the *deception*, it is ſaid, when any thing impertinent or ludicrous happens on the ſtage, or among the audience; but

you

you will find the very same effect, if a child blows his three-halfpenny trumpet, in the midst of a solo of *Fischer*, or a song of *Rauzzini*; it stops the delightful current of feeling which was carrying along the soul at the time, and dissatisfaction and pain are the immediate consequence; yet in the *solo* or the *song*, no such deception as the theatrical is pretended." Mr. ——— delivered this with the manner of one who had studied the subject, and nobody ventured to answer him.

"You were mentioning," said Mrs. ———, *Voltaire*'s imitation of *Othello*, in this tragedy; I recollect, in the last act, a very strong instance of it, the concluding speech of *Osman*, before he stabs himself, which seems to be exactly taken from that of the *Moor*, in a similar situation." "I remember both speeches well," said Sir H———, "and I think it may be disputed, whether either of them be congenial to the situation?"—"You will excuse me, Sir H———," said I, "if I hold them both perfectly in nature. The calmness of desperate and irremediable grief will give vent to a speech longer and more methodical than the immediate anguish of some less deep and irretrievable calamity. *Shakespeare* makes *Othello* refer, in the instant of stabbing himself, to a story of his killing a *Turk* in *Aleppo*; the moment of perturbation, when such a passage would have been unnatural, is past; the act of killing himself is then a matter of little importance; and his reference to a story seemingly indifferent, marks, in my opinion, most forcibly and naturally, the deep and settled horror on *Othello*'s soul. I prefer it to the concluding lines of the Sultan's speech in *Zara*, which rest on the story of his own misfortune.

Tell 'em, I plung'd my dagger in her breast;
Tell 'em, I so ador'd and thus reveng'd her."

"You

"You have talked a great deal of the author," said the young lady, "but nothing of the actors. Was not the part of *Zara* excellently performed?" "Admirably, indeed," replied Mr. ——; "I know no actress who possesses the power of speaking poetry beyond Miss *Younge*." "Nor of feeling it neither, Sir, I think." "I did not mean to deny her that quality; but, in the other, I think she is unrivalled. She does not reach, perhaps, the impassioned burst, the electric flash of Mrs. *Barry*; nor has she that deep and thrilling note of horror with which Mrs. *Yates* benumbs an audience; but there is a *melting tremble* in her voice, which, in tender passages, is inimitably beautiful and affecting. Were I a poet, I should prefer her speaking of my lines to that of any actress I ever heard."

"She owes, I believe," said our *Frenchman*, much of her present excellence to her study of the *French Stage*. I mean not to detract from her merit: I certainly allow her more, when I say, that her excellence is, in great part, of her own acquirement, than some of her ill-judging admirers, who ascribe it all to Nature. Our actors, indeed, are rarely sensible how much study and application is due to their profession; people may be *spouters* without culture; but laborious education alone can make perfect actors. Feeling, and the imitative sympathy of passion, are, undoubtedly, derived from Nature; but art alone can bestow that grace, that refined expression, without which feeling will often be awkward, and passion ridiculous."

No. 55. TUESDAY, *August* 3, 1779.

Decipimur specie recti. HOR.

SINCERITY, by which I mean honesty in men's dealings with each other, is a virtue praised by every one, and the practice of it is, I believe, more common than gloomy moralists are willing to allow. The love of truth, and of justice, are so strongly implanted in our minds, that few men are so hardened, or so insensible, as knowingly and deliberately to commit dishonest actions; and a little observation soon convinces those who are engaged in a variety of transactions, that honesty is wisdom, and knavery folly.

But though, according to this acceptation of the phrase, men are seldom insincere, or literally dishonest, in the ordinary transactions of life; yet, I believe there is another and a higher species of sincerity, which is very seldom to be met with in any degree of perfection; I mean that sincerity which leads a man to be honest to himself, and his own mind, and which will prevent him from being imposed upon, or deceived by his own passions and inclinations. From that secret approbation which our mind leads us to give to what is virtuous and honourable, we cannot easily bear the consciousness of being dishonest. Hence, therefore, when men are desirous to give way to their evil inclinations and passions, they are willing, nay, at times, they are even at pains to deceive themselves. They look out for some specious apology, they seek for some colour and disguise, by which they may reconcile their conduct to the appearance of right, and may commit wrong, under the belief that they

are

are innocent, nay, ſometimes, that they are acting a praiſe-worthy part. Thus they are men who would abhor the thought of deceiving others, who are conſtantly deceiving themſelves; and, while they believe that they are ſincere, and are really ſo, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe in which I have uſed this word, are, in all the important actions of their life, under the influence of deceit.

Eubulus is a judge in one of the courts of law. *Eubulus* believes himſelf a very honeſt judge; and it is but doing him juſtice to allow, that he would not, for any conſideration, knowingly, give an unjuſt deciſion; yet *Eubulus* hardly ever gave a fair judgment in any cauſe where he was connected with, or knew any thing about the parties. If either of them happen to be his friend or relation, or connected with his friends or relations, *Eubulus* is ſure always to ſee the cauſe in a favourable light for that friend. If, on the other hand, one of the parties happens to be a perſon whom *Eubulus* has a diſlike to, that party is ſure to loſe his ſuit. In the one caſe, he ſits down to examine the cauſe, under all the influence and partiality of friendſhip; his cool ſenſes are run away with; his judgment is blinded, and he ſees nothing but the arguments on the ſide of his friend, and overlooks every thing ſtated againſt him. In the other caſe, he acts under the impreſſions of diſlike, and his judgment is accordingly ſo determined. A cauſe was lately brought before *Eubulus*, where every feeling of humanity and compaſſion prompted the wiſh, that one of the parties might be ſucceſsful; but the right was clearly on the other ſide. *Eubulus* ſat down to examine it with all the tender feelings full in his mind; they guided his judgment, and he determined contrary to juſtice. During all this, *Eubulus* believes himſelf honeſt. In one ſenſe of the word he is ſo; he does not,

knowingly

knowingly or deliberately, give a diſhoneſt judgment; but, in the higher and more extenſive meaning of the word, he is diſhoneſt. He ſuffers himſelf to be impoſed on by the feelings of friendſhip and humanity. Nay, far from guarding againſt it, he aids the impoſition, and becomes the willing dupe to his own inclinations.

Licinius was a man of learning and of fancy: He lived at a time when the factions of this country were at their greateſt height: He entered into all of them with the greateſt warmth, and, in ſome of the principal tranſactions of the time, acted a conſiderable part. With warm attachments, and ungoverned zeal, his opinions were violent, and his prejudices deep-rooted. *Licinius* wrote a hiſtory of his own times: His zeal for the intereſts he had eſpouſed is conſpicuous; the influence of his prejudices is apparent; his opinion of the characters of the men of whom he writes, is almoſt every where dictated, by his knowledge of the party to which they belonged; and his belief or diſbelief of the diſputed facts of the time, is directed by the connection they had with his own favourite opinions. *Phidippus* cannot talk with patience of this hiſtory or its author; he never ſpeaks of him but as of a mean lying fellow, who knowingly wrote the tales of a party, and who, to ſerve a faction, wiſhed to deceive the public. *Phidippus* is miſtaken: *Licinius*, in one ſenſe of the word, was perfectly honeſt; he did not wiſh to deceive; but he was himſelf under the influence of deception. The heat of his fancy, the violence of his zeal, led him away; convinced that he was much in the right, he was deſirous to be ſtill more ſo; he viewed, and was at pains to view every thing in one light; all the characters, and all the tranſactions of the time, were ſeen under one colour; and, under this deception he ſaw, and thought, and wrote.

wrote. When *Phidippus* accuſes *Licinius* of being wilfully diſhoneſt, he is miſtaken, and is under the influence of a like deception with that of *Licinius*. *Licinius* wrote unfairly, becauſe he ſaw every thing in one light, and was not at pains to guard againſt ſelf-deception, or to correct erroneous judgment. *Phidippus* judges of *Licinius* unfairly, becauſe he alſo is under the influence of party, becauſe his ſyſtem and opinions are different from thoſe of *Licinius*, and becauſe this leads him to judge harſhly of every one who thinks like *Licinius*.

Lyſander is a young man of elegance and ſentiment; but he has a degree of vanity which makes him wiſh to be poſſeſſed of fortune, not to hoard, but to ſpend it. He has a high opinion of female merit; and would not, for any conſideration, think of marrying a woman for whom he did not believe he felt the moſt ſincere and ardent attachment. In this ſituation of mind he became acquainted with *Leonora: Leonora*'s father was dead, and had left her poſſeſſed of a very conſiderable fortune; *Lyſander* had heard of *Leonora*, and knew ſhe was poſſeſſed of a fortune before ever he ſaw her. She is not remarkable either for the beauties of perſon or of mind; but the very firſt time *Lyſander* ſaw her, he conceived a prepoſſeſſion in her favour, and which has now grown into a ſtrong attachment. *Lyſander* believes it is her merit only which has produced this; and he would hate himſelf, if he thought *Leonora*'s being poſſeſſed of a fortune had had the leaſt influence upon him. But he is miſtaken; he does not know himſelf, nor that ſecret power the deſire of wealth has over him. The knowledge of *Leonora*'s being an heireſs, made him ſecretly wiſh her to be poſſeſſed of perſonal merit before he ſaw her; when he did ſee her, he converted his wiſhes into belief; he deſired to be deceived, and he was ſo.

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He conceived that she was possessed of every accomplishment of person and of mind; and his imagination being once warmed, he believed and thought that he felt a most violent attachment. Had *Leonora* been without a fortune, she would never have drawn *Lysander*'s attention; he would have never thought more highly of her merit than he did of that of most other women; and he would not have become the dupe of his wishes and desires.

Amanda is a young lady of the most amiable dispositions. With an elegant form, she possesses a most uncommon degree of sensibility. Her parents reside at *Bellfield*, in a sequestered part of the country. Here she has few opportunities of being in society, and her time has chiefly been spent in reading. Books of sentiment, novels, and tender poetry, are her greatest favourites. This kind of reading has increased the natural warmth and sensibility of her mind; it has given her romantic notions of life, and particularly warm and passionate ideas about love. The attachment of lovers, the sweet union of hearts, and hallowed sympathy of souls, are continually pictured in her mind. *Philemon*, a distant relation of *Amanda*, happened to pay a visit to *Bellfield*. *Amanda*'s romantic notions had hitherto been general, and had no object to fix upon. But it is difficult to have warm feelings long, without directing them to some object. After a short acquaintance, *Philemon* became very particular in his attentions to her. *Amanda* was not displeased with them; on the contrary, she thought she saw in him all those good qualities which she felt in her own mind. Every look that he gave, and every word that he spoke, confirmed her in this. Every thing she wished to be in a lover, every thing her favourite authors told her a lover ought to be possessed of, she believed to be in *Philemon*. Her par-

ents perceived the situation of her mind. In vain did they represent to her the danger she run, and that she had not yet acquaintance enough of *Philemon* to know any thing, with certainty, about his character. She ascribed these admonitions to the too great coldness and prudence of age, and she disregarded them. Thus did *Amanda* believe herself deeply enamoured with *Philemon*; but it could not be with *Philemon*; for she knew little of him. She was the dupe of her own wishes; and she deceived herself into a belief that she was warmly attached to him, when it was only an ideal being of her own creation that was the object of her passion. *Philemon* may be worthy of the love of *Amanda*, or *Amanda* may be able to preserve the deception she is under even after marriage; but her danger is apparent.

The influence of self-deception is wonderfully powerful. Different as are the above persons, and different as their situations, all have been under its guidance. As observed above, dishonesty in our ordinary transactions in the world, is a vice which only the most corrupted and abandoned are in danger of falling into; but that dishonesty with ourselves, which leads us to be our own deceivers, to become the dupes of our own prevailing passions and inclinations, is to be met with more or less in every character. Here we are, as it were, parties to the deceit, and, instead of wishing to guard against it, we become the willing slaves of its influence. By this means, not only are bad men deceived by evil passions into the commission of crimes, but even the worthiest men, by giving too much way to the best and most amiable feelings of the heart, may be led into fatal errors, and into the most prejudicial misconduct.

No.

No. 56. SATURDAY, *August* 7, 1779.

THE first of the two following Letters I received some time ago from my friend Mr. *Umphraville*; and I think I need make no apology, either to him or my readers, for giving it a place in this day's MIRROR.

My dear SIR,

THE moment that I found myself disengaged from business, you know I left the smoke and din of your blessed city, and hurried away to pure skies and quiet at my cottage.

I found my good sister in perfect health, free from flying rheumatic pains, agueish complaints, slight megrims, and apprehensions of the tooth-ach, and all the other puny half-pangs that indolence *is heir to*, and that afford a kind of comfort to the idle, by supplying them with topics of complaint and conversation.

You must have heard that our spring was singularly pleasant; but *how* pleasant it was *you* could not feel in your dusky atmosphere. My sister remarked, that it had a faint resemblance of the spring in ——. Although I omit the year, you may believe that several seasons have passed away since that animating æra recollected by my sister. "Alas! my friend," said I, "seasons return, but it is only to the young and the fortunate." A tear started in her eye; yet she smiled, and resumed her tranquillity.

We

We sauntered through the kitchen-garden, and admired the rapid progress of vegetation. "Every thing is very forward," said my sister; we must begin to bottle *gooseberries* to-morrow." "Very forward, indeed," answered I. This reminds me of the young ladies whom I have seen lately; they seemed forward enough, though a little out of season too."

It was a poor witticism; but it lay in my way, and I took it up. Next morning the gardner came into our breakfasting-parlour: "Madam," said he, "all the gooseberries are gone." "Gone!" cried my sister; "and *who* could be so audacious? Brother, you are a justice of the peace; do make out a warrant directly to search for and apprehend. We have an agreeable neighbourhood indeed; the insolence of the rabble of servants, of low-born purse proud folks, is not to be endured." "The gooseberries are not away," continued the gardener, "they are all lying in heaps under the bushes; last night's frost, and a hail-shower this morning, have made the crop fail." "The crop fail!" exclaimed my sister; "and where am I to get gooseberries for bottling?" "Come, come, my dear," said I, they tell me that, in Virginia, pork has a peculiar flavour, from the peaches on which the hogs feed; you can let in your goslings to pick up the gooseberries; and I warrant you that this unlooked-for food will give them a relish far beyond that of any green geese of our neighbour at the castle." "Brother," replied she, "you are a philosopher." I quickly discovered that, while endeavouring to turn one misfortune into jest, I recalled another to her remembrance; for it seems, that, by a series of domestic calamities, all her goslings had perished.

A very promising family of turkey-chicks has at length consoled her for the fate of the goslings; and

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on rumaging her ſtore-room, ſhe finds that ſhe has more bottled gooſeberries left of laſt year, than will ſuffice for the preſent occaſions of our little family.

What ſhall I ſay of my ſiſter? Her underſtanding is excellent; and ſhe is religious without ſuperſtition. Great have been her misfortunes, poor woman! and I can bear teſtimony to her fortitude and reſignation under them; and yet the verieſt trifles imaginable unhinge her mind.

That people of ſenſe ſhould allow themſelves to be affected by the moſt trivial accidents is abſurd and ridiculous. There are, indeed, ſome things, which, though hardly real evils, cannot fail to vex the wiſeſt, and diſcompoſe the equanimity of the moſt patient; for example, that fulſome court paid by the vulgar to rich upſtarts, and the daily ſlights to which decayed nobility is expoſed.

I hope that your periodical eſſays find favour in the ſight of the idle and frivolous. You may remember I told you long ago, that I would never read any of them. The peruſal of them could not make me eſteem you more than I do already; and it might bring many faſhionable follies to my knowledge, of which I am happily ignorant. I ever am,

Your's affectionately,

EDWARD UMPHRAVILLE.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR, *Edinburgh, July* 23, 1779.

I AM confined, by the occupations of a laborious employment, to a conſtant reſidence in town. During the ſummer and autumn, however, I ſometimes can afford a day, which I wiſh to ſpend in a

jaunt to the country. I lived in the country, Sir, in my earlier days; and whenever I hear a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river mentioned, I always think of peace, of happineſs, and innocence.

This ſeaſon I have had a friend in town, who being an idle man, is a great *maker of parties*. Among others, he contrives to get people together of a *Saturday* or a *Sunday*, to go and dine in the country, which he ſays, in the neighbourhood of *Edinburgh*, affords ſome of the moſt beautiful and romantic ſcenes he ever ſaw. Laſt *Saturday* I was aſked to join in one of his parties of this ſort; to which, being a lover of rural ſcenes, as I mentioned before, I readily conſented.

My friend had the ordering of every thing on our expedition. The carriages he had beſpoke did not arrive at the place of meeting till near an hour after the time appointed; and, when they did come, we had another hour to wait for our conductor, who having ſat up at a *town-party* till five that morning, was not willing to be diſturbed till mid-day.

We arrived at the place of our deſtination betwixt two and three. I immediately propoſed a walk to enjoy the beauty of the fields, and the purity of the air; but my propoſal was over-ruled, from the conſideration of the near approach of *dinner*; ſome of the company likewiſe obſerving, that the evening was the propereſt time for walking in this hot weather. Meantime, a *cup* was called for, which, in this ſame hot weather, was pronounced vaſtly pleaſant, and my friend declared was more refreſhing to him than the pureſt air under heaven.

Dinner was ſoon after brought in, which conſiſted of a profuſion of meat ill dreſſed, and ſerved up in a ſlovenly ſtyle. This, however, was a *country*-dinner, and people were not to be nice in the country. So we ſat, enjoying the pleaſures of the country,

country, amidſt the ſteams of greaſy broth, ruſty ham, and ſtinking mutton: Our ears delighted with the jingle of bells, and the hallooing of gueſts in the ſtair-caſe, which were very ineffectually anſwered by the buſtle of an awkward waiter, and a fat hoyden of a chambermaid.

When the table-cloth was removed, our conductor, who ſaid he found himſelf much the better for his dinner, called for the landlord, and deſired him to ſend in a particular ſort of wine, the flavour of which he highly commended. An old proverbial recipe was cited to him, by a red-faced gentleman at the bottom of the table, which ſignifies, that a man ſhould drink a bottle to-day, as a cure for the effects of two or three drank yeſterday. 'Twas a preſcription very much ſuited to the inclination of my friend, who declared, after having drank a bottle of it, that he never was better in all his life. Nobody mentioned the evening being a proper time for *walking*; ſo we ſat till our carriages were at the door, and till we diſpatched four laſt bottles after their arrival. The poſt-boys, whoſe patience needed ſome cordial to maintain it, were buſy in their way below; ſo that, when at laſt we got into the chaiſes, they were as drunk—as drunk as we were. The carriage in which another gentleman and I were placed was overturned about a mile from town: I eſcaped with a ſprained ancle; but my friend had his collar-bone broke.

Now, Mr. MIRROR, I incline to think, that a man may find a bad dinner, and get drunk after it, juſt as well in *town* as in the *country*; and, in the firſt caſe, he will have the advantage of ſaving his bones, the chaiſe-hire, and the tax upon poſt-horſes.

I am, &c.

CIVIS.

No. 57. TUESDAY, *August* 10, 1779.

NO thinking man will deny, that travelling into foreign countries is, in certain situations, attended with many and great advantages. It polishes the manners of the courtier, enlarges the views of the statesman, and furnishes the philosopher with a more extensive field of observation, and enables him to form more certain conclusions with regard to the nature and character of man. At the same time, I have often been disposed to doubt, how far it is an eligible thing for a private gentleman, without talents and inclination for public life, to spend much of his time abroad, to acquire a relish for foreign manners, and a taste for the society of a set of men, with whom neither his station nor his fortune entitles him to associate in the after-part of his life. The following letter on this subject may perhaps be acceptable to my readers.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MOST of your predecessors have favoured the public with speculations on travelling; and they have been at pains to point out the abuses of it that from time to time have prevailed among us. In the *Spectator*, the absurdity of a fond mother and mother's *own* son going together to make the tour of *Europe*, in order to learn men and things, is exposed in a very masterly manner. If I have not been misinformed, that admirable essay was the production of a young man, who afterwards, by his great

great talents and eminent virtues, added dignity to the higheſt office in the law of *England*, which he filled many years with the entire approbation of all good men.

In the *World*, the folly of ſending an ignorant booby to travel, who looked with contempt on the *French* and *Italians*, becauſe they did not ſpeak *Engliſh*, is held up to ridicule in a vein of wit, and with an elegance of expreſſion, that mark the compoſitions of the *Earl of Cheſterfield*.

A correſpondent in your own paper has pointed out the fatal effects of a practice, unknown till within theſe few years, of ſending boys to foreign ſchools, or academies, where, according to his account of the matter, they learn nothing but vice and folly.

Although travelling has proved equally fatal to me, my caſe is very different from any of thoſe I have mentioned; I ſhall, therefore, take the liberty to give an account of myſelf, from which you and your readers will be beſt able to judge, whether making what is called the *grand tour*, be an adviſeable thing for perſons in my circumſtances and ſituation.

I am the only ſon of a gentleman of fortune and family. My father, who was himſelf a man of letters, wiſhed to give me a liberal education, and was deſirous to unite the ſolidity of the ancient ſyſtem with that eaſe and grace, which, of late, have been cultivated ſo much, and which, by ſome, have been thought the moſt eſſential of all acquirements. Soon after my twentieth year my father died, leaving me poſſeſſed of a family-eſtate of a thouſand pounds a-year, and (I hope I may ſay it without vanity) with as great a ſhare of knowledge as any of my contemporaries could boaſt of. The tour of Europe was the only thing wanting to complete my education. Intimately acquainted with the celebrated

brated characters of antiquity, and an enthusiastic admirer of their virtues, I longed to visit *Italy*, to see the spot where *Scipio* triumphed, where *Cæsar* fell, where *Cicero* harangued. Full of these ideas, I set out on my travels; and, after passing some time in *France*, I proceeded to *Rome*. For a while, *antiquity* was my great object, and every remain of *Roman* greatness attracted my attention. Afterwards *music*, of which I had always been a lover, and *painting*, for which I acquired a taste in *Italy*, occupied much of my time; but, whilst engaged in these favourite pursuits, I did not neglect any opportunity of mingling in society with the natives, and of observing their manners and customs. I lived too on the most intimate footing with the British at the different courts I visited; and I doubted not that the friendships I then formed with men of the first distinction in my own country, would be as lasting as they appeared to be warm and sincere. If the pleasures in which we indulged, and which, by degrees, came to occupy almost the whole of my time, sometimes bordered on the licentious, they were at least attended with an elegance, which, in some measure, disguised the deformity of vice.

Various reasons, which it is needless now to mention, at length constrained me to return home. As I approached my seat in the county of ————, I felt a tender satisfaction at the thought of revisiting those scenes where I had spent so many happy days in the "*early morn of life*," and of seeing again the companions of my youthful sports, many of whom I knew had settled in the country, and lived on their estates in my neighbourhood. My arrival was no sooner known than they flocked to welcome me home. The friends of my father, and their sons, my old companions, were equally sincere and warm in their compliments; but, though I was pleased with

with their attachment, I could not help being disgusted with the blunt plainness of their manners. Their conversation usually turned on subjects in which I could not possibly be interested. The *old* got into keen political debate, or dissertations on farming; and the *young* talked over their last fox-chace, or recited the particulars of their last debauch. If I attempted to give the conversation a different turn, they remained silent, and were altogether incapable to talk of those subjects on which I had been accustomed to think and to speak. If I mentioned the *Gabrielli*, or the *Mignotti*, they were as much at a loss as I was when they joined in praising the notes of *Juno* or of *Fowler*; if the proportions of the *Venus of Medicis* were talked of, one would perhaps ask, what a dead beauty was good for? another would swear, that, in his mind, *Polly* —— was a better made girl than any heathen goddess, dead or alive.

By degrees my neighbours gave me up altogether. They complained that I was a strange fellow, who hated company, and had no notion of life. I confess I was rather pleased with their neglect, and in my own mind preferred solitude to such society, : but solitude at length became irksome, and I longed again to mingle in society. With that view I went to the *races* at *Edinburgh*, where I was told I should meet with all the polite people of this country. The night I arrived I accompanied to the *assembly* a female relation, almost the only acquaintance I had in town. If you, Mr. MIRROR, be a frequenter of public places, I need not tell you how much I was struck on entering the room. Dark, dirty, mean, offensive to every sense, it seemed to resemble a large barn, rather than a room allotted for the reception of polite company. I had no sooner entered, than I was hurried along by the crowd to the farther

end

end of the hall, where the firſt thing that caught my eye was an old lady, who, it ſeems, preſided for the night, and was at that inſtant employed in diſtributing tickets, to aſcertain the order in which the ladies were to dance. She was ſurrounded by a cluſter of perſons of both ſexes, all of whom ſpoke at the ſame time, and ſome of them, as I thought, with a voice and geſture rather rough and vehement.

This important part of the ceremonial being at length adjuſted, the dancing began. My conductreſs aſked me, if I did not think the ladies in general, handſome? I told her (and that without any compliment) that I thought them more than commonly beautiful; "but methinks," added I, "the gentlemen are not, either in dreſs or appearance, ſuch as I ſhould have expected."—"O," replied ſhe, "have a little patience, the men of faſhion are not yet come in; this being the firſt day of the races, they are dining with the ſtewards." I had not time to make my obſervation on the propriety of allowing ladies to go unattended to a public place, to wait there four hours in expectation of the gentlemen with whom they were to dance; for, at that inſtant, a loud noiſe at the lower end of the hall attracted my notice. "There they come," ſaid ſhe; and I ſoon perceived a number of young gentlemen ſtaggering up the room, all of them fluſtered, ſome of them perfectly intoxicated. Their behaviour, (I forbear to mention the particulars) was ſuch as might be expected.

In a few days I was quite ſatisfied with the amuſements of *Edinburgh*, and with pleaſure retired once more to my ſolitude at ———. There, however, I again fell a ſacrifice to *ennui*: I could contrive no way to fill up my time. After paſſing two or three tedious years, I reſolved to make one effort more, and ſet out for *London*, in hopes of meeting

thoſe

thoſe friends with whom I had lived ſo happily abroad, and in whoſe ſociety I now expected to receive pleaſure without allay.

Upon enquiry, I found that almoſt all my friends were in town, and next morning ſallied forth to wait upon them. But no where could I gain admittance. It did not occur to me that thoſe doors, which, at *Rome* or *Naples*, flew open at my approach, could, at *London*, be ſhut againſt me. I therefore concluded I had called at an improper time, and that the hours of *London* (with which I was but little acquainted) differed from thoſe we had been accuſtomed to abroad.

In that belief I went to the Opera in the evening. I had not been there long before Lord ——— happened to come into the very box where I was. With Lord ——— I had lived in habits of the moſt intimate friendſhip, and, in a leſs public place, I ſhould have embraced him with open arms. Judge, then, of my aſtoniſhment, when he received my compliments with the coldneſs of the moſt perfect indifference. It is needleſs to run through the mortifying detail. From all my friends I met with much the ſame reception. One talked of the buſineſs of parliament, another of his engagements at the *Sçavoir Vivre*, or the *Coterie*. The Duke of ——, who then filled one of the greateſt offices of ſtate, alone ſeemed to retain his former ſentiments. One day he took me into his cloſet, and, after ſome general converſation, ſolicited my intereſt in the county of ———, for Mr. ———. I told him, that my engagements to the other candidate were ſuch, that I could not poſſibly comply with his requeſt. He ſeemed perfectly ſatisfied, and we parted on the beſt terms; but from that day forth, his Grace never happened to be at home when I did myſelf the honour of calling on him.

Chagrined and mortified, I returned to *Scotland*. When I had got within fifty miles of my own houſe, I obſerved, from the road, a gentleman's ſeat, the beauty and elegance of which ſtruck me ſo much, that I ſtopped the carriage, and aſked the poſt-boy to whom it belonged? "To Mr. *Manly*," ſaid he. "What, *Charles Manly?*" Before I could receive an anſwer, my friend appeared in a field at a little diſtance. *Manly* and I had been educated at the ſame ſchool, at the ſame univerſity, and had ſet out together to make the tour of *Europe*. But after we had been ſome time in *France* he was called home, by accounts that his father lay dangerouſly ill. From that time a variety of accidents had prevented our meeting. We now met as if we had parted but yeſterday; with the ſame freedom, the ſame warmth, the ſame glow of friendſhip, heightened, if poſſible, by our long ſeparation.

During my ſtay at his houſe, I told him all my diſtreſſes, all my diſappointments. When I had done, "To be plain with you, my friend," ſaid he, "I cannot help thinking that moſt of your diſappointments muſt be imputed to yourſelf. Your long reſidence abroad, and your attachment to foreign manners, has led you to judge rather haſtily of your countrymen. Had you been leſs raſh, you might have diſcovered virtues in your neighbours that would, in ſome meaſure, have made up for the want of that high poliſh and refinement which they cannot be expected to poſſeſs. From what you ſaw at *Edinburgh* in the hurry of a *race week*, and from the behaviour of a ſet of men, who think that faſhionable diſtinction conſiſts in indulgence, in low pleaſures and groſs amuſements, you have drawn concluſions equally unfavourable and unjuſt. I know, from experience, that nowhere are to be found men of more agreeable converſation, or women more

amiable

amiable and respectable. Your late disappointment, in the reception you met with from your foreign friends, proceeds from a mistake not uncommon, from confounding that companionship, so apt to produce a temporary union among young men, when engaged in the same pleasures and amusements, with real friendship, which seldom or never has been found to subsist between men differing much in rank and condition, and whose views and objects in life do not in some measure coincide."

I am now, Mr. MIRROR, fully convinced of the truth of *Manly*'s observations; and am every day more and more satisfied, that it is a misfortune for a private gentleman, who means to pass his days in his native country, to become attached to foreign manners and foreign customs, in so considerable a degree, as a long residence abroad, in the earlier period of life, seldom fails to produce.

I am, &c.

ALONZO.

No. 58. SATURDAY, *August* 14, 1779.

Veniam damus petimusque vicissim. HOR.

THE mutual complaints of Mr. and Mrs. *Gold*, which have been communicated in a former paper, together with some complaints of similar family distresses, which I have received from other Correspondents, often remind me of the happy effects which my friends *Horatio* and *Emilia* have experienced from an opposite temper and conduct.

Horatio, though he obtained a very liberal education, lived till the age of twenty-five almost entirely

tirely in the country. The small fortune which he inherited from his father being about this time increased by his succeeding to a distant relation, he afterwards spent some years in this city, in *London*, and in making the usual tour on the continent.

Soon after his return, he married the young and beautiful *Emilia*, to whom he had become warmly attached, not so much on account of her beauty, as from an expression of a sweet, though lively temper, which marked her countenance—which, when admitted to a more intimate acquaintance, he found to be justified by her conversation and manners.

Emilia's father was addicted to pleasure and expense, and her mother, though more accomplished, of a similar disposition. In their family she had been accustomed to a life of more than ordinary gaiety.

Though *Horatio* felt, in all its extent, that passion which is nowise favourable to a just estimation of character, these circumstances had not escaped his notice; and he failed not to observe that *Emilia* had acquired a stronger attachment to the pleasures of a town life, than was either right in itself, or agreeable to that preference for domestic society, and the quiet of a country life, which he had always felt, and which he still wished to gratify.

In place, however, of acquainting *Emilia* with his taste in these particulars, he judged it better to let her enjoy that style of life to which she had been accustomed, not doubting, from the natural good sense and sweetness of her disposition, that her own taste might gradually be corrected, and that as his should from time to time fall under her observation, it might contribute to the change.

He took up his residence, therefore, in town; and though *Emilia* went into company, and frequented public places more than he could have wished, he complied

complied with her inclination in these particulars, partook of her amusements when he was not necessarily engaged, and, when he did so, carefully avoided betraying that indifference or disgust which he often felt.

While *Horatio*, however, gave way to the taste of *Emilia*, he never lost the inclination, nor neglected the means of reforming it.

Amidst the gaiety to which she had been accustomed, *Emilia* had early formed a taste for the elegant writers both of this country and of *France*; and the same sensibility and delicacy of mind which led her to admire them, made her no less sensible of the beauties of a polished and refined conversation. It was this which had first gained the affections of *Horatio*; it was to this he trusted for effecting the reformation he desired.

He was at pains, therefore, to cultivate and encourage this literary taste in *Emilia*. He frequently took occasion to turn the conversation to subjects of literature, and to dwell on the beauties, or mention the striking passages of this or that author, and would often engage *Emilia* in a fine poem, an affecting tragedy, or an interesting novel, when, but for that circumstance, she would have been exhausting her spirits at a ball, or wasting the night at cards.

Nor was he less studious in forming her taste for company than for books. Though he had never aimed at an extensive acquaintance, *Horatio* enjoyed the friendship of several persons of both sexes endowed with those elegant manners, and that delicate and cultivated understanding, which render conversation at once agreeable and instructive.

Of these friends he frequently formed parties at his house. *Emilia*, who had the same disposition to oblige which she on all occasions experienced from him, was happy to indulge his inclinations in this

particular; and, as she was well qualified to bear a part in their conversation, and of a mind highly sensible of its charms, these parties gradually became more and more agreeable to her.

In this manner, her books, the conversation of select companies, and the care of her children, which soon became a most endearing office to the tender and feeling heart of *Emilia*, furnished her with a variety of domestic occupations; and as these gradually led her to go less into mixed company and public amusements, she began to lose her habitual relish for them. As she easily observed how agreeable this change was to the taste of *Horatio*, that circumstance gave her mind more and more a domestic turn.

The same delicacy from which he at first gave way to her taste for company and public amusements, made *Horatio* avoid shewing that preference which he entertained for a country life.

For some time he was entirely silent on the subject. Though he now and then made excursions to the country, it was only occasionally when his business rendered it necessary; and, though *Emilia* could not but observe that the manner in which he passed his time there, in adding to the beauties of his place, and in an easy intercourse with a few neighbours, was highly agreeable to him; he never expressed an inclination of fixing his general residence in the country, or even of her accompanying him in his occasional visit to *Rosedale*.

His visits became, however, gradually more frequent; and, as they generally continued for some weeks, those little absences gave a sort of pain to *Emilia*, to whom no society was now so agreeable as that of *Horatio*; she became desirous of accompanying him to the country.

Their

Their first visits were short, and at considerable intervals; but as he omitted no means of rendering them agreeable to her, she seldom left it without regret, and was often the first to propose their return.

At length *Emilia*, who now observed that her husband was no where so happy as in the country, and had herself come to feel the same predilection for the calm cheerfulness and innocent amusements of a country life, took occasion to acquaint him with this change in her sentiments, and to express the same inclination which, she was persuaded, he entertained, of abandoning a town life, and fixing their constant residence at *Rosedale*.

A proposal so agreeable to *Horatio* was readily complied with; and *Emilia* and he have ever since passed their time in that delightful retreat, occupied with the education of their children, the improvement of their place, and the society of a few friends, equally happy in themselves, and beloved by all around them.

Thus has *Horatio*, the gentleness of whose mind is equal to the strength of his understanding, by a prudent as well as delicate complacency, gradually effected that change which an opposite conduct might have failed of producing, and which, at the same time, would probably have been the source of mutual chagrin, and rendered both him and his wife unhappy.

Nor was the reformation solely on her part. By leading him to partake in company and amusements, *Emilia* was the means of correcting the natural reserve of *Horatio*'s manner; and as the example of his plain though animated conversation led her sometimes to moderate the vivacity and sprightliness of hers, which sometimes approached towards levity; so her vivacity communicated an agreeable gaiety and cheerfulness to the discourse of *Horatio*.

If,

If, in the above account, I have pointed out more ſtrongly the effects of complacency in *Horatio* than in *Emilia*, it ought to be remembered, that this virtue is much ſeldomer to be met with in the one ſex than in the other. A certain pride attends the firmneſs of *men*, which makes it generally much more difficult for them to acquire this complacency of temper, which it always requires much diſcipline, and often the rod of adverſity and diſappointment, to ſubdue.

If men truly poſſeſs that ſuperiority of underſtanding over women, which ſome of them ſeem to ſuppoſe, ſurely this uſe of it is equally ungenerous and imprudent. They would, I imagine, ſhew that ſuperiority much more effectually, in endeavouring to imitate the amiable gentleneſs of the female character, and to acquire, from a ſenſe of its propriety, a virtue, for which, it muſt be allowed, that the other ſex is more indebted to their original conſtitution.

If women, as we ſometimes allege, are too apt to connect the idea of pride, and hardneſs of manners, with that of knowledge and ability, and, on that account, often ſhew a preference to more ſuperficial accompliſhments; the men, who value themſelves for knowledge and abilities, ought to look into their own conduct for the cauſe, and imitating the behaviour of *Horatio*, endeavour to ſhew, that a man's feelings need not be the leſs delicate for being under the direction of a ſound judgment; and that he who beſt knows the female character, and will put the higheſt value on its excellence, is alſo the moſt likely to make allowance for a difference of taſte, and to bear with thoſe little weakneſſes with which he knows all human excellence to be often accompanied.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

SHELF No. .....

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